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A BOOK OF RECOLLECTIONS

VOL. II.

A BOOK

OF

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RECOLLECTIONS

BY

JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON

AUTHOR OF

'A BOOK ABOUT LAWYERS,' 'A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS,'
'A BOOK ABOUT THE CLERGY,' ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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praise—Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's startling Proposal—Reviews and Articles—*A Woman In Spite of Herself* (Hurst and Blackett) —*Brides and Bridals* (Hurst and Blackett)—The Hon. Edward Twisleton's *Handwriting of Junius*—Smart Practice of the *Quarterly Review.*

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IN the autumn of 1866, the present writer, and the lady who has owned him for three and thirty years, moved from No. 5, Heathcote Street, Mecklenburgh Square, to a semi-detached villa (No. 43) in Springfield Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.,—one of those many thoroughfares of pleasant villas, whose ample

gardens make St. John's Wood in summer and early autumn by far the most agreeable and picturesque of London's western suburbs. Whether I stood at the foot of the steps before the front-door, or at the gate of the fore-garden of my new home, I could pass with a jump into the next parish, for the garden was traversed by the boundary line of Marylebone and Hampstead. During the last five-and-twenty years, the builders have been so busy at this point of the town's northern border, that Springfield Road has ceased to be a rural road; but so long as I occupied its forty-third villa, I could smell the wild-flowers and the new-mown hay of the Hampstead meadows, as I sat at my open windows in leafy June and scorching July.

Had I been a woman, I should have been more sensible of other advantages that came to us from our change of residence,—the purer air, the rural quietude, the freedom from 'London fog.' But to my wife and to my sister Emily (at that time a member of the small household of which I was by a rather droll legal fiction rated as 'the master') the change from smoky Mesopotamia to sunny St. John's Wood was a change for which they could not be sufficiently thankful. Whilst my sister exulted in the possession of a garden, where flowers would grow even as they grew in Suffolk soil and Suffolk air, my wife told me in feeling language how she had suffered in Heathcote Street from the quickness with which her white window-curtains and white window-blinds turned disgracefully grimy. With masculine perversity I pretended to admire 'the tone' which

the smutty atmosphere of the city Squares imparted to the more delicate kinds of upholstery.

My wife's other reasons for delighting in her change of abode were more deserving of consideration and marital sympathy. There were good grounds for her strong opinion that the bright and bracing air of St. John's Wood, so far more congenial than the air of Mesopotamia to flowers of the garden, would be beneficial to the sweetest and most precious of all her flowers—the little girl who came to life in Heathcote Street in July, 1861. At Springfield Road she was within half-a-mile of Weston Lodge, Grove End Road, the house of her uncle the Reverend Thomas Gregory, B.D.,—a fact on which she naturally congratulated herself, as she had a strong affection for the kindly, handsome, whimsical old clergyman, and for his three clever and charming daughters. Moreover, in her new home she was within an easy walk of her mother, who had by this time brought her long struggle with adversity to a triumphant conclusion, and was enjoying the peaceful and felicitous evening of a life, that closed all too soon and abruptly in January, 1869.

On seeing how my wife and sister rejoiced in the possession of a garden, where flowers could grow to perfection, and of a house that could be furnished with white window-curtains and window-blinds at no inordinate charge for cleaning them, I ceased to regret having left a quarter of London so conveniently near to the Inns of Court, the newspaper-offices, the theatres, and the British Museum.

Whilst it was thus agreeable to my wife, our

migration to the verge of St. John's Wood was not greatly inconvenient to most of the rather strong troop of friends, who for some five or six years had been in the habit of driving from more or less distant quarters of the town to our little house near Gray's Inn Road. A few of our friends murmured at us for living so far out of the world's way; but the murmurers continued to visit us and ask us to their houses. With the exception of the two or three individuals who were out of England on duty or pleasure, and the three or four kindly people whom death had taken from us for ever, the friends who were good enough to come about us in our tiny home in Heathcote Street persevered in rendering us the same friendly service when we had moved into a less minute, but still quite small house in St. John's Wood. During the four years of our stay in Springfield Road, our circle of friends grew somewhat. But in respect to the quality of its members it underwent no change. Consisting of people of our own social degree, it differed chiefly from the gatherings to which our non-literary and non-artistic friends invited us, in comprising a rather large proportion of *littérateurs* and artists. As nothing remains of my wife's Visitors'-Books and Engagements'-Books, with the exception of remnants and scraps, I cannot state precisely what the proportion was. But I should say that two-thirds of our friends would have been honourably acquitted, had they been indicted and tried for being or pretending to be authors or artists by profession.

Of the several strangers, who came to me in

Springfield Road with or without a letter of introduction, one of the most amusing was Mr. . . . . of New Orleans, who displayed the worldly shrewdness and bucolic simplicity that are sometimes equally conspicuous in the scholarly citizens of the United States. This tourist from the New World had crossed the Atlantic in a yacht, and, entering Europe by the Mediterranean, had landed at Barcelona, where he made the acquaintance of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, James Hannay, who gave him the letter of introduction that made him a welcome guest at 43, Springfield Road. After the wont of scampering tourists from the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. . . . . was quick in his movements about Europe. On his way overland from Barcelona to Calais, he had deviated from the direct course at a dozen different points, in order to visit cities and scenes of historic moment; and in doing so he had visited as many places in a month as Britishers visit in half-a-dozen continental trips. During the two or three weeks which had passed since he landed at Dover, my friend from New Orleans had flitted to and fro in the same restless manner. When he came to my presence for the first time in September, 1869, he had in so short a time made flying trips to different parts of the country, and taken view of most of 'the sights' of London.

'Is there anything you wish to see, have tried to see, and haven't managed to see?' I inquired, when he had given me a full and particular account of his doings in England.

'I want to go over the Inns of Court,' he an-

swered. 'At present I have seen nothing of them but what is open to every street-boy. I want to get inside their libraries and their dining-halls. More particularly, I want to look into a set of rooms,—a set like the chambers Oliver Goldsmith lived in, or the chambers George Warrington and young Arthur Pendennis lived in. Could you manage that for me?'

'Yes, I can manage that for you. What else can I do to please you? Just think for a moment, and tell me of something else you want to see.—Come,' I added, after observing a curious look of inquisitiveness and hesitancy in my visitor's face, 'what is it? Speak out,—I see you are thinking of something, and are debating whether to speak or be silent about it. I'll do all I can to show you anything you wish to see.'

Blushing slightly as he replied with a manifest effort, my new acquaintance made answer,

'I want to have a good look at a knight with his legs crossed. I should very much like to see a knight with his legs crossed. Can you show me one?'

What a strange want! What an amazing desire! How should I answer the perplexing question? For three full minutes I failed to see how easily I could satisfy his equally innocent and eccentric ambition. Not that the circle of my acquaintance comprised no persons of knightly worth and style. On the contrary, it numbered several examples of the order of commoners who take precedence before mere esquires. But it is one thing to know a perfect knight,

and another thing to know a knight of so amiable and obliging a nature that he would consent to sit in his arm-chair with his legs crossed, in order that a citizen of the United States should have the pleasure of regarding him in that particular attitude.

'What on earth,' I ejaculated, 'has caused you to entertain so extraordinary a desire?'

'A passage in one of Washington Irving's books, which I read in my boyhood, and I do not remember to have perused a second time,' answered the American. 'Thus planted in my youth, the desire has grown with time. On leaving the steamboat at Dover, I said to myself, "I shall soon be taking view of knights with their legs crossed." I do not recollect Washington Irving's exact words, but they caused me to imagine I should find a knight with his legs crossed in every English cathedral. During the last fortnight, I have been into cathedral after cathedral, looking for the cross-legged gentry, but I looked for them in vain. One of the vergers, to whom I spoke about the old knights, was so polite as to ask whether I was all right in my head. 'Tisn't likely that Washington Irving was "playing old monkey" with his readers. It would not have served his purpose, to season sober narrative with cock-and-bull stories. That isn't at all likely.'

'Not at all likely. Be assured he told you the truth, though he may have given it a too poetic colour,' I replied, on realizing what my visitor meant by 'knights with their legs crossed.' 'You want to see some recumbent effigies of knightly crusaders.'

I did all that my American friend asked me to do.

Taking him round the Four Inns, I showed him the dining-halls and libraries and parliament-chambers of the learned and honourable Societies, and introduced him to divers sets of residential chambers. It was pleasant to observe the delight with which the kindly gentleman regarded the effigies of the crusaders in the Temple Church. After doing all this for his contentment, I directed his attention to the golden bird, that lives in Tennyson's verse albeit it has perished from its old perch on the northern side of Fleet Street. Yet more, I led him into the very room of the *Cock*, in which the poet drank the famous port

> 'whose father-grape grew fat
> On Lusitanian summers.'

From the *Cock* I took him to other hostelries and houses of the same quarter. In one of his most familiar lines, Wordsworth tells his readers how oft the gratitude of man had sent him mourning. The exuberant thankfulness with which the tourist rewarded me for introducing him to the assemblage of knights with their legs crossed and to the bird of golden plumage, sent me smiling on my homeward way, at the close of our wanderings through and about the Inns of Court.

Unless my memory is at fault on the question of time, it was during my residence in Springfield Road that I made the acquaintance of Frank Buckland, on whose devotion to his peculiar fields of Natural Science, and whose several virtuous traits I often muse with regretful tenderness. Less fortunate in his life than he might have been had he been more

studious of his inferior interests, he was especially fortunate after his death in finding a capable biographer, whose history of the gentle, and yet in some respects uncouth, naturalist would have been an almost faultless book, had it taken notice of his 'Head-Register,' and been more communicative about the naturalist's physical characteristics and personal habits.

I was dining with Buckland at his house in Albany Street, Regents' Park, when he said to me,

'You have an unusually big head. You must let me take its dimensions before you go away. I want them for my Head-Register.'

'Your Head-Register?'

'A book in which I record the dimensions of notable heads,' was the answer. 'I began to keep it in my boyhood. Whenever my father gave a dinner at the Deanery, during my holidays at home, I used to measure the heads of his guests, while they were enjoying themselves in the dining-room, by taking the circumferences of their hats. Acting in my interest, the man who took the hats used to put into each hat a slip of paper, bearing its owner's name. Whilst the notabilities were feasting at the Dean's table, I worked at their hats in the hall, taking an exact measure of the interior circumference of each hat, and putting it in the book of record. For some years I put into my Register the circumference of every head I could get at in this clandestine manner, taking also other measurements of the heads that I was allowed to examine and touch with my fingers and my measuring-tape. After getting a volume of conclusive testimony that men of great mental power usually

have great heads, I ceased to trouble myself about the ordinary heads of ordinary people. But, to this day, I have continued to take the dimensions of exceptionally large skulls.'

Frank Buckland's biographer does not mention this Head-Register. Does the book still exist? It is improbable that Buckland destroyed it, after keeping it for so many years.

It was my good fortune to cause Frank Buckland considerable amusement by a piece of conversational frivolity, when he and I and Cholmondeley Pennell were dining together at the Conservative Club.

'I hope,' Buckland ejaculated, with characteristic enthusiasm, 'to bring the oyster to every poor man's door!'

'When you are bringing the oyster, you needn't trouble yourself to bring the shells,' I remarked, 'for they may be found at the poor man's door already.'

Three or four years later, when the naturalist had grown less hopeful of replenishing our oyster-beds, and seeing 'natives' sold again at a half-penny apiece, he stopped me in Oxford Street to remark,

'By this time I despair of bringing the oyster to the poor man's door. Those shells about his door will remain untenanted for ever.'

After making this doleful announcement, Buckland went from me quickly.

We were dining together on another occasion, when Frank Buckland spoke with much warmth of swans as enemies of the pisciculturists.

'I cannot keep my hatred of those atrocious fowls within the bounds of philosophic moderation,' he re-

marked, 'when I think of the harm they do by sucking up spat and spawn and small fry as they float about the Thames. The greedy, voracious, destructive creatures should be banished from the Thames.'

'They are things of beauty, and therefore—' I began to plead in behalf of these feathered enemies of mankind.

'Things of beauty! Phew!' Buckland ejaculated, with comical fervour. 'Swans made of tin painted white, that would be carried about by wind and tide, would be quite as picturesque.'

To pass to a man, less famous, but no less deserving of affectionate commemoration than Frank Buckland, the Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. If I were required to name the twelve most virtuous men of my present or former acquaintance, Edward Spender would be one of the twelve. He was neither a brilliant nor an exceptionally learned man. I should not be writing truthfully were I to style him a peculiarly agreeable companion: for he suffered from a vocal infirmity, that was perhaps less afflicting to himself than to the numerous persons whose friendship he won by his noble qualities.

The son of an eminent surgeon of Bath, he had scarcely established at Plymouth a daily journal (the *Western Morning News*), that under his editorial control soon became a great social force in the West of England, when he migrated from Devon to London with his partner and brother-in-law, William Saunders, an able *littérateur* and fervid politician, in order to carry into effect a remarkable journalistic project. The design of the two brothers-in-law was to estab-

lish daily newspapers in different parts of the country, and to feed them with the same literary material, that should be produced by London journalists and sent in stereotypes every evening from the metropolis to the offices of the provincial journals, in time for publication at an early hour of the next morning.

Had this project for establishing a great newspaper business in London for the instruction of our chief provincial towns satisfied Edward Spender's golden hopes, he and his commercial comrade in the enterprise would have divided an income almost as large as the yearly profits of the *Times*, and he and his brother-in-law would have controlled an organization even more powerful than the leading London papers for influencing the constituencies at General Elections. But golden hopes are seldom fully satisfied. The grand project, that might have made my friend a millionaire, resulted in nothing more important than a sound and lucrative business for supplying country newspapers with news from London,—more especially with those circular letters 'From Our London Correspondent,' that have been for more than a quarter of a century so prominent a feature of our provincial journals.

Remaining in London to edit the *National Press* news-letters and other articles for the provincial papers, whilst he continued (with the help of a local editor at Plymouth) to edit the *Western Morning News*, Spender also produced with his own pen in the course of a year as much 'copy' as three scribes of average ability and zeal could throw off in the same time. The facility with which he wrote article after

article in the same morning was remarkable, his industry was marvellous. The amount of writing done by his ready pen was less surprising than his success in gathering news during the parliamentary session from members of parliament, as they passed through the lobbies into the House. One is at a loss how to account for his extraordinary success in a department of journalistic work for which his vocal infirmity might be thought to have wholly disqualified him. Possibly it would be more right to speak of him as succeeding on account of his infirmity, than to speak of him as succeeding in spite of the defect, in so trying a kind of journalistic employment. It is conceivable that some of the kindlier members of the Lower House were influenced in his favour by the difficulty under which he laboured. Some of them must have admired the pluck and sympathized with the physical distress of the man who followed so painful a calling under so grievous a disadvantage.

Doing his work thus gallantly, Spender grew more and more prosperous as the years passed over his head. From a small house in Delamere Crescent (his first London home), where he had Robert Browning for a near neighbour, the editor-in-chief and principal proprietor of the *Western Morning News* moved to an ample house in Clifton Gardens, Maida Vale, where he and his clever wife entertained some of the most interesting people of the literary and political coteries. Towards the close of his career, when his yearly income had risen to four thousand pounds, he established himself in Westbourne Terrace. So large

a measure of financial success points to the industry of the journalist, who was still a struggling man, on coming to London some ten or twelve years earlier. To his honour be it said that, in the busiest weeks of his busiest seasons, this indefatigable worker spent time and energy on works of benevolence, and in so using the larger part of his little leisure he regarded himself as doing no more than his bare duty towards his unfortunate fellow-creatures. When I expostulated with him earnestly on his imprudence in doing so much benevolent work, when his professional affairs required so large a measure of daily care and effort, he answered, with equal firmness and sincerity,

'I look after my business for the sake of myself, my wife, and my children; but I hold that a man's duty to society requires him to have a little care for those who are not of his own household.'

Instead of dying from over-work in the opening term of middle age, as I expected him to die, this excellent man perished suddenly from a tragic misadventure, that may be said to have thrown the West of England into mourning and stirred the whole of Great Britain. Writing of the catastrophe soon after its occurrence, I said in the *Athenæum* of the 15th of June, 1878,

'Having walked last Sunday afternoon from Plymouth to Whitsand Bay with his brother-in-law, (Mr. Rendle,) and his two boys, Mr. Spender, who, like his companions, was a fairly expert swimmer, went with them into the water. The sea was moving briskly under the south-west wind, but, as the beach was a far-extending plain of sand and the water shallow, no one of the party was apprehensive of danger.

This sense of security was, however, strangely delusive. Poor Spender and his boys were in the full enjoyment of their bath when Mr. Rendle, who had withdrawn from them for a considerable space, was surprised by a sudden change in the appearance of the water's surface. The whole sea seemed to him to rise, and then, before he had made a few quick steps in their direction, a long and overpowering wave had crept shorewards, turned round upon them, and, bursting, swept them away, together with the treacherous sand on which they had, ten seconds before, been standing. Had the survivor succeeded in his purpose of joining them, or even gone ten paces nearer them, he would have shared their fate. Having lost them thus abruptly, he never recovered sight of any one of the three . . . . . The last news from the West Country is that the bodies have not been recovered. The hope is that, when a calmer sea shall permit the beach to be explored satisfactorily, the bodies may be found bedded in the sand. The bathers were, of course, unaware of the perilous nature of the ground, but it has been ascertained from the inhabitants of the coastguard station, about a mile distant from the scene of the disaster, that the shifting sands of Whitsand Bay are often drifted to and fro by the wind and tide like snow upon the open wolds.'

At the time of this dismal occurrence on the Devon coast, Mrs. Spender was at her home in Westbourne Terrace, Paddington, where she learned from friendly lips the calamity that had befallen her. On hearing how her husband had been taken from this life, she declared her intention of hastening to her boys at Plymouth. On hearing that they also had been swept to quick death, she entreated to be taken at once to Whitsand Bay, in order that she might linger on the shore till the sea should restore her dear dead ones to her.

After musing sadly on this domestic tragedy, many a reader will recall the wild and cruel storm that

robbed Mary Shelley of her husband just fifty-six years earlier. Though they differ in several subordinate circumstances, the catastrophe on the English coast and the catastrophe in the Gulf of Leghorn, offer several points of resemblance. Springing from people of culture, Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Spender were both women of scholarly tastes and literary achievement. The husbands, so rudely snatched from their wives by death, were both men of letters, and greatly beloved by the scholarly writers to whom they were best known. Each of the two men perished from a sudden squall, and the turbulent rage of an angry sea. Just as Mrs. Shelley, on receiving the first vague intimation of her disaster, drove in horror and amazement to Pisa and Leghorn, and the marge of the cruel gulf, for fuller knowledge of her fate, Mrs. Spender, six-and-fifty years later, hastened in anguish and dismay to the sands, from which the long, crawling, greedy wave had swept her husband so swiftly to the billowy waters of the ocean. The frame of mind, in which my friend's wife battled with despair till the searchers came upon his body in the sand, differed in no important respect from the frame of mind in which Mrs. Shelley, fifty-six years earlier, endured the torture of slowly-passing days and the misery of sleepless nights at San Terenzo, till Trelawny brought her intelligence of the recovery of all that remained of her husband's corpse. In one respect, the calamity that befel Mrs. Spender in the summer of 1878 was far heavier and more appalling than the disaster which struck Mary Shelley to the ground in the summer of 1822.

When the sea had robbed Mary Shelley of her husband, his boy still remained to her. The cruel wave that made my friend's wife a widow, deprived her also of two fine, well-grown, hearty boys, whose frank speech and fearless eyes and winning ways made it impossible to say which was the brighter, the more gracious, the more promising of the two.

Just ten years before this tragedy of Whitsand Bay, when Edward Spender was still one of my new acquaintances, though he had already won my friendly regard, I published, in the spring of 1868, *A Noble Woman* (Hurst and Blackett), a novel that would have been more acceptable to the public, had it not been for 'the under-current of cynicism' which the writer of a thoughtful critique in the *Spectator* most justly regarded as disagreeably out-of-place in a 'love story.' 'Two veins of thought,' my equally judicious and severe censor remarked, 'run through the book unpleasantly intertwined: the one tender, touchingly true, and absolutely pure; the other cynical and somewhat coarse; and the incongruous mixture of these two forces will be most felt by those who perceive that the tale is wanting in dramatic power.' At the same time, the critic who called attention so forcibly to the principal faults of the story, was of opinion that the book would be 'read with interest,' and would 'very probably be, in the popular sense of the word, a success, as Mr. Jeaffreson's works generally are.' The event justified both the severe judgment, and also the prediction that rendered the judgment less painful to the author. The book was read, but it was disliked.

As novels which fail to please are soon neglected and forgotten, it is not surprising that, just two-and-twenty years after the publication of my 'love-story with an under-current of cynicism,' another writer offered a work of fiction to the public under the same title. When I called upon Mr. Chatto (Chatto and Windus, of Piccadilly,) in 1890, and told him he might not put my copyright title on a book which he was about to issue,—to wit, on Mr. Albert D. Vandam's translation of a story by Henry Gréville,—my protest against his invasion of my lawful right was the more disagreeable to the publisher, because the translation of the foreign tale was printed, bound, and ready for distribution, with *A Noble Woman* standing in clear type at the head of every page. To remove my copyright title from the book, it would have been necessary to cancel every page of the printed work. Neither Mr. Vandam nor Mr. Chatto had intended to do me harm. Neither of them had heard or could remember to have heard of my *Noble Woman*. Of course Mr. Chatto should have searched the printed lists of copyright novels before sending the story to the press. But he accounted satisfactorily for his remissness in this respect by telling me that the tale had appeared piecemeal in a London weekly newspaper, and that, as no objection had been made to the use of the title during the novel's gradual appearance in the newspaper, he had inferred that Mr. Vandam's right to the title could not be questioned. It was in my power to put the publisher and translator to serious inconvenience and expense: but, on reflecting that neither of the gentlemen had intended

to wrong me, that they had erred through accident, and that it was questionable whether their infringement of my right would, under the circumstances, do me serious pecuniary mischief, I gave Mr. Chatto permission to sell his big edition of Henry Gréville's story. Hence it came to pass that two different novels, bearing the same title of *A Noble Woman*, may be found on the shelves of some of our circulating libraries.

After correcting the proof-sheets of *A Noble Woman* in the spring of 1868, I returned to labour on a mass of materials that had been growing on my hands from the time, when I determined to produce three several works on the social history of the three learned professions. A year and nine months later I published in December, 1869, the third and most important of those works under the title of *A Book About The Clergy*, with a brief preface opening with these words,

'Twelve years have passed since difficulties, encountered in a course of reading, determined me to endeavour to supply a want of English literature by writing a book that should commemorate the usages and characteristics of Divinity, Law, and Physic in past times of English story,—a book that, without arrogating to itself the dignity of history, should be useful to historians, and, whilst affording diversion to all readers of general literature, should be of special service to artists bent on illustrating the life of our ancestors with pen or pencil. For the accomplishment of this undertaking I had made considerable preparations, when I altered my plan on seeing that

it would be impossible for me to deal effectively with the affairs of the three learned professions in a single work, of dimensions that would raise no obstacles to its attainment of popularity. Adhering to my original purpose, whilst relinquishing my first design for its achievement, I decided to produce three distinct works,—each of which should be complete in itself and altogether independent of the other two, whilst the three should together form an historic survey of the social progress and development of the Three Faculties.'

During the next few weeks I learnt how sweet a thing is praise. First came the morning papers. Extolling the *Book About The Clergy* for being 'really good history,' the *Daily Telegraph* called particular attention to my demonstration that Life Insurance was a consequence of the Reformation which permitted clergymen to have wives and children. Advising readers to spend on 'these two good volumes the time and care which they so well deserved,' the *Standard* commended 'the tone, spirit, and drift of the whole work.' In a review, that occupied more than three of its columns, the *Morning Post* declared that, though it resembled the previous *Books About* in being leavened with gossip and spiced with *ana*, the *Book About The Clergy* rose nearer to the dignity of history than the previous books about Doctors and Lawyers. The *Times* also devoted more than three columns of its space to the volumes on matters touching the Clergy, and even surpassed the *Morning Post* in generous complaisance to the author.

'There are,' the mighty Thunderer observed in his concluding paragraph, 'many other topics of interest treated of in Mr. Jeaffreson's beguiling volumes; but the specimens we have given will probably induce our readers to consult the book itself for further information. If, in addition to the points already indicated in this article, they wish to learn why people built such large churches in the Middle Ages, when the population was so much smaller than now; why University tutors and dignitaries are called "dons," and priests in olden time were called "sirs;" if they wish to read a good account of the *rationale* of trials and executions for heresy; if they wish to know something of Church Plays and Church Ales; if they wish to read a smashing demolition of Macaulay's famous assault on the clergy' [of the seventeenth century], 'or an interesting account of mediæval preaching and preachers, or the origin of decorating churches, or the observance of Sunday in Saxon and Elizabethan times, or a fair *resumé* of the *Eikon Basilike* controversy,—if they wish for information on any or all of these and many other subjects, they cannot do better than order *A Book About The Clergy* without delay . . . It is a book in which all, laity as well as clergy, will find entertainment and instruction.'

Whilst the morning papers spoke thus respectfully of my book, the evening papers commended it no less heartily. 'All who turn over the pages of this work,' said the *Sun*, 'will do justice to the persevering research which has amassed the materials of which it is composed, and the admirable skill with

which those materials have been classified and displayed.' The *Globe* declared the book 'a really valuable contribution to a work which has yet to be written—*The Social History of England.* Industry alone,' the critic continued, 'would have enabled the writer to entertain his readers with tales of all the clerical eccentricities from St. Dunstan to Mr. Spurgeon. But Mr. Jeaffreson has shown much more than industry. He is not a mere chronicler, he is an historian; he does not merely relate facts, he discovers principles. He is, moreover, singularly fair.' Though it firmly refused to rate me with the historians, the *Pall Mall Gazette* admitted that I had 'accumulated in these volumes a rich store of facts not readily to be found elsewhere,' and was of opinion that the *Book About The Clergy* 'would please, and deserved to please, those who like picturesque details and pleasant gossip, which are to history what wine and walnuts are to dinner.'

The leading weekly journals were no less benignant to me. After remarking that my design 'of supplying information respecting the usages and characteristics of the three learned professions' had been 'admirably carried into execution,' the *Athenæum* selected for especial praise the division of the *Book About The Clergy* that deals with the wives of the post-Reformation divines. 'We venture,' my critic remarked, 'to predict that the chapters devoted to "clerical women" will find students among actual and prospective wives of clergymen, and that the indignation raised by the equivocal position occupied by some of their predecessors will be tempered by smiles on contem-

plating their own.' 'Mr. Jeaffreson's research,' said the *Spectator*, 'has been large, the pains he has taken in collecting, as in digesting, his materials highly creditable . . . There is, however, another aspect in which the book will hardly recommend itself to such an eminently conservative body as the Church of England. Mr. Jeaffreson takes delight in upsetting a great many established notions. Perhaps the worst instance of this revolutionary spirit is his demolition of the legend about the 'Vicar of Bray.'—'Pictures of social life in early times,' said the *Graphic*, 'pleasant bits of description, remarks which set one thinking, assertions which appear paradoxical and calculated to stir up controversy, curious information carefully collected, much of which is likely to be new to the general reader, opinions upon many points in English history, which, if not always well founded, are expressed with an honest conviction of the truth,—all combine to give a variety and interest to these pages which cannot be well illustrated in a brief article.'

That the *Book About The Clergy* was acceptable to the critics writing in secular journals is less remarkable than that it was spoken of in the kindliest spirit by the clerical papers. The *Church Herald* called my volumes 'a delightful book.' The *Literary Churchman* was delighted with my way of dealing with Lord Macaulay's account of the Carolinian clergy. The *John Bull*, a strong clerical organ in 1870, was of opinion that 'as a book of reference, and a most painstaking history of clerical vicissitudes in England,' the *Book About the Clergy* was 'likely to be

very useful.' Speaking of me and my book, the *Guardian* said, 'He has done his work well,' and in the closing words of a long review thanked me for my 'instructive and agreeable addition to the literature which concerns the clergy.' The writer of the thoughtful review that appeared in the *British Quarterly Review*, the peculiar organ of the flower of the most highly educated Nonconformists, called my book 'a kind of cyclopædia of curious information concerning the clerical profession; and,' continued the critic, 'when we add that it is really very learned, and accumulates the results of immense, laborious, and out-of-the-way reading, and that it is written with great care and elaborateness, it will be seen that Mr. Jeaffreson has made a valuable contribution to history, and has furnished a mass of curious and important illustrations not only of clerical life, but of social life in general. His style is lucid, but somewhat grave.'

Whilst the agreeable reviews of the *Book About The Clergy* flowed in upon me, I was hard at work on the *Annals of Oxford* (Hurst and Blackett), which was published in the last month of 1870, shortly before I moved from No. 43, Springfield Road, into a larger house (No. 24, Carlton Road, Maida Vale, N.W.), at the wish of my eldest sister, who had recently withdrawn from her Brighton school on account of the failure of her health, and was desirous of living with me and my wife. That larger house into which we moved in the middle of February, 1871, had been my home for twenty-two years, when in March last past, at the opening of a season, that will make this

still current year memorable in our annals as 'the year of the long drought,' I moved into my present quarters at 134, Portsdown Mansions, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW MANAGEMENT.

Old Friends and New Acquaintances—Death of Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, first Baronet—John Doran lunching at the Gaiety Restaurant—New Proprietor and Management of the *Athenæum*—Mr. Norman Maccoll—Doran's Disappointment—His Consolation—My Concern in the new Arrangements—Baked Hedgehog at Alice Holt—Lady Hardy's *Daisy Nichol*—Discomfiture of a Mischief-Maker—Henry Blackett's Death—*Annals of Oxford* (Hurst and Blackett)—Outcry against the Book—Praise and Dispraise—Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's startling Proposal—Reviews and Articles—*A Woman In Spite of Herself* (Hurst and Blackett)—*Brides and Bridals* (Hurst and Blackett)—The Hon. Edward Twisleton's *Handwriting of Junius*—Smart Practice of the *Quarterly Review*.

'WAIT till you come to forty year!' sings Thackeray in one of his metrical trifles, touching the year when folk-lore declares every man qualified to be his own physician, unless he is a fool. The last of my years in Springfield Road was my fortieth year, and I had survived the first month of my forty-first year, when I took possession of 24, Carlton Road, Maida Vale, which was my home from February, 1871, till March, 1893.

Death or duty in distant lands had by this time

withdrawn several members of my London circle; but the old friends who passed from me during my sojourn in Springfield Road were replaced with no less charming acquaintances,—Edwin Lawrence, powerful on the Stock Exchange, a discerning connoisseur, learned antiquary, fine singer, gentlest and trustiest of friends; Mrs. Lynn Linton, the clever novelist and brilliant essayist; Russell Roberts of the Chancery Bar, kindliest of comrades and liveliest of *raconteurs;* William Blanchard Jerrold, known to me as a fellow-clubbist long before he became a visitor at my house; Joseph Knight, the theatrical critic and present editor of *Notes and Queries*, whose friendship I won in the stormy meetings of the National Shakespeare Committee; Mrs. Andrew Crosse, woman of science and society, the famous biographer of her famous husband; Percival Graves (the Bishop of Limerick's eldest son), the elegant scholar, delicate humourist, and skilful writer of *vers de société;* Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, the famous archivist, and Lady Duffus Hardy, the novelist; Charles Leland (Hans Breitmann), the American humourist; Moncure Conway, the American lecturer and journalist; Norman Maccoll, editor of the *Athenæum*, in succession to Hepworth Dixon; and Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood, C.E., the foundation-stone of whose Holborn Viaduct was laid in June, 1867, some few months after I made his acquaintance.

The year 1869 was fruitful of incidents that made a stir in the literary coteries, and caused still livelier excitement to the writers who were closely connected with the *Athenæum*. On 10th May, 1869,

Sir Charles Dilke died after a short illness at St. Petersburg. Later in the same year, Hepworth Dixon retired from the editorial chair, which he had occupied for about sixteen years. Hepworth Dixon's withdrawal from the post of editor of the *Athenæum* was followed, at no long interval, by a rumour that Mr. Norman Maccoll had been appointed to the vacant post by the new proprietor of the journal, the late Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke's eldest son and the present baronet. To Dr. Doran, who had taken the editorial chair at No. 20, Wellington Street, Strand, as *interim*-editor on Hepworth Dixon's departure for Russia, and was still the acting-editor of the paper, this rumour was a painful and staggering surprise; for he had long been hopeful of becoming editor of the *Athenæum*, should he be alive and strong at any juncture that should determine Dixon to retire from the office.

Doran was the more astonished and pained by the announcement, because rumour spoke to him of the matter with singular bluntness. The *interim*-editor was lunching at the Gaiety Restaurant when 'he overheard the rather noisy conversation' (*vide* the present writer's obituary memoir of Dr. Doran, F.S.A., in vol. lii of the *Temple Bar Magazine* 'of two young Cambridge men, who, after the wont of youngsters enjoying themselves in London, but unfamiliar with the town, talked loudly, as though it mattered nothing who caught their gossip. "So Maccoll is to edit the *Athenæum*," one of the young men remarked. "Is it settled?" was the rejoinder. "Yes, it was arranged only yesterday," answered the first speaker,

who went on to speak with cordial approval of the social and scholarly qualities of a gentleman who, though honourably distinguished at Cambridge, was, at that time, altogether unknown in the literary coteries of London. More conversation followed; and, as the youthful talkers had hit on a topic highly interesting to both of them, Doran, in a quarter-of-an-hour, learned a great deal about the newly-appointed editor. I may remark, by the way, that, though it was truthful in the main and therefore much more truthful than reports usually are, the rumour was not strictly accurate. Instead of having been appointed editor, Mr. Maccoll had been chosen by Sir Charles Dilke to act as his joint-editor. That this was the arrangement came to the sure knowledge of the *Athenæum* staff by a circular note, at the foot of which the two gentlemen styled themselves joint-editors. This arrangement, however, did not endure for any long time. As soon as Sir Charles's political engagements demanded all his energy, Mr. Maccoll became editor-in-chief, and he has remained sole editor of the journal to the present time.

Doran returned from the luncheon-room of the Gaiety Restaurant to his editorial seat in amazement and anger. Half-an-hour later, when I called upon him at No. 20, Wellington Street, I had an opportunity for observing that he was not deficient in Irish fervour. I cared enough for him to feel for his disappointment. But sympathy neither made me think his services on the paper gave him a title to the editorship, nor caused me to think it strange in the new and young proprietor of the *Athenæum* to choose

for his literary coadjutor a young man who was his personal friend, rather than a veteran numbering some two-and-sixty years, who did not possess all the qualifications to be desired in the director of a leading literary journal. Doran's vexation at missing a position which he had long coveted was eventually extinguished by Sir Charles Dilke's action in appointing him to edit *Notes and Queries*, and it is pleasant to know that, from the date of that appointment to the time of his brief, fatal illness in 1878, he lived in cordial friendship with the present editor of the *Athenæum* and with the present Sir Charles Dilke.

It was the easier for me in 1869-70 to take a temperate and judicial view of the changes at the *Athenæum* office, because I had never hoped to succeed Dixon in the editorial chair, and should have declined the editorship had Sir Charles Dilke offered it to me. Knowing Hepworth Dixon intimately, I had watched his editorial discomforts too closely to be ambitious of editing a critical journal of literature and art. But, though I could regard them calmly, I did not regard the changes with unconcern. By the death of the first Sir Charles Dilke I lost a sympathetic friend, who had shown me much kindness from that early time of our personal intercourse, when he introduced me to his father, with whom I had the honour of dining once or twice and of talking on several other occasions. I could not question that Dixon's retirement from the *Athenæum* would diminish my influence on the journal. Of the new proprietor of the *Athenæum* I knew but little, although we had eaten a hedgehog together when I and my wife were

passing a few delightful days at Alice Holt, his father's home in Hampshire. Of Mr. Maccoll I knew nothing. I could not hope that the author of *Greater Britain* and the young member of Parliament for Chelsea would be so considerate for me as his father had been. The other joint-editor might be distinctly antipathetic to me. Both joint-editors were young men; and men in 'the twenties' often preferred companions of their own age to companions who have 'come to forty year.' It was conceivable that, after the wont of young editors of old journals, the joint-editors would be looking out for 'young blood' and 'new hands.' Under these circumstances I was restless, and desired nothing more than that things would go smoothly between me and the new managers. My fear was that one or both of the new managers would be uncongenial to me. In the course of a few weeks the fear was dispelled and the desire was satisfied. With the present Sir Charles Dilke I never became more than a slight acquaintance; but, from the first, my relations with his joint-editor were easy and cordial, even as they have remained to this hour, when Mr. Norman Maccoll has been sole editor of the *Athenæum* for some twenty years.

The only particulars of the new arrangements of the joint-editors, that were at all vexatious to me, were rules which had my approval, as they aimed at minimizing the personal influence that is apt to affect the judgments of a critical journal. When I asked the New Management in written words to let me review Lady Hardy's *Daisy Nichol*, a novel that appeared in the autumnal book-season of 1870, I had

no design to give the book more praise than it deserved, because it was written by one of my friends. But the New Management did right in declining to send me the book, because I was known to be one of the lady's familiar associates. The brief note which declined my proposal to review *Daisy Nichol* in the *Athenæum* I fortunately showed to Sir Thomas Hardy. It followed that, on reading the unfavourable review of the novel, which appeared in the *Athenæum* on 26th November, 1870, Sir Thomas Hardy and his wife were well assured that the notice had not proceeded from my pen.

Soon after the publication of the unfavourable review, I went to the drawing-room in North Bank, Regent's Park, in which Lady Hardy used to receive her friends on Saturday evenings; and I was standing at one end of the crowded room, when I saw her at the other end of the room, exchanging words with the man whom I denounced in a former chapter of this work for his untruthfulness, whilst I forbore, even as I again forbear to name him, out of consideration for the feelings of his widow and children. Though I could hear nothing of the words that passed between Lady Hardy and the untruthful man, the expression of her handsome face and the air of his far from agreeable visage informed me they were talking on some matter of painful interest to both of them. At the close of their talk, I could see from the set of *her* profile and the brightness of her eyes that the lady was not in her most complaisant mood, and from the agitation and unusual pallor of *his* face I learned that he was profoundly and painfully

moved. A few minutes later the unveracious man left the drawing-room, which he never again entered.

On the morrow, I learned from Sir Thomas Hardy what had passed between Lady Hardy and the mischief-maker during the conversation. After expressing to Lady Hardy his indignation at the *Athenæum's* notice of her novel, the fellow informed her that I was the writer of the review. To Lady Hardy's inquiry whether he had spoken from sure evidence, or in attributing the disagreeable article to my pen had merely repeated a current rumour or uttered an opinion which he had formed from the style of the article, the wretched fellow replied that he was incapable of speaking so strongly from mere hearsay or inferential evidence. He averred that in declaring me the author of the article, he had spoken from sure knowledge. On being pressed to say how he had acquired his sure knowledge, he stated that he could through a particular channel of information discover the writer of any article in the *Athenæum* about which he was curious. Had I not fortunately shown Sir Thomas Hardy the few lines of writing which declined my offer to review *Daisy Nichol* in the *Athenæum*—a note which I certainly should not have shown him had it been of a confidential character—the creature, whom I forbear to name, would perhaps have made mischief between me and the Hardys at the outset of our close friendship, even as he succeeded in making divers other people regard me with hostility, by assuring them I was the writer of reviews which I had not written.

Almost at the moment of my migration from

Springfield Road to Carlton Road, Maida Vale, I was visited by a serious misfortune. On Friday, 3rd March, 1871, Henry Blackett, my able publisher and warm-hearted friend, was in his usual good health; on Saturday, 4th March, the strong and cheery man was struck to the ground by apoplexy; forty-eight hours later he drew his last breath. A man of liberal education, stately presence, and charming manners, he was a delightful companion. In eighteen years he had raised the late Mr. Colburn's publishing-house to a degree of eminence and prosperity, which seemed to indicate that it would in another ten years take the lead of all the other publishing houses of the west-end. 'As a man of business,' it was justly said of him by the *Athenæum* on 11th March, '71, 'he was remarkable for intelligence and integrity; to authors he was liberal even to munificence, and his courtesy and kindness won the regard of all who came in contact with him.'

Whilst I was grieving for the loss of my friend, I was troubled by a strong current of hostile criticism that would not have affected me so painfully had he been at my side to cheer me with genial banter, as it had been his use to cheer me whenever fortune frowned on one of our literary ventures. Decried at Oxford, because it ridiculed the mythical exaggeration of the university's antiquity, and insisted that the proud seat of learning originated in the activity of a number of schoolmasters for boys, my *Annals of Oxford*, published at the close of 1871, was regarded with vehement disapproval by the Oxonians of the London press, who in the able, fair, and conscientious

discharge of their critical functions did their best to discredit the book and its writer. Let it not be imagined that after a lapse of twenty years I recall their action against me with resentment, or that I was wanting in justice to them at the time when they concurred in writing disrespectfully of me and my latest literary performance; for I think now, and thought then, that their dislike of my book was natural, and that in giving frank and strong expression to their sincere disapproval of the book they acted within their right, and with due regard to the existing rules of literary warfare. In this paragraph I only wish to record that a considerable number of scholarly critics disliked my book about Oxford, and declared their disapproval of it in strenuous language; and that I was greatly hurt and dejected by their disesteem of the work. I was as much pained and cast-down by the anonymous dispraise poured upon the *Annals of Oxford* in the earlier months of 1871, as I had been gratified and elated by the anonymous praise that was given too lavishly to *A Book About The Clergy* in the earlier months of 1870.

Why was I so greatly affected by the anonymous praise and the anonymous dispraise? Anyone who shall reply, 'Because the praise made you think highly of yourself, and the dispraise compelled you to think meanly of yourself,' will give a wrong answer. No piece of anonymous praise, no amount of anonymous praise (and I have at times enjoyed a great deal of it), ever raised me a single barleycorn in my own regard. No piece of anonymous dispraise, no amount

of anonymous dispraise (and I have at times suffered greatly from a great deal of it), ever lowered my own opinion of myself.

I will answer the question. A *littérateur* is usually affected by public criticism in proportion to the strength of his love of approbation, and to the clearness with which he realizes how greatly journalistic criticism influences the judgment of its readers. I have ever been desirous of social approbation, *i.e.*, of the approval and benevolent regard of the various kinds of people whom I esteem. At the same time, I have observed how powerfully social opinion is swayed by the authoritative utterances of the press. Hence the delight which journalistic commendation has afforded me, and the pain I have suffered from the censure of critics. I never enjoyed a laudatory review, as a vain man enjoys flattery—*i.e.*, because it gratifies and stimulates his self-esteem. The mortification which a vain man endures from a slight, that wounds his self-love, differs from the pain which critical censure occasions me. The praise of critics is sweet and elating to me, because it quickens and strengthens my hope of winning a larger measure of social approval. Their dispraise pains and depresses me, because it tends to make me despair of winning what I most desire to possess.

My dejection at the dispraise poured upon the *Annals of Oxford* would have been deeper and darker, had not a few brave writers spoken in favour of the much-abused book. I was cheered also by the letters of a few eminent Oxonians, who were good enough to assure me of their favourable opinion

of the work. My best comforter was Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, D.C.L., Oxon., who called upon me in Carlton Road and surprised me with a proposal that affected my literary career in a remarkable manner.

I had known Sir Thomas Hardy as a slight acquaintance for some seven or eight years before our acquaintanceship passed into friendship, and we had been on terms of intimacy for some two or three years, when he startled me by proposing that I should become one of the Inspectors of Ancient Documents under Her Majesty's Commission on Historical MSS., which had been established at his instance and chiefly through his influence in 1869.

'We have made a good beginning,' he said, speaking of the Commission, 'and already see that our work will not be done in a few years. Our Commission is styled a Temporary Commission, but it will last for a long time. We are now looking out for another Inspector for England, who will throw his heart and best energies into the work; and we want you to be the Inspector. Since the opening of the year, I have been reading your Social History books. I have read all of them, from the "Doctors" to the last of them, the Oxford Book, which is by far the best of the whole lot: and they have brought me to the conclusion that you are a man to do good service under the Commission. You have the historical discernment and taste, and also the industry requisite in an Inspector. What say you?'

'I say it is very kind of you, and just like you, my dear Hardy, to make this proposal to me at this rather gloomy point of my career. But I must de-

cline the offer, because I lack the most important qualification for the office—a knowledge of old manuscripts. I know just nothing about them. Indeed, all that I know about them is that I can't decipher them. My dear friend, just think what a row there would be about "the last job at the Record Office," if you appointed a man who knows nothing of old manuscripts to be an official Inspector of them!'

'I knew you would make that objection,' my friend replied, as a merry smile stole over his handsome face; 'but the difficulty is not so great as you imagine. Of course, you can't go to work till you have served an apprenticeship to the trade. I don't want you to go to work at once. Brewer and Riley (though they have more business on their hands than they can manage) and my son-in-law Horwood will do well enough for another year or even for two years. I don't ask you to become an Inspector at once, but only to set about qualifying yourself to become an Inspector.'

'And should I decide to serve an apprenticeship to the trade, who would be my master?'

'I should be your master!' was the answer. 'Come to the Record Office and be my apprentice. I can give you a room all to yourself; and when you have learnt your alphabet, and have learnt enough of old penmanship and old clerical tricks to be able to decipher the simpler sorts of writings, I will put you on a piece of confidential work, for which you shall be paid at a moderate rate.'

'But it will take me six years to master the mysteries of a record-expert.'

'*Six* years? *Six fiddlesticks!*' my friend ejaculated, with energy. 'In six weeks I will train you to read easy writings; in twelve months you shall know as much of palæography as I know myself. Come and be my apprentice; you won't find me a hard master; I shall enjoy teaching you. You see, my dear fellow, I have conceived a liking for you, a strong liking for you. If you would only be more reasonable in your politics, and turn tory—a tory of my complexion and fervour—I should love you. Come and be my apprentice.'

'Immediately?'

'What are you doing now?'

'I am at work on another Social History book, a *Book about Marriage*; and I mean to write yet another *Book About*, for which I have gathered a lot of materials. I am also writing another novel.'

'Knock off your *Book about Marriage* and finish the novel, and while you are writing them think over my proposal. I won't trouble you again on the matter till you have corrected the proofs of the two books. But I'll send you some books about mediæval penmanship and some facsimiles of old documents, so you may study obsolete caligraphy in half-hours of leisure. It will be well for you to have mastered the rudiments of my poor art before you come to the Record Office as my pupil. In the meantime, keep a close tongue about my project—*our* project. Tell *no one* but your wife about it.'

A week or two later, the gentle, affectionate, fervid, delightful old man—my senior by some twenty-seven years—sent to me from his private library a big package of books and facsimiles for my study and guidance.

Annoyance and despondency notwithstanding, I did more than an average year's work in 1871. In that year I wrote *A Woman in Spite of Herself*, a novel that appeared late in the autumnal book season, and proved greatly acceptable to novel readers in England and America, and in every country where Baron Tauchnitz's English books find many buyers; and whilst I was writing this distinctly unconventional story of a beautiful Englishwoman who, after donning clerical attire, officiated openly as a clergyman in London and elsewhere in England for three years without revealing her sex to any observer, I went forward with my *Book about Marriage*, that was offered to the public under the title of *Brides and Bridals* in the autumn of 1872, when its sale soon set my publishers chirping. Of the large number of reviews and other articles which I contributed to the *Athenæum* in 1871, I may speak particularly of the following papers as things of something more than transient interest: (1) the three successive reviews (4th March, 17th June, and 16th December, '71) of the three successively published volumes of *Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by Himself*; (2), the obituary memoir (25th March, '71) of Professor Augustus De Morgan; (3), the two long articles (6th May and 13th May, '71) on *The Handwriting of Junius, Professionally Investigated by*

Mr. Charles Chabot, Expert. With Preface and Collateral Evidence. By the Honourable Edward Twisleton;' and (4) the review (28th October, '71) on the *Report on Spiritualism of the Dialectical Society; together with Evidence, Oral and Written, and a Selection from the Correspondence.*' Causing, at the time, much laughter in circles indisposed to think seriously of Spiritualism, the article on the Dialectical Society's report occasioned much indignation in the coteries of the spiritualists.

The two articles on Mr. Twisleton's attempt to close the Junian controversies with a final verdict in favour of the Franciscans, were generally regarded as having utterly discredited a book that was published under circumstances which caused me to remark, in the opening of the first article, 'These circumstances are so peculiar that, in the interests of writers and readers, we must, for once, depart from our rule of leaving our critical contemporaries to manage their affairs by their own notions of right and policy. The book which is accountable for the *Quarterly's* change of opinion,'—to wit, on the Franciscan question—'was published on the 28th of last month, by Mr. John Murray, who is the proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*, in which serial the work was noticed, with unqualified eulogy, some weeks before it reached the public and the critical journals. By thus causing a review of one of his own works to be inserted in his magazine so long before its publication, Mr. Murray has set an example for a practice that would be highly prejudicial to literature; and we must protest against Mr. Murray's action as an

attempt to anticipate discussion, and force his own high opinion of one of his own books upon scholars and the public before he afforded them the means of ascertaining the reasonableness of that opinion. From obvious causes, there is a tendency in critical organs to fall into the hands of publishers, and abuses of a most objectionable kind would certainly ensue if publishers were to use their magazines to steal marches on critical opinion by prematurely commending their own works, or the performances of their particular friends. Rather than see the prevalence of a custom which would quickly degrade criticism into commercial puffery, we would wish that an end might be at once put to the critic's labour, which ceases to be useful as soon as it ceases to be scrupulously honest.'

Under critical scrutiny the work, which the *Quarterly* had commended so highly, was found to be unsound and worthless. For showing it to be so, the *Athenæum* gained some credit. But, as I would not dispose any reader of this chapter to give me the approval that is due to a far greater critic, I should observe that I could not have produced the articles on Mr. Twisleton's futile performance, had not the present Sir Charles Dilke allowed me to examine his grandfather's collection of writings and data touching the various Junian questions. For the merit of the articles no one but the founder of the *Athenæum* should receive a word of praise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPIRITUALISM AND TABLE-TALK.

Agitation of the Spiritualists—The Guppys 'at Home'—Serjeant Cox—His View of Spiritualism—Psychic Force—Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism—Serjeant Cox's personal and mental Characteristics—His Career at the Bar—His Success in Journalism—The Dancing Table of Fitzroy Square—The Serjeant's Account of the Table's Exploits—The Serjeant in Russell Square and at Hendon—His Freedom from petty Resentfulness—His generous Nature—Excellent Cow-Beef—'Hippophagy' Bicknell—His Donkey Dinner—John Humphrey Noyes and Sydney Jocelyn of Oneida Creek—They dine at No. 6, St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park—Persons invited to dine with the Americans—Mr. Noyes discourses on Marriage to Bishop Ellicott—The Bishop listens and bows—The American's Way of Speaking—Identity of American-English and the East Anglian Dialect.

HAVING ruffled the temper of the spiritualistic coteries on 28th October, 1871, by the article on the report of the Dialectical Society, I agitated the same coteries yet more profoundly and violently on 2nd March, 1872, by another article—a review of three books, to wit: (1), Daniel Home's *Incidents in my Life*; (2), Serjeant Cox's *Spiritualism Answered by Science*, and, (3), George Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discov-*

ered,—which appeared in the *Athenæum* of the last-given date.

About the time of the publication of these two articles, I was seeing a good deal of the more famous spiritualists, some of whom I remember as rather amusing people, although their *séances* for intercommunication with disembodied souls were profitless and stupefying affairs. For the most part, the spiritualists of my acquaintance were honest simpletons, who were wholly guiltless of imposture or any sort of fraudulent purpose in dancing to tunes played by the professional operators on their curious credulity. Three or four of them were persons whom I held in high esteem.

One evening a friend carried me off to a meeting of spiritualists at the house of Mrs. Guppy, who years syne was famous for the attentions that were said to be lavished upon her by ghostly visitors.

At the opening of the *soirée*, I was well pleased with all I saw and experienced at the gentlewoman's place of abode. Her peculiar style of beauty was no less agreeable than unusual; her husband was a courteous old man; her guests were just such people as I had expected to find in her parlours; the tea and cakes were excellent. It was not till the company had sat about the table for a long hour, awaiting in vain for the dear disembodied souls, that I began to wish myself back in my own study. The spiritualistic *séance* was tame and disappointing. Everything that could be done was done by Mrs. Guppy and her sympathetic friends to lure the dear spirits into rapping and tapping for their edification.

The lights of the room were lowered and raised by turns. We sat in silence, we spoke in low tones, we spoke in louder tones to one another. The strings of a guitar were touched by deft fingers. We wooed the bogies with an accordion. It was all in vain. For an entire hour, never a spirit, good or bad, gave sign of its nearness. When an unseen visitor at last spoke to us in faint taps, he proved a perverse, imbecile, lying spirit. We made yet another arrangement of the people about the table, and, extinguishing the lights, sat in total darkness. During this dark *séance*, it was suggested by one of the sitters that we should talk unconcernedly to one another, so as to induce any shy spirit who might be at hand to make himself audible. In behalf of this suggestion it was averred that shy spirits, who lacked the courage to rap out to a silent assembly, would sometimes make communications to a talkative company. The proposal was acted upon; but nothing came of this last attempt to lure the ghosts into sociability and communicativeness. The darkness and noise were no more fruitful of satisfactory spiritual manifestations than the previous sittings in full light, moderate light, dim light, with or without music, had been. My visit to Mrs. Guppy's house did not enlarge my knowledge of spiritual affairs; and in this respect it resembled the visits I paid to other houses, in pursuit of spiritualistic information.

Slightly acquainted with several of the spiritualistic notabilities, I knew much of Edward William Cox, the serjeant-at-law and greatly successful newspaper proprietor, who used to be styled 'Judge Cox' in

the spiritualistic coteries, out of reverential regard for the judicial dignity that pertained to him as the Deputy-Assistant Judge of the Middlesex Magistrates. Serjeant Cox's position in those coteries and his relation to the spiritualistic operators was peculiar. Living on friendly terms with the spiritualists, and supporting with his testimony all their more remarkable evidence touching the levitation of human bodies, the harmless passage of human bodies through dead walls of sound masonry, and the mobility of heavy articles of domestic furniture, he declined to attribute the perplexing phenomena to spiritual influence. When heavy chairs and tables seemed to move to and fro before his eyes, under conditions that forbade him to ascribe their restlessness to muscular or mechanical force, he referred their apparent activity to a force, emanating from the body or bodies of some human being or beings. The force that affected things of household furniture in so mysterious a manner, he was pleased to call 'psychic force,' and the individual from whom the force seemed to proceed he was pleased to call 'a psychic.' Instead of styling himself a spiritualist, he styled himself a psychical believer, and regarded the spiritualists disdainfully as unscientific and unreasonable persons. The individuals who were rated as 'mediums' by the unscientific and unreasonable spirits, my friend rated as 'psychics.'

Speaking of the phenomena which he ascribed to 'psychical influence,' Serjeant Cox observed in a Memorandum, set forth in the Dialectical Society's *Report on Spiritualism*,

'Only the most overwhelming evidence would have sufficed to overcome the very strong prejudice against the reality of the alleged phenomena with which I commenced the investigation, and to satisfy me that there is a force capable of moving substances without muscular effort, and without contact by living body, which force proceeds from, or at least is intimately connected with, the nervous system; and that this force is often directed by intelligence of some kind. But whether the intelligence is that of the nervous system whence the force apparently proceeds, there is not sufficient evidence to show, although there are powerful reasons pointing to that as its true source. This is all I can assert to be *proved* . . . . I have *no* evidence that spirits of the dead are in any way concerned in the production of the phenomena we witnessed and verified. On the contrary, the evidence pointed entirely to the opposite conclusion. All the conditions under which the phenomena presented themselves were entirely consistent with the exhibition of *a force emanating from some person or persons present*, and were wholly inconsistent with any reasonable hypothesis of action by those who have passed into another state of existence.'

The Serjeant Cox, whose friendship I enjoyed from some day of 1872 till his death in 1879, was a man of an agreeable, though far from commanding presence. Little more than five feet high, he was too diminutive in person for outward dignity. But his shapely person was significant of physical vigour and activity, and his countenance, remarkable for the fineness of its aquiline profile and the ruddiness of its complexion, betokened bodily health and mental energy. The brightness of his sanguine colour and the whiteness of his hair, which he brushed upwards over either temple, caused observers to liken him to a bird of red and white plumage. Though his intellectual endowments were not of the highest order, he was a shrewd

and on some subjects a scholarly man, who had displayed an unusual aptitude for affairs of business. After practising for some years with success as an attorney in his native town of Taunton, co. Somerset, he retired from the lower division of the legal profession, and became a barrister of the Middle Temple. That he did not rise to eminence at the Bar may be attributed in some degree to his personal diminutiveness, for he was a sufficient lawyer, had a pleasant voice, spoke with fluency, and satisfied the few attorneys who employed him in London or gave him briefs at the assize-towns of his circuit.

Whilst he was doing in a creditable manner the work given him by his few clients, and was hopeful of larger employment in the courts, he became a writer on newspapers and an author of several handbooks of legal practice, two of which—to wit, *A Treatise on the Law of Joint-Stock Companies*, and *A Treatise on the Law of Registrations and Elections*,—found many readers, and ran through several editions, without greatly enlarging his practice at the Bar. After taking for his second wife one of the daughters of Commissioner Fonblanque (Albany Fonblanque's elder brother), a marriage that greatly improved his position in the literary coteries, he became more industrious with his pen, and at the same time more observant of the commercial side of journalism. Without ceasing to do his utmost to conciliate the solicitors, he entered upon the series of literary speculations that in the course of years made him by far the richest lawyer of his generation. Producing and editing the *Law Times* for the members of the legal

profession, he established the *Field* for the entertainment of country gentlemen and the guidance of sportsmen, and raised the *Queen* to be all that it has for many years been to the women of our educated classes. As projector and proprietor, Serjeant Cox was concerned in other literary ventures, on which he had less reason to congratulate himself. One of them—the *Critic*, a journal of Art and Literature, which he started and maintained for several years in opposition to the *Athenæum*—was a costly failure. But, on the whole, he was greatly fortunate in his enterprises in journalism. In his closing years he was believed to draw a net revenue of more than forty thousand a-year from his newspaper-business—a business comprising several newspapers that are understood to be even more profitable now than they were in his time.

I neither honour the Serjeant, nor ask my readers to honour him, for having been a fortunate newspaper-proprietor. I am no worshipper of mere financial success, and do not need to be told that under propitious circumstances an utter blockhead may begin life with a few hundreds of pounds, and through his own action may become a millionaire. But when I recall the many perils that attend journalistic speculation, and remember also that Edward William Cox was his own counsellor, and had no counsellor but himself, in his various enterprises in journalism, I think his conspicuous success in the hazardous vocation, by which he enriched himself, affords *primâ facie* evidence that he was, at least, fairly well provided with the sagacity, discernment, common-sense,

and circumspection, that are needful for the successful conduct of affairs of business during a long term of years. Let me also observe that the *Quarterly* reviewer, who incensed the Serjeant by declaring him 'the most gullible person in the world,' misdescribed him. On all matters lying apart from 'psychical phenomena,' the Serjeant was neither greedy of the marvellous, nor at all likely to be deceived by a teller of preposterous tales. On all subjects but one, he was clear-headed, suspicious of misrepresentation, sceptical and severely critical of his companions' statements. As the judge of a petty criminal court, he was quick to detect the falsehood of a dishonest witness.

Yet this man, so rich in common-sense and so well able to manage affairs of business, was at times the sport of illusions and delusions so egregiously absurd and wildly fantastic, that dispassionate hearers of his amazing statements had reason for questioning his sanity. He was capable of believing and declaring that he had seen a heavy dining-room table dance and leap about a room, when no known force of nature or mechanical contrivance could have occasioned the movements of so weighty a piece of furniture. He declared solemnly that he saw a dining-room table behave in this extraordinary manner on March 3rd, 1871, in a certain room of Dr. Edmunds's house in Fitzroy Square. He could believe, and did believe that a lady was brought by some occult agency into the drawing-room of his house in Russell Square, and placed noiselessly within it, although the doors of the room were locked, and the win-

dows of the room were closed and barred against her.

'It may be as well to add,' Serjeant Cox wrote of the dancing table of Fitzroy Square, that moved about under his observation, and the observation of ten other persons, 'that the most remarkable experiment we witnessed chanced, strangely enough, to have been tried at Dr. Edmunds's house on March 3rd, 1871, in the dining-room, with a dining-table twelve feet long by five feet wide, and unusually heavy. After several violent motions, while hands were upon it, the experiment was tried of motion without contact. To secure this condition, all present turned the backs of their chairs to the table, and knelt upon and placed their hands on the backs of the chairs so turned. Gas burning brightly above the table. In this position, which made contact by any person impossible without detection by the others, the table lurched *five* times over spaces varying from two inches to six inches, the hands being held further from the table at each experiment, until they were placed three feet from it. The party then stood round the table, all holding hands, and at each experiment withdrawing further from it, until they finally stood at a distance of nearly *four* feet from the table. Again it lurched, at each trial, over still greater spaces. The extent of these motions will be understood when it is stated that, at the close of them, the table was turned completely round; that is to say, the end that was at the bottom of the room at the beginning of the experiment was at the head of it at its close, a space of not less than *twelve* feet having been thus traversed by this unusually ponderous table, in full light, and when no person could by any possibility have touched it. It is certainly remarkable that the most conclusive evidence myself and the scientific investigators have yet had of motion without contact should have been obtained in that house, where we had, of course, the most perfect assurance that no deception by prior arrangements of mechanical contrivance could be suggested as an explanation of this decisive experiment.'

In a subsequent account (to be found in Serjeant Cox's *Spiritualism Answered by Science*) of this curious

business, the Serjeant put it on record that, in thus moving about Dr. Edmunds's dining-room in Fitzroy Square, the table 'knocked down a lady who chanced to be standing in its way.'

Edward William Cox and I did not often speak of questions touching spiritualism or (to use his term) 'psychic force,' but once in a while we exchanged a few words on a topic that we usually avoided in the many hours we spent together.

In telling me of the mysterious and perplexing affair of the lady, who was brought by some indiscoverable means into the drawing-room of his house in Russell Square, he spoke to the following effect,

'When I invited certain of my friends to come to me for a *séance* at my house on a certain evening, I begged them to come punctually or somewhat before the time, as I meant to lock the doors of the drawing-room before the *séance* began, and should not unlock them till the *séance* was over. Mrs. . . . . failed to appear at the right time. After waiting a few minutes for her, I locked the doors of the room, and withdrawing the keys from the locks, put them in my pocket. The windows of the room were closed and barred. When I had taken my precautions against intrusion, the *séance* began. The lady was *not* at the gathering, when I thus closed the room to the outer world. It was known to everyone of the party that the lady was *not* in the room at the commencement of the *séance*. Later in the evening, when we turned the gas on again, after sitting for a while in almost total darkness, the lady *was* in the room. How did she enter the

room? How did she come to be with us? No door had been opened to admit her. No window had been opened to admit her. She did not enter the room by one of the chimneys; for her dress, of a light colour, was neither disordered nor defiled with soot, as it would have been, had she descended into the room through one of the chimneys. Moreover, it would have been impossible for the lady, of whom we are speaking, to have passed under the ordinary conditions of existence down the chimney of the fireplace. How, then, came she to be in the room?'

On another of the few occasions on which Serjeant Cox spoke to me of psychical phenomena, we were standing together in the large drawing-room of No. 36, Russell Square.

'Bless me, are *you* a psychic?' asked Cox, as he withdrew his gaze from some light drawing-room chairs, and turned his head about to look at me.

'I don't think so,' I replied; 'but no one knows all the evil that is lurking in his nature.'

'The spiritualists have never told you that you are a medium?'

'No spiritualist has ever taken such a liberty with me. Why do you ask?'

'I am not a psychic,' was the answer, 'and yet I thought those occasional chairs and the light table behind them just now gave signs of moving.'

'They are motionless now; and they certainly have not travelled many barleycorns from the places they occupied when I came into the room.'

'I am not sure that they moved.'

'If I were a psychic,' I inquired, 'should I be able

without another person's assistance to make chairs and tables move?'

'That would depend on the measure and degree of your psychical force. Some psychics—that is, some of the persons who can emit their psychical energy so as to affect external objects—have no large store of the mysterious force. On the other hand, some psychics are so largely and powerfully charged with the force, that on coming into a room they draw towards them the furniture of the apartment. A few days since, when I was standing with a powerful psychic and talking with him *tête-à-tête* in this room, just as I am standing and talking with you, I saw the furniture of the room move towards him in a most interesting manner, till we were surrounded, walled about, encompassed with chairs, tables, ottomans. The lighter articles of furniture came to us with little jumps. The heavier articles moved less quickly, but they one and all travelled towards us.'

'And the nearer they came, the quicker they moved?'

'Of course, the closer they came to the psychic, the more powerfully were they affected by his attractive force.'

'Does the gentleman,' I asked, 'ever experience any difficulty in taking off his shirt at night? Does he ever abrade his skin or otherwise injure himself by the force he uses to tear the clinging garment from his body?'

This question caused a smile to play over my friend's face; but the look of amusement was momentary, and he replied, with suitable seriousness,

'I never heard, and I don't suppose he was ever troubled in that way. A shirt would cling so closely only when psychical energy was passing from him. The desire to remove the garment—the effort of volition—possibly stays the current of the psychical force.'

Writing of the Serjeant's psychical philosophy in the *Athenæum*, of 2nd March, 1872, I remarked:

'For, be it observed, a grand part of Serjeant Cox's confession of faith is, that the conditions under which the table was moved cannot be termed very exceptional. Every human creature possesses a stock of psychic force, and, in the United Kingdom, persons so largely endowed with the force as to be psychics are not much short of a million. "It has been calculated," Mr. Cox informs us, "that about one person in thirty is a psychic in England, and about one person in twenty in Scotland and America, the faculty being obviously much more powerfully developed in certain races of men than in others." Hence, if we take the households of the superior classes in England, the inmates of which may be computed on the average as numbering ten, one out of every three households contains a psychic, capable of lifting heavy tables in the air, and causing other furniture to hop about, without the employment of muscular force . . . . . Under these circumstances, if the marvels which the Serjeant believes himself to have witnessed were real instead of fanciful, they would not be rare phenomena, witnessed only by a few excitable persons, but facts of nearly daily experience to all persons in every condition of life . . . . . We feel that we owe an apology to our readers for considering seriously such ridiculous statements; but sincere concern for a very worthy gentleman causes us for a moment to adopt a tone that is more likely to benefit him than the contempt due to monstrous absurdities. His pamphlet shows him still to possess so much sagacity that he may, by a strong effort of will, get the better of his aberrations. But if he continues to humour his delusions, instead of combating them, his hallucinations will, at no distant day, be irremediable.'

It speaks for Serjeant Cox's freedom from petty

resentfulness, and for the generosity of his nature, that he wished to number me amongst his friends, and made overtures for my friendship, at a time when he knew me to be the writer of the article in which his psychical views and phenomena were thus exhibited to ridicule, and that, after making my acquaintance, he lived in cordial friendship with me even to his death in November, 1879, when he had entered his 71st year.

I think my wife and I dined with him for the first time in the autumn of 1872. He certainly dined with us on 11th June, 1873, when he made the acquaintance of the Hardys, the Langworthys, the Chadwicks, Major Alfred Heales, F.S.A., the learned proctor and author of *The History and Law of Church Seats or Pews*, Dr. Ginsberg, the famous Hebrew scholar, and Mr. Norman Maccoll, editor of the *Athenæum*. From that time, at the latest, we saw much of the Serjeant. Dining with him twice or thrice a year at 36, Russell Square, and staying repeatedly for days together at his house on Mill Hill, Hendon, we attended the grand *soirée* in Chancery Lane, with which he celebrated his acquisition of Serjeant's Inn, which he bought of the out-going serjeants when they ceased to exist as a body-corporate.

The kindly, blithe-hearted, genial little Serjeant was seen to best advantage at Mill Hill, where his dairy, piggeries, stables, gardens, vineries, orchid-houses, and the seven or eight hundred acres of land appurtenant to his house, showed how he delighted in the rural interests of a country gentleman. A brighter and more entertaining host never lived; and

if he ever brought a company of uncongenial people to his suburban home, no rumour of the mal-arrangement ever came to my ears. To me, and the lady who owns me, our sojourns at Mill Hill were the more agreeable, because, whilst we found much to like and admire in Mrs. Cox, the brightest and bravest of habitual invalids, she made much of us.

Of the Serjeant's domestic amiability, it would not be easy to speak in too high terms. At Mill Hill it was pleasant to observe his sympathetic tenderness to his invalid wife, his affectionate intercourse with his children and grandchildren, and his kindly way of talking with the servants of the place.

Though he was temperate in all his pleasures, and especially temperate in his enjoyment of the 'good cheer' which he provided for his friends, a finely sensitive palate made the Serjeant a nice connoisseur of the delicacies of the table. An epicure wholly guiltless of *gourmandise*, he liked to eat a fine pear, a peach, or a nectarine in the middle hour of its brief perfection, to enjoy the thigh of a woodcock that had been kept to the right day and cooked to the right moment; and, whilst enjoying the dainty himself, he liked to know that his guests were no less daintily provided with the means of gastronomic contentment. Once in a while, also, it gave him pleasure to surprise his friends with a culinary demonstration of the gastronomic merit of cheap and homely food, on whose preparation for the table adequate time and care have been expended.

It was at a dinner in Russell Square, when he was entertaining an Australian millionaire, famous through-

out the Australasian colonies for his pedigree herds, that the Serjeant had the pleasure of observing how greatly his guests enjoyed a *pièce de résistance* of roast beef, that elicited words of approval from every part of the table.

'"Tis the best roast beef,' said the owner of pedigree herds, 'that I have eaten since I left Australia.'

'Yes,' the host rejoined, modestly, 'it isn't a bad piece of cow-beef.'

'Not at all bad cow-beef,' returned the Australian, in a tone of voice implying that he was not one of the Marines. I rather think the Australian millionaire was even guilty of winking with his right eye, as he repeated, ironically, 'Not at all bad cow-beef!'

'You think I am joking; but the beef you have praised so highly, and none too highly, is cow-beef —the beef of an old cow,' said the giver of the feast. 'The cow was one of my milch cows till I thought the time had come for me to fatten her for the table. The truth is that, for many years, it has been impossible to buy any beef of good flavour in London that is not cow-beef. The beef that is displayed in our butchers' shops at Christmas-time is magnificent to the eye and tender to the tooth, but it is the flesh of young oxen, and is therefore insipid. When a Londoner gets from his butcher beef of an exceptionally fine flavour, he may be sure his butcher has sent him a piece of a cow that was properly fed and fattened for the knife. Our graziers cannot afford to keep their oxen till they are six or seven years old. Hence the insipidity of the big joints of beef that are put upon our tables.'

'If they used the beasts for farm-labour,' it was suggested, 'the graziers could afford to keep them to the age when the flesh acquires the full beef-flavour.'

'If they did so,' answered the Serjeant, 'the labour would harden the muscle of the animals, and the flesh would lose in tenderness what it gained in flavour. Whilst the beef of a seven-years-old cow, that has not been put to work, equals in flavour the beef of an ox of the same age that has been used for labour, it is superior to the beef of the ox in tenderness.'

'Cow-beef,' observed another of the Serjeant's guests, 'has always been despised as an exceedingly poor beef. It has a proverbial reputation for badness. When Erskine received Admiral Keppel's honorarium of a thousand pounds, he declared he would never again eat cow-beef or give his children the miserable food. He had eaten cow-beef for years, and knew from long experience how bad it was.'

'And *you* know from experience how good it may be,' returned the Serjeant. 'The cow-beef that Erskine thought so ill of was the beef of cows that were slaughtered without having been properly stall-fed.'

'Was the cow, whose beef I think so well of, fattened and stall-fed in a peculiar way?'

'It was only fed as oxen are wont to be fed and fattened for the table.'

Learning from Serjeant Cox how good the flesh of an old cow may be, I learned from Hippophagy Bicknell to honour a far meaner animal than the cow for the use that may be had of it as a creature for human food. In recommending the Londoners and Paris-

ians to eat horse-flesh in lieu of ox-flesh, Bicknell—one of the sons of the great Russia-merchant and buyer of pictures by New Masters—was guilty of a gastronomic mistake and an economical blunder. Under the most favourable conditions, horse-flesh is not especially good for human food. At the same time, the ordinary horse is so valuable as an instrument of labour, that to kill it for human food whilst it can work for human convenience is an act of wasteful prodigality. No culinary treatment can make the flesh of an old and worked-out horse into meat fit for human beings. The flesh of a young horse is a poor meat; the flesh of an old and worn-out horse is so bad a meat that men must be goaded by famine before they care to consume the hard and coarse viand. Long before Bicknell advised them to eat horseflesh, the Parisians had put the flesh of their dead horses to the best possible use by selling it to the proprietors of the great poultry-breeding establishments round about the French capital, who made it into finely-minced, highly-spiced, and nutritious food for the poultry, which they reared for the *traiteurs* of the metropolis. Smiling at the Englishman's counsel, the thrifty Parisians told him they had long been in the habit of eating horse-flesh in the form of *poulet*.

But, though he was at fault in advising people to eat horse-flesh, he did well to suggest that we should find our advantage in consuming the flesh of a less costly animal. A few days after the great horse-flesh dinner at the Langham Hotel, Bicknell invited me to dine with a party of gastronomers on a young donkey,

at his house in Onslow Gardens. Accepting the invitation, I went to my friend's house without a keen appetite for the meat, although I was assured that the donkey had been, to the last, a young and healthy animal, and had been fed on bread-and-milk for the experimental table. Indeed, I went to the feast with a strong repugnance to the notion of eating donkey, and with a resolve to dine on the more familiar and common viands which would doubtless be offered to me. Covers were laid for sixteen persons—eight men (one of them being Sir Henry Thompson) and eight gentlewomen. As I intended to avoid the donkey, I partook heartily of the soup, the fish, the *entrées*. After going thus far in the *menu*, I remarked to Bicknell,

'So far the dinner has been more than good. When will donkey be offered to us?'

'With the exception of the fish,' my host replied, 'everything of which you have partaken was a preparation of donkey. The clear soup and the thick soup were made of donkey. The *entrées* were donkey. And now comes the *pièce de résistance*—loin of donkey.'

As I had committed myself so largely to all the hygienic risks and consequences of eating the unfamiliar meat, I conceived I should not make matters much worse for my health by partaking of the loin of donkey, which proved alike tender and tasteful. Delicate in texture as well-kept five-year-old mutton, it had the flavour of roast loin of pork.

Bicknell's donkey-dinner reminds me of other feasts to which I was invited long syne—dinners that were

remarkable for unusual fare or for something unusual in the company. The phenomenal success of *New America* had made Hepworth Dixon the chief 'literary lion' of a London season, when he welcomed John Humphrey Noyes (the prophet and social renovator of Oneida Creek) and his neophyte, Sydney Jocelyn, on their arrival in England, with a dinner at No. 6, St. James's Terrace, Regent's Park—a dinner that brought together a curious company of curiously assorted men. No ladies had been invited, because it was thought that the presence of the gentler sex might operate in restraint of freedom of discussion. A bishop, a judge, and an heir to an earldom—Bishop Ellicott, Lord Romilly (Master of the Rolls) and short-lived Lord Amberley—were of the party, which numbered some twenty persons. I sat on the left hand of Mr. John Humphrey Noyes, 'a tall, pale man, with sandy hair and beard, grey, dreamy eyes, good mouth, white temples, and a noble forehead,' (*vide New America*, vol. ii, p. 209); Dr. Lankester, the Coroner for Middlesex, sat on the right hand of the prophet and seer, who had his place at table directly opposite to the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. And much it amused me to listen to the Prophet of Oneida Creek, whilst he explained to the scholarly prelate that marriage was a fraud, and the base offspring of masculine selfishness, that had so strangely over-reached itself in the attempt to get the largest possible measure of sensual contentment and security out of woman's affection and weakness. It diverted me also to observe the courteous movements of the head, with which the Bishop indicated that he was listen-

ing attentively to the words of the gentleman from America. If Mr. John Humphrey Noyes wished to lure the Bishop into disputing with him, he was disappointed. Confining his remarks to brief utterances of an uncompromising sort—such as 'Eh?' Ah?' 'Indeed?' spoken interrogatively—the Bishop was liberal with his slight movements of the head. The movements were not gestures of assent. The movements of courtesy were slight bows, at each of which the crown of the Bishop's head moved slightly to the left, whilst his chin moved as slightly in the direction of his right shoulder. Each of the episcopal movements was significant of curiosity, amusement, and inquisitiveness, faintly qualified with dissent, which the courteous gesticulator had no disposition to express in words. Under the influence of the Bishop's circumspect and courteous demeanour, the Prophet from Oneida became more and more communicative and outspoken. The Bishop drew all that he wished to draw from the Prophet, and gave him nothing in return but slight movements of the head, and 'Eh?' 'Ah?' 'Indeed?' spoken interrogatively and smilingly.

Whilst Mr. John Humphrey Noyes was re-stating his case against marriage, for the Bishop's enlightenment and edification, with the vocal pitch and intonations that are the most striking characteristics of Yankee speech, the Coroner for Middlesex (a native of Suffolk) caught my eye, signalled to me, and, inclining towards me behind the Prophet's chair, said to me, in an undertone,

'Jeaffreson, have you ever heard that dialect before?'

'Yes, on Woodbridge market-place,' I answered,

mentioning a place of Suffolk where Edwin Lankester, F.R.S., M.D., spent much of his boyhood.

Descended from a Suffolk family, whose surname survives to this day in East Anglia, the Prophet of Oneida Creek could trace his lineage to a Suffolk Noyes, who migrated from England to America in the seventeenth century. When I met him at No. 6, St. James's Terrace, he was making his first sojourn in the country of his ancestors, and had been only a few days in England. Yet there he was, talking freely to Bishop Ellicott in the manner of the East Anglian peasantry. In the nasal notes, the pitch and fall, the drant and drawl, and the higher key in which he closed his sentences, the speech of this American fresh from the other side of the Atlantic was the 'high Suffolk' of my native county. As neither of us was at that time aware how large a part East Anglia had played in the making of the American people, Lankester and I were alike startled and struck by so remarkable a demonstration of the identity of Yankee speech and the East Anglian vernacular. At the present date, of course, 'all the world' knows that Yankee speech and 'high Suffolk' speech are the same variety of the English tongue. But all the world had no sure knowledge of this interesting fact, when John Humphrey Noyes's talk at Hepworth Dixon's dinner-table moved me to bring together the conclusive evidence that the East Anglian emigrants to the new world fixed the dialect of the American people.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE QUARREL OF TWO AUTHORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A Jamaican Creole—Thomas Duffus Hardy's Family—The Reverend Daniel Lysons, M.A.—Samuel Lysons, Keeper of the Tower Records—Little Tom Hardy at the Tower Record Office—Keeper Petrie's Care for the Boy—Thomas Hardy's Editorial Labour at the Tower—Sir Francis Palgrave—Particulars of his domestic Story—His Services to Literature—A Word and a Blow—The Fight of two short Rounds—Talk about a Duel—Sir Francis Palgrave does not 'call Hardy out'—He lays his Case before Keeper Petrie—The Keeper's Counsel to the Complainant—Richard Harris Barham's Verses on 'the Mill'—Lord Langdale's Friendship for Hardy—Public Records Act, A.D., 1838—Lord Langdale's Promise to Hardy—Ministerial Pressure—Lord Langdale in a Difficulty—Sir Francis Palgrave becomes Deputy-Keeper of the Records—Subsequent Stages of the long Quarrel—Lord Langdale's Successor at the Rolls—Sir John Romilly's Regard for Hardy—Sir Francis Palgrave's Death—Hardy's Appointment to the Deputy-Keeper's Place—Sir John Romilly's Reason for appointing Hardy.

BORN on May 22nd, 1804, at Port Royal, Jamaica, when his father, Major Thomas Bartholomew Price Hardy, of the Royal Artillery, was stationed on the West Indian island, Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy was a

West Indian by birth, who in his later years used sometimes to speak of himself as 'a creole,' to the astonishment and perplexity of those of his hearers, who were so far under the dominion of a popular error as to think of creoles as West Indians whose European blood was tainted with African blood. Had his ancestral story been darkened by a negro strain, my friend would not have been a creole.

Son of an officer of the Royal Artillery, and on his father's side grandson of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Carteret Hardy of the York Fusiliers, whose eldest daughter Sarah became the wife of the Reverend Daniel Lysons, M.A. and F.R.S., the celebrated antiquary, and chief of the family of Lysons of Hempsted Court, co. Gloucester, Thomas Duffus Hardy, the archivist, was a member of the ancient and historic family of Hardy, or Le Hardy, of Jersey, that in the eighteenth century gave the British Navy three notable admirals—to wit, (1) Sir Thomas Hardy, vice-admiral of the red, who died in August, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; (2) Sir Charles Hardy the Elder, vice-admiral and one of the Lords-Commissioners of the Admiralty, who died in November, 1744, and (3) Sir Charles Hardy the Younger, admiral of the blue, who died on May 18th, 1780. Thus descended, Thomas Duffus Hardy may be presumed to have reflected with complaisance on the dignity of his lineage, though he never alluded to it in the hearing of persons of inferior extraction.

Sent from Jamaica to England in his eighth year for education, Thomas Duffus Hardy was in his fifteenth year when he obtained a junior clerkship in

the Record Office at the Tower of London on January 1st, 1819, through the influence of his uncle-by-marriage, Daniel Lysons, the famous topographer and antiquary, whose 'Magna Britannia,' (which he wrote in conjunction with his brother, Samuel Lysons, the Keeper of Records in the Tower,) may be found in every comprehensive English library. At this time, when no youngster is admitted to a clerkship in a Government office until he is nearing manhood or has attained his majority, and has passed a stiff examination, some readers may smile at this appointment of a lad, *ætat.* 14, to a clerical post in a Government department. Possibly some few readers may even speak hard words of the arrangement that put the boy on the staff of the Tower Record Office at so early and even tender an age.

On the New Year's Day of 1819, the appointment appeared all the more premature, because Tom Hardy, who, after rising to his full stature, did not exceed the middle height of Englishmen by two barleycorns, was a small boy for his age. In truth, it must be admitted that the arrangement which introduced the little fellow to the Civil Service before he had grown disdainful of peg-tops and lollipops, was one of those arrangements which politicians of a certain sort used to call 'jobs.' The influence by which Mr. Daniel Lysons, the Gloucestershire antiquary, compassed the arrangement was his influence over his brother, Samuel Lysons, the Keeper of the Records at the Tower, a gentleman in failing health. Going to his brother Samuel at the Tower, Daniel said,

'Do contrive to bring my first wife's little nephew

into your office. He is a bright, clever, jolly little fellow, who will, I am sure, behave well. If I hadn't several children to educate and provide for, I would do by the little fellow as though he were my own son; but I am not rich enough to do that. The little fellow's case is a hard case. He has lost his father; his mother is poor, and he is not her only child. Come, brother Sam, do your best for me and the little fellow. Though she never set eyes upon him, the boy has a claim upon me as the nephew of my first wife.'

The appeal was successful. Samuel Lysons bestirred himself, and contrived to put the little fourteen-years-old boy on the establishment of the Tower Record Office; and on an early day of 1819, little Tom Hardy climbed for the first time to the top of the high stool which he had been chosen to occupy at the Tower. Had the Civil Service commissioners been at work with their examinations in 1819, an older candidate for employment in the Civil Service would have been appointed to the post that came by friendly arrangement to young Hardy—an older candidate who might have proved an efficient clerk, but certainly would not have proved in the long run a finer palæographer than the little fellow who became the most critical record-expert of his period.

Dying in the year of Tom Hardy's appointment to the junior clerkship, Keeper Lysons was succeeded in the Keepership of the records at the Tower by that consummate Master of Manuscripts, Henry Petrie, who was quick to regard the lad with fatherly interest and affection. Charmed with the boy's beautiful

face, winning address, musical voice, frank speech and extraordinary intelligence, Henry Petrie became his tutor,—enlarging his mind with historical instruction, and endowing him with classical culture, whilst he trained him in palæography. Growing from early youth to manhood under the nurture of so discerning and benignant a patron, young Hardy may be said to have been specially educated for service under those Record Commissioners, who exercised sound discretion in appointing him to edit the *Close Rolls* from A.D. 1204 to A.D. 1227. The first volume of this important enterprize appeared in 1833, when the editor was in his twenty-ninth year, and the last volume was given to students at the opening of his forty-first year. Whilst working on the *Close Rolls*, he also edited a series of other publications for the Record Commissioners, to wit, the *Patent Rolls* for the reign of King John A.D. 1201-16, the *Norman Rolls* A.D. 1200-5 and 1417-18, the *Fine Rolls* of King John, the *Charter Rolls* of King John's reign, and the *Liberate Rolls* of the same king's reign. The last volume of the *Close Rolls*, published in 1844, was followed at an interval of two years by the indefatigable editor's *Modus tenendi Parliamentum*, published in 1846.

Indebted to Henry Petrie in the first instance for the confidence accorded to him by the Record Commissioners, Thomas Hardy was indebted to the same benignant patron for the special education that enabled him to justify their confidence. One of the comparatively few men whose gratitude perishes only with themselves, Hardy in his closing years

used often to speak with generous emotion of the beneficent care and sympathetic encouragement that were lavished upon him in his boyhood, youth, and manhood, even to his middle age, by his wise and benevolent protector. A portrait of Henry Petrie hung in Hardy's bed-room—the room in which he died; and I recall with a sweet and subduing sadness how my dear friend, during his last illness, rose from his bed with my assistance, and moved painfully across the chamber, to take a near view of this picture,—and how, whilst gazing fondly at its lineaments, he blessed the memory of the man, over whose grave more than thirty years had passed.

Thomas Hardy was still at the outset of his long term of service under the Record Commissioners, when he came into violent conflict with a man who closely resembled him in his moral and intellectual endowments. This man was Sir Francis Palgrave, who is regarded worshipfully by students for his *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, and his unfinished *History of England and Normandy*. I am the less reluctant to call attention to the most remarkable, most painful, and in some respects most interesting of the numerous quarrels of authors of the nineteenth century, because I can extol the public services and private virtues of both combatants. Son of Meyer Cohen, a Jew stock-broker, who lost his considerable wealth in 1803, Francis Cohen, in later time Francis Palgrave, was educated for the lower division of the legal profession, and for some years acted as managing clerk to Messrs. Loggin and Smith in Basinghall Street. He was

still acting in this capacity, when he won the affection of the loveliest of the singularly beautiful daughters of Dawson Turner of Great Yarmouth co. Norfolk, at whose request the managing clerk of the Basinghall Street solicitors withdrew his name from the rolls of the subordinate legal practitioners, became a law-student of the Temple, and dropping the name of Cohen, assumed the surname of Palgrave. Called to the Bar in 1827, and knighted in 1832 for his services to literature, he was a practising barrister (for the most part in pedigree cases before the House of Lords), and had become in other ways a personage of mark, when he came into collision with young Thomas Duffus Hardy.

Older than Hardy by sixteen years, Sir Francis Palgrave was taller than Hardy by some inches, and in other personal respects was his superior. With his aquiline profile, strong eyes, fine mouth, and noble forehead, Hardy was better-looking than most men; but Francis Palgrave, a favourite in some of the best houses of the town, seldom entered a salon in which observers could point to a comelier man. The engravings which exhibit his face to connoisseurs, render bare justice to the charm, the dignity, and the refinement of his countenance. Possessing the personality, some of whose charms he transmitted to his remarkable sons, he had the air of high breeding and the show of natural dignity that are sometimes observable in Jews of the highest type and finest quality.

As antiquaries and scholars, as men of society and fellow-workers in the same fields of historical re-

search, as men of gentle nature and nurture, Thomas Hardy and Francis Palgrave had so many points of resemblance and so many grounds for honouring one another that, moving as they did in the same circles of the same capital, they could scarcely have failed to become cordial friends, had not a perverse and over-ruling fate made them bitter enemies. Fate having decided that the two men, who ought to have been close friends, should be life-long foes, I cannot blame Sir Francis Palgrave for his subsequent action towards Mr. Hardy of the Tower Record Office. No man can be wiser or stronger than destiny. It was the doing of destiny that Sir Francis misjudged Hardy so greatly, as to imagine he had made mischief between the Record Commissioners and certain gentlemen working under them, and had moreover treated him unfairly in respect to a certain proposal which he had been on the point of making to the Record Commission. There is no need to trouble readers of this page with particulars of the several matters in which Sir Francis conceived Hardy to have behaved ill. It is, however, only fair to Sir Francis Palgrave to admit that Hardy would have deserved censure, had he acted as Sir Francis conceived and sincerely believed him to have acted. But on all the points Sir Francis Palgrave was the victim of misconception.

Acting precipitately under the influence of the several misconceptions, Sir Francis Palgrave sought for Hardy at the Tower, and on coming to his presence upbraided him fiercely for misdemeanours of which he was guiltless. Hardy was the more nettled

by his assailant's words, because they were uttered in the presence and hearing of other persons, who heard them with equal surprise and amusement. Seizing the first opportunity for putting in a word, Hardy denied the charges made to his discredit; but instead of staying the course of his censor's anger and eloquence, the denial only stung Palgrave into giving Hardy the lie direct. Thus charged with untruth, Hardy sprang from his chair to his feet, and confronting his accuser, gave him a blow on his left eye,—a blow that laid him on his back. The effect of the blow was the more startling to its beholders and the sufferer from it, because Hardy had not the appearance of an athlete. Of little more than middle height, he was of a slight frame; but the slight frame was furnished with thews of steel, and he had been taught to box by a famous pugilist. On the other hand, Palgrave, still in the fulness of his bodily vigour and agility, was taller than his adversary, and, though deficient in robustness, had the appearance of being a powerful man. On regaining his feet, he raised his arms and advanced upon Hardy, who, after knocking him down, had backed a few paces from him. At the same time, Sir Francis Palgrave was so imprudent as to accuse Hardy for a second time of lying. In a trice Hardy struck out with his left arm, and sent the fist of it with the force of a steam-ram into his antagonist's right eye. On regaining his feet for the second time, Palgrave turned about and went from the scene of conflict without inviting further punishment. The fight of two brief rounds was an affair of barely three minutes.

Before midnight, the affray was the talk of every club frequented by men of letters; and, as duelling was still occasionally employed by angry gentlemen for the settlement of their differences, it was assumed as a matter of course that Palgrave and Hardy would meet at some convenient spot and exchange shots. Palgrave, it was said at the literary coteries, could not sit down with a pair of beautiful black eyes, till he had demanded the satisfaction of a gentleman. The talkers were certain that Hardy would not be slow to offer himself to his enemy's pistol, should the latter require him to do so; for he was known to approve of duelling, to have fought a duel, and to have shown proper coolness and address on the perilous ground. Hardy himself had no doubt that Palgrave would call him out. Twenty-four hours later, when no duel had been fought, Palgrave was urged by several of his friends to punish with a pistol the man who had mauled him so handsomely with his fists. But the antiquary with the darkened eyes forbore to act on the friendly counsel. Perhaps he should be commended for his good sense in forbearing to challenge Hardy to mortal combat. But he was guilty of an indiscretion, that set the cliques laughing at their loudest, when he declared that a man of his social quality could not, without derogating from his gentility, exchange shots with 'a mere government clerk.' To the literary coteries it appeared very droll that the son of an Israelitish stock-broker, who had a few years since been the clerk of a firm of solicitors, deemed himself debarred by his superior quality from fighting a duel with a government clerk

of Hardy's scholarly attainments and ancestral honour.

Though Sir Francis Palgrave could not condescend to challenge the 'mere government clerk,' who had struck him once and again to the ground, he deemed it compatible with his superior gentility to complain to Henry Petrie of the mere clerk's ruffianism. But Sir Francis gained nothing by this appeal to Keeper Petrie's sense of official propriety. Admitting that Hardy's conduct had been irregular and even reprehensible from the official point of view, Petrie was of opinion that having regard to the provocation and all the circumstances of the case, he should not be justified in expressing strong disapproval of the young man's impetuosity and pugilistic promptitude. Condoling with the complainant on his embarrassing and painful and rather comical position, Keeper Petrie advised him to screen his eyes with a pair of green spectacles and to determine his discord with Mr. Hardy by making him an apology.

Whilst Literary London was talking and laughing over this droll affair, the Reverend Richard Harris Barham (Ingoldsby-Legends Barham) heightened the merriment by throwing off and publishing the following set of verses:

Antiquarians of old
In history we're told
Were valiant as well as wise men,
And Josephus as gaily
Could wield a shillelagh
As ever he handled a pen.

But as sure as time flies
All things modernize,
They now go no more to the wars;
And the scars they acquire
Are obtained by the fire
Of the jolly god Bacchus—not Mars.

'The Exception' at school
They say 'proves the rule,'
We'd a grand one, dispute it who will,
When two grave Antiquarians,
Falling lately at variance,
'Turned up' in a 'regular mill.'

The Tower was the place—
That lasting disgrace
Of London, with murders so stained—
Where Palgrave the sage
In a devil of a rage
Thus his friend Duffus Hardy arraigned.

'Mr. H,' he began,
'You're a dangerous man,
Nay, never look grumpy or frown;
Through your jeers and deridings
Our little backslidings
Are bruited all over the town.

'What if Bayley, poor man,
Cabbaged Lysons's plan,
Stole his preface, and swore that he wrote it,
Is it fair, I would know,
For to come for to go
For to tell that d——d Cooper about it?

'Why, why, Mr. Duffus,
Thus curry and cuff us,
And help such a fellow to tickle us
With his cursed "Account"
Of each trifling amount
Of our pickings?—he's worse than that Nicholas!

'And then, besides Bayley,
You told about Cayley—
You didn't?—I say it's a lie!'
Here than lightning less tardy
Up jumped Duffus Hardy
And hit him a thump in the eye.

The force of the thwack
Laid him flat on his back,
No wonder it managed to floor him,
For a blow of Jack Randall's
Had scarce made more candles
To dance in confusion before him.

Springing up to his feet,
He cries, 'Sir, I repeat
'Tis a lie! and the phrase I'll not vary,'
Straight a similar thump
Brings him down on his rump,
Once again—the profound Antiquary.

'Oh, Petrie!' he cries,
Come and look at my eyes.
Since I can't see to write a petition,
Run and mention the hue,
Green, yellow, and blue
At once to the Record Commission.'

With concern in his face,
Petrie lists to his case,
The deed 'very far from correct' he calls,
And adds, 'My good friend,
Let me first recommend
You to go and buy a pair of green spectacles.

'For when Somerset House in
On green tea carousing
The Council are learnedly talking,
Conceive the amaze
Of the grave F.S.A.'s
If with two eyes like those you should walk in.

'You're not fit to be seen
By my Lord Aberdeen,
If with visage so battered you enter,
Your appearance quite shocked at,
He'll pull off his cocked hat
And break up the meeting *instanter*.

'How John Kempe and Carlisle
In their sleeves, too, would smile,
To say nothing of sly Hudson Gurney.
Jack Frost, the bold knight,
Will exhort you to fight,
And Tidd Pratt to consult your attorney.

'Crofton Croker will grin,
And stroking his chin
Tip the wink to Sir Samuel Meyrick;
While poor Martin will scream,
And, upsetting the cream,
Go off in a kicking hysterick.

'John Britton's distress
Will scarcely be less
Than when, in his wanton vagaries,
That wicked Lisle Bowles
Proposed 'mongst the owls
To stick him on top of St. Mary's.

'Then as to your foe,
I really don't know,
I declare, what 'tis best to advise:
Since you own you gave fire,
And first called him a liar,
Before he so painted your eyes.

'Come, come, cease to curse,
For he might have done worse,
Split your skull, perhaps, or driven a rib in,
Since, liar or not,
He has certainly got,
Ecce signum! a sad knack of fibbing.

'An apology?—ay,
That's by far the best way,
Ere some wag gets the tale and makes fun of it,
So if he looks blue,
And won't make one to *you*,
Why—make one to him, and have done with it.'

Neither of the pugilistic disputants acted on the pacific counsel. Hardy was too proud and sincere a man to apologise for doing what he knew he would do again, under the same provocation. Palgrave was far too proud and mortified to be capable of expressing regret for the affront that had resulted in his humiliation. From the day of the fight to 1838, much discomfort came from the unfortunate affair to both disputants, who from time to time came upon one another at clubs and the meetings of learned societies, in the Tower and the Temple, in the public ways and in private houses.

After 1838, the year in which the Public Record Office Act received the royal assent, the two men, who should have been cordial friends, and would have been congenial comrades, had not perverse fate made them implacable foes, suffered far more acutely and frequently from their mutual enmity. From the day of the broil in the Tower till the close of 1838, they came upon one another only once in a while, and under conditions that permitted each of them to look away from the other. But the passage of the Public Record Office Act was followed at no long interval by official arrangements that required them to work under the same roof, and to be continually coming face to face with one another for the trans-

action of official business. As it did not result in their reconciliation, the necessity of meeting daily in the way of duty exasperated their mutual hostility.

On becoming Master of the Rolls in January, 1835, Henry Bickersteth (Lord Langdale) came into personal relations with Thomas Duffus Hardy, and soon after making his acquaintance became his close and cordial friend. In the most liberal and kindly sense of the word, Lord Langdale was Hardy's patron; but the association of the two men was so sympathetic and confidential that I shall henceforth speak of their friendship without speaking again of the patronage. Having taken Hardy to his heart, and ascertained his fitness for the newly-created office of Deputy Keeper of the Public Records, the statute for the better arrangement and custody of the national archives had scarcely become law, when Lord Langdale told him that he should be the first Deputy Keeper under the new enactment. In making this announcement to the man of letters, without speaking to Ministers on the matter, the judge was acting within his right, for the new Records Act provided that the Master of the Rolls should at his own discretion select his Deputy Keeper, and recommend him to the Sovereign as a fit person for so important a post. For a brief season Hardy was a happy man. In his thirty-fifth year he seemed to have risen to the summit of his ambition—an office of sufficient emolument and considerable power; an office that would afford him congenial employment, invest him with the honour that pertains to the chief of a department of the State, and enable him to foster and further the interests of his-

torical research. Hardy's delight was of brief duration. It was no sooner whispered in official circles that he would be the first Deputy Keeper under the new statute, than the strongest ministerial pressure was put on Lord Langdale to appoint Sir Francis Palgrave to the post which had been promised to Hardy. Lord Langdale told the malcontent Ministers he could not comply with their wish as he had already promised his friend, Mr. Duffus Hardy, to recommend him to Her Majesty's gracious consideration. The Master of the Rolls was firm; but his firmness only made the Ministers more importunate. It was not suggested on behalf of the Government that Hardy was less than highly qualified for the office. It was not suggested that Sir Francis Palgrave was in any respect more deserving of the post than Hardy. Lord Langdale was urged to appoint Sir Francis Palgrave on mere grounds of policy and convenience. It was alleged that, at a time when it was especially needful for Ministers to please their friends, the appointment of Hardy would mortify certain powerful supporters of the Administration. It was also argued that, if he were not compensated with the Deputy Keeper's office, it would be necessary to compensate Sir Francis Palgrave with money for his loss of a place of which he had been deprived by the Public Records Office Act, and that, under existing circumstances, an application to the House of Commons for Sir Francis Palgrave's pecuniary compensation would be most prejudicial to the Government. As he could not deny that by his attainments, his knowledge of records, his official experience, and his

social credit, Sir Francis was highly qualified for the post, Lord Langdale was placed in a most painful position by his desire to keep his word to Hardy and by his reluctance to embarrass, and perhaps weaken, the Ministry. The trouble at his heart was visible in his countenance. On learning the cause of his friend's manifest distress, Hardy was quick to liberate the Master of the Rolls from his promise by entreating him to appoint Palgrave to the office of Deputy Keeper. The result is a matter of literary and official history. Sir Francis Palgrave became Deputy Keeper, and, during the two-and-twenty years of his tenure of the office, proved an excellent Deputy Keeper; and, during the same long term, Thomas Duffus Hardy served the country at the Record Office in a subordinate place, and under peculiarly trying conditions. It was thus that Fortune, in one of her most malicious moods, took from Hardy's hand the cup of preferment, at the very moment when he was raising it to his lips, and gave it to his bitter and implacable enemy.

Had Sir Francis Palgrave been endowed with rare magnanimity, he would, after becoming Deputy Keeper, have taken an early occasion to show Hardy that he bore him no ill-will on account of the unfortunate incident at the Tower. But, though he possessed many fine qualities, and was fairly endowed with magnanimity, he lacked the high degree of the virtue that would have enabled him to offer his right hand to Hardy, and at the same moment to say, 'Hardy, let us be friends, and do our best to forget what made us enemies.' Had Sir Francis ad-

dressed his adversary in this strain, Hardy's reply (I can answer for it) would not have caused the Deputy Keeper to regret the overture for reconcilement. But I do not blame Sir Francis for lacking the rare magnanimity that would have enabled him to take so wise and generous a course. A man must be *very* magnanimous to forgive the adversary who a few years since struck him to the ground once and yet again, and in doing so gave him no excessive chastisement.

It was not in Hardy's power to make the first advances to his official superior for an amicable adjustment of their differences. He could not with propriety have told the Deputy Keeper that he forgave him for having in former time provoked him to blacken his eyes. It was for the greater sufferer from the affray which he had provoked to indicate the terms on which he wished to live with the man who had corrected him with bodily punishment, now that they stood in a new relation to one another; and it was for the younger of the two scholars to respect the wish of his official superior. On coming to the Deputy Keeper's presence for the first time in the way of official duty, Hardy bowed as he approached Lord Langdale's principal officer on the new establishment. Sir Francis Palgrave neither returned the bow at the moment, nor bowed to Hardy on dismissing him at the close of their interview. By forbearing to return the bow, Sir Francis intimated his wish that Mr. Hardy would not vex him with any formal show of courtesy; and from that time Hardy was careful to respect the Deputy Keeper's wish. Henceforth,

on approaching Sir Francis in his room on a matter of business, Hardy went straight up to the Deputy Keeper, as though he were a mere piece of official furniture, and said in the fewest possible words what duty required him to say. In reply Sir Francis Palgrave was no less cold and unyielding. At the close of each of his countless interviews with Sir Francis on matters of official business, Hardy turned about and without uttering another word went from the Deputy Keeper's room, with the air of a man leaving an empty chamber. It was thus that Hardy—the most polite of men—forbore to trouble his official superior with formal civility. In their outward bearing to one another, the two enemies acted like passionless machines.

Vexatious to both enemies during the earlier years of their association in the same establishment of the Civil Service, whilst the new Record Office was being built, and the preliminary measures were being taken for giving effect to the Public Records Act, the official intercourse of Hardy and Sir Francis Palgrave became even more irritating to both men, when the national archives had been moved to Fetter Lane, and the new department had settled down in its new quarters.

Whilst Sir Francis Palgrave's presence in the Rolls House occasioned my friend incessant annoyance, Hardy's presence in the same official house was even more exasperating to Sir Francis. The position was the more painful and irritating to the Deputy Keeper on account of the undiminished favour—indeed, the increasing favour—with which Lord Langdale continued to regard the man whom he would fain have made the first Deputy Keeper. Benignant and be-

neficent to all sorts and conditions of men, and sweetly considerate for the feelings of all persons with whom he had relations of intimacy, Lord Langdale was not deficient in courtesy to the Deputy Keeper, who had been forced upon him by ministerial pressure. But, whilst he treated his Deputy Keeper with punctilious politeness, Lord Langdale cherished Hardy with the regard of a tender, sympathetic, strongly affectionate friend; and it fretted Palgrave to observe how dear the man he hated was to the Master of the Rolls, whose judicial greatness was not the most impressive of all his strong titles to the world's respect.

If Sir Francis Palgrave, during the first twelve years of his tenure of the Deputy Keeper's place, looked forward to Lord Langdale's retirement from the Rolls as an event that would be followed by the appointment of a Master of the Rolls, who would not be animated by a strong partiality for Hardy, he must have been mortified by Sir John Romilly's intimacy with 'the mere government clerk,' who had shown in early manhood 'a sad knack of fibbing.' When he succeeded Lord Langdale as Master of the Rolls on March 28th, 1851, Sir John Romilly (in later time Lord Romilly) had lived for years in friendship with Hardy, whom he honoured for his attainments, whilst he delighted in his society. The change of Masters, therefore, neither weakened Hardy's position at the Rolls House, nor mitigated Sir Francis Palgrave's annoyance at his close official association with a man whom he cordially detested. Following in the steps of his predecessor, who had rendered his unacceptable Deputy Keeper every mark of respect to which he

was entitled by virtue of his office, the new Master of the Rolls was uniformly courteous to Sir Francis Palgrave, and in all matters but one was studiously considerate for his feelings. The one thing of which Sir John Romilly spoke without regard for Sir Francis Palgrave's sensibility was his friendship for the man whom the Deputy Keeper detested. It followed that Sir Francis was no happier at the Rolls House during the last ten years than he had been during the first twelve years of his possession of the place to which he would never have been appointed, had not Hardy released Lord Langdale from his promise.

The memorable quarrel of the two men lasted to the hour when Death, the sternest of pacificators, put an end to the stubborn feud by touching the brow of the older scholar on July 6th, 1861, when he had nearly completed his seventy-third year. The same paragraph of the *Athenæum*, which noticed Sir Francis Palgrave's death, announced the appointment of his successor. But though he was quick to appoint Hardy to the post, out of which he had been kept for so long a term, the Master of the Rolls did not make the appointment without impressing on his friend that his scholarly achievements and official services had nothing to do with his selection for a place for which he was so admirably qualified.

Like Lord Langdale, who felt himself sorely aggrieved by 'the ministerial pressure' that determined his only nomination to the office, Sir John Romilly regarded the right of appointing to the Deputy Keepership as a piece of patronage which the Master of the Rolls for the time being might exercise at his

pleasure, so long as he appointed a competent person. The notion had somehow arisen in the literary coteries that the office should be regarded as a thing to be given as a reward of merit and achievement to an eminent scholar, who had laboured long and fruitfully in some field of historical research. Repudiating this notion as an impertinent attempt to limit his freedom of selection, and to lessen his perfect enjoyment of a privilege accorded to him in his official capacity by the legislature, Sir John Romilly entreated Hardy to understand that he owed his preferment to the mere friendship of the Master of the Rolls, who gave him the place without any regard for his knowledge of records, or his historical labours. On more than one occasion Hardy repeated to me the *ipsissima verba* of the characteristic note in which Sir John Romilly gave him the information, at the moment of giving him the long-wished-for place. The precise words have passed from my recollection; but my memory is clear as to the tenor and effect of the brief and rather humorous epistle.

CHAPTER XX.

UNDER THE HISTORICAL MSS. COMMISSION.

Apprenticeship at the Record Office—Sir Thomas Hardy's Goodness to his Apprentice—My first Piece of Work for the Historical MSS. Commissioners—Lancing College, co. Sussex—Sutton Court, co. Somerset—List of Reports on Historical MSS.—Publications of the Middlesex County Records Society—Country Houses and Borough-Towns—Sir George Jessel's Message of Good Will—His kindly Qualities—*Lottie Darling: A Novel*—Publication of *A Book About the Table*—Countless 'Books About' by other Writers—*A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century*—Jeaffreson Papers A.D. 1676 to A.D. 1686—*Globe* 'Turn-Overs'—*Globe* 'Turn-Over' on *Baronets*—Excitement caused by the Article—Greater Excitement caused by the *Globe* 'Turn-Over' on *The Cavaliers at Oxford*—Story of Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book*—Reverend Mark Noble, F.S.A.—His *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*—Mark Noble the Younger—Vain Search for the *Docquet-Book* at Oxford—Mark Noble the Younger writes to the *Globe*—What has become of the *Docquet-Book*?—Will the Book be re-discovered?

WHILST I was writing *A Woman in Spite of Herself*, and *Brides and Bridals*, and doing my usual amount of writing for the journals with which I was connected, I made studious use of the palæographic books and facsimiles of antique writings which Sir Thomas Hardy had sent me from his private library;

and in the spring of 1872, when I had finished writing *Brides and Bridals*, I began the course of study at the Record Office which qualified me to serve the Historical MSS. Commissioners as one of their Inspectors. For two years I went daily (days of vacation excepted) to the room which the Deputy Keeper assigned to me at the top of the Record Office, and worked steadily at the tasks he set me. Throughout the two years of my apprenticeship, it was Hardy's daily use to climb the stairs and pace the passages leading from his *cabinet de travail* to his pupil's room, to see what progress I was making with the work that was engaging my attention.

During the first six months, his mid-day visit was seldom shorter than an hour. Daily he spent so much of his valuable time in revising my transcripts and translations of old documents, calling my attention to the inaccuracies of my work, explaining the difficulties of perplexing passages that had stayed the course of my pen, or answering the questions I put to him. Henry Petrie had not taught him in his youth more carefully, precisely, patiently, than Hardy taught me in my middle age. Thus patiently he carried me through charters, patent-rolls, privy-seals, sign-manuals, registers, rentals, books of accounts. In the second six months of my apprenticeship, he set me on work that would have afforded employment to some copyist in the Search Room, had I not been there to deprive the professional transcriber of the task and the payment for doing it. At a somewhat later date of my period of pupilage, he put me upon more important, more confidential, and better-paid work. In the spring of

1874, when he had carefully examined some abstracts which I had made, at his direction, of some fine examples of clerical verbosity and perplexing penmanship, the dear old man said, with extraordinary animation,

'There your education is finished. You know more than enough for an Inspector under the Commission on Historical Manuscripts. Before you are a month older, I shall send you on a mission to some place in the country. Your education is finished.'

'Nonsense!' I exclaimed, in a panic. 'My education is not nearly finished. There is still much for me to learn.'

'No doubt!' he rejoined, cheerily. 'To this day I am still learning something more of my business. I didn't say there was nothing more for you to learn. I only said you knew enough for an inspector. You'll never draw any money from the Commissioners, if you decline to work for them till you have solved every puzzle of palæography.'

'For heaven's sake,' I remarked, with less excitement, for his words were restoring my self-confidence, 'don't do anything rash! It would be more than slightly unpleasant for me, and also for you, if I were on my first visit of inspection to come upon a writing I could not decipher.'

'That's not likely to happen,' my friend answered; 'not at all likely. Still it is conceivable you may come on a too perplexing document. In that case, you must apply to me for help. You must write to me at once, sending an exact copy of the troublesome passages. But you are imagining trouble that

won't befall you. Anyhow, I don't mean to give you another lesson till you have made trial of your ability to play the part of Inspector. Moreover, I think you'd better not come again to this place till you have made the trial.'

On May 29th, 1874, I journeyed from London to Lancing College in Sussex, in the service of Her Majesty's Commissioners on Historical MSS., to inspect the muniments that had come into the hands of the Reverend Edmund Field, M.A. of the said college, through his connection with the extinct family of Barker of Lyndon, co. Rutland. In the following month (June), I passed several days at Mendlesham, co. Suffolk, examining and taking notes of the records of that parish, and I visited Sutton Court, Pensford, co. Somerset, to take a preliminary view of the official and domestic records of the present Sir Edward Strachey, baronet. From the summer in which I made these three pleasant trips even to this year of grace, I have been a steady worker on old manuscripts for the advantage of future historians.

For the convenience of readers, I submit to their notice the following list of my official reports on collections of manuscripts lying in different parts of the country that have appeared in the successive volumes of the Historical MSS. Commissioners,—

	REPORTS.	YEARS OF PUBLICATION.
(1)	Report on Manuscripts of the Parish of Mendlesham, co. Suffolk . . .	1876
(2)	„ „ Manuscripts of the Reverend Edmund Field, M.A., of Lancing College, co. Sussex	1876

(3)	„	„	Manuscripts of Miss Conway Griffith, of Carreglwyd, co. Anglesey, and of Berw, North Wales . .	1876
(4)	„	„	Manuscripts of Sir Edward Strachey, of Sutton Court, co. Somerset, Baronet	1877
(5)	„	„	Manuscripts of Philip Bryan Davies Cooke, of Owston, co. York, and of Gysaney, co. Flint, North Wales, Esquire	1877
(6)	„	„	Manuscripts of Thomas Stamford Raffles, of 13, Abercromby Square, Liverpool, Esquire . . .	1877
(7)	„	„	Manuscripts of William More Molyneux, of Looseley Park, Guildford, co. Surrey, Esquire . . .	1879
(8)	„	„	Manuscripts of the County of Somerset in the Keeping of the Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the Shire	1879
(9)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Right Honourable the Earl of Jersey at Osterley Park, co. Middlesex . . .	1881
(10)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Right Honourable the Earl of Portsmouth at Hurstbourne Park, Hampshire . .	1881
(11)	„	„	Manuscripts still or recently in the possession of Lord Braybrooke of Braybrooke, at Audley End, Saffron Waldon, co. Essex . . .	1881
(12)	„	„	Manuscripts of Edward Hailstone, F.S.A., at Walton Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire, Esquire .	1881
(13)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the City of Chester	1881
(14)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Leicester . . .	1881
(15)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Pontefract, Yorkshire.	1881
(16)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Barnstaple, co. Devon	1883

(17)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Ipswich, co, Suffolk .	1883
(18)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Plymouth, co. Devon .	1883
(19)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Wisbech, Cambridgeshire	1883
(20)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Borough of Great Yarmouth, co. Norfolk . .	1883
(21)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Lord-Lieutenant and Magistrates of the West Riding of Yorkshire, lying at the Office of the Clerk of the Peace for the Riding at Wakefield . . .	1883
(22)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Lord-Lieutenant and Justices of the Peace of the North Riding of Yorkshire, at Northallerton	1883
(23)	„	„	Manuscripts of Alfred Morrison of 16, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., and of Fonthill, Wiltshire, Esquire	1883
(24)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Reverend C. R. Manning, M.A., Rector of Diss, co. Norfolk	1885
(25)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Reverend William Henry Sewell, M.A., Vicar of Yaxley, co. Suffolk . . .	1885
(26)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Custos Rotulorum and Justices of the Peace of the County of Essex, lying at the Shire Hall in Chelmsford . . .	1885
(27)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of Eye, co. Suffolk .	1885
(28)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Town of Southampton, Hants .	1887
(29)	„	„	Manuscripts of the Corporation of the Borough of King's Lynn, co. Norfolk	1887

In connection with the afore-mentioned twenty-nine official reports that appeared in successive pub-

lications of Her Majesty's Commissioners on Historical Manuscripts, I may mention the five following books by my hand, that were produced in consequence of action by the Commission, to wit,—

(30) An Index to the Ancient Manuscripts of the Borough of Leicester, preserved in the Muniment Room of the Leicester Town Hall: With a Key to some of their various Styles of Writing 1878

(31) Middlesex County Records, Volume I: Indictments, Coroners' Inquisitions-Post-Mortem From 3 Edward VI. to The End of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth 1886

(32) Middlesex County Records, Volume II: Indictments, Recognizances, Coroners' Inquisitions-Post-Mortem, Orders and Memoranda *temp.* James I. 1887

(33) Middlesex County Records, Volume III: Indictments, Recognizances, Coroners' Inquisitions-Post-Mortem, Orders, Memoranda, and Convictions of Conventiclers *temp.* 1 Charles I. to 18 Charles II. 1888

(34) Middlesex County Records, Volume IV: Indictments, Recognizances, Coroners' Inquisitions-Post-Mortem, Orders, Memoranda, and Convictions of Conventiclers from 18 Charles II. to 4 James II. 1892

To give my readers an adequate notion of the labour I have expended upon Historical Manuscripts in different parts of the country, I should say that, after examining and taking notes of and extracts from the Leicester, Chester, Ipswich, and Southampton manuscripts, in the service of the Historical MSS. Commission, I reduced those four exceptionally voluminous and bulky collections from extreme confusion to proper order, and catalogued them, at the cost

and charge of the ratepayers of the towns to which they respectively belonged. I also delivered to the inhabitants of each of those four towns a lecture on the archives of their municipality. Of what I did and endured, in order to preserve the remnant of the Middlesex County Records from quick and utter destruction, I forbear to speak in this chapter.

The work of inspecting records for the Historical MSS. Commission was, upon the whole, agreeable to me, although it often proved rough and dirty work. Taking me to novel scenes, my official employment enlarged my knowledge of England, and gave me new associates. Alike in the great country-houses and the borough-towns, which I visited in the way of official duty, I found congenial society, and occasionally made acquaintances who became my cordial friends. The employment proved much less monotonous than I expected to find it; for, as Byron said of dreams, no two collections of domestic, official, or municipal muniments are alike. Moreover, my duties often placed me in positions that tickled my sense of humour, and brought me in contact with very droll people.

The day that brought me my first warrant from the Paymaster-General for the remuneration of services to the Historical MSS. Commissioners was followed at no great interval by a kindly assurance from my whilom 'good fellow well met' at *Our Club*—the Right Honourable Sir George Jessel, who succeeded Lord Romilly as Master of the Rolls in August, 1873. Since he retired from O.C. in 1865, soon after he 'took silk,' and leaped into a practice that, requiring

all his energies, forbade him to pass long and merry evenings in Mr. Clunn's topmost parlour, I had seen little of the famous Chancery advocate, who was the first Jew to win a seat on the judicial bench of modern England. Indeed, I had seen so little of him during the last nine years of his upward course to greatness that I hesitated to admit the flattering impeachment, when Hardy, coming to me with a smile, remarked,

'The Master of the Rolls has been talking to me to-day about you. So you are one of Sir George Jessel's friends. You never told me you knew him.'

'Years syne,' I answered, 'I knew him well enough. But I have seen him so rarely since he pushed to the front in a silk gown, that at this date I should be scarcely justified in calling him one of my friends.'

'Anyhow, you should think of him as one of your cordial well-wishers,' returned Hardy, 'for this afternoon he was talking of you in the heartiest vein, and he charged me to tell you that he held you in friendly remembrance, and should at all times be happy to further your interests in *all righteous ways*. That was his expression.'

As Sir George Jessel was known to be ever as good as his word, I was well-pleased to receive so kindly an assurance from the man who, from his official position, was the chief power of the Historical MSS. Commission.

A rough diamond and rather overbearing disputant in his earlier time at the Bar, Sir George Jessel had no sooner attained to eminence than his manner shed its rudeness, and his temper lost the asperity

that had caused some of his competitors to think him wanting in benevolence. No man was ever more improved in style, address, and nature by prosperity. George Jessel ripened and mellowed under success, even as the finer sorts of fruit acquire tenderness, and flavour, and perfume from the rays of the sun. Humane and generous at heart, he was from early manhood to his last hour uniformly benevolent; and, in the later stages of his remarkable career, he displayed in his speech and demeanour the delicacy of feeling and the fine sense of propriety, that cannot be said to have always distinguished his language and conduct in the days when he wore a stuff gown. Of the encouragement and aid which he afforded to nervous and inexperienced advocates by his judicial manner, much might be said to his honour. On the other hand, the severity with which he corrected the few barristers who were wanting in deference to his authority, never exceeded the necessity of the case.

It may also be observed to Jessel's credit that in the time when in his upward course at the Bar he provoked animosity by his blunt and strenuous eloquence, his detractors discovered nothing to ridicule in his forensic manner and speech that was of greater moment than the vocal infirmity which now and then revealed that the London-born and London-bred lawyer had not spent his boyhood and youth in the most polite circles of the capital. This infirmity was greatly exaggerated by the tattlers and gossip-mongers of the Inns of Court. It was not often that he dropt an *h*, and only once in a long while that he provoked laughter by doing so. It is true that he set the

court in a roar by saying *eat* instead of *heat*, when he was examining a French witness through an interpreter in the Aniline Dyes cause. But it is not true that, whilst he was walking down Chancery Lane, some twelve paces behind Sir Roundell Palmer, he was heard muttering to himself, in reference to Sir Roundell's *Book of Praise*, 'There goes a 'oly 'umbug 'umming a 'ymn.' The droll story was the mere invention of one of the most piquant and audacious *causeurs* of Lincoln's Inn Hall, and was no more true of George Jessel, Q.C., than of another Q.C. of whom the anecdote used to be told in much later time, when the practice of telling humorous lies about Sir George's vocal uncertainty had fallen out of fashion.

Whilst I worked on old records, I found time to produce new books. In the first twelve months of my two-years' apprenticeship at the Record Office, I wrote *Lottie Darling*, that was published in the autumn of 1873. Two years later, I produced *A Book About the Table* (1875)—the last of my contributions to Social History that appeared with 'A Book About' on the title-page. The time had come for me to drop a simple form of title, which had been deprived of its original distinctiveness by the many persons who were moved by the popularity of my series of historical compilations to adapt the familiar form to their own literary performances. Of course, they had legal right to do so, but it would have been more agreeable to me had the producers of books about Dominies, books about Boys, books about Roses, books about the Garden, books about Books, and books about half-a-hundred other subjects, dis-

played more originality in naming their meritorious works, and forborne to pay me the compliment of the sincerest kind of flattery.

Had my imitators left me in tranquil and undivided possession of 'A Book About,' I should have used it on the title-page of the work, which I published in the spring of 1878, under the poor and somewhat misleading title of *A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century*. Made out of the letter-book, letters and papers (A.D. 1676—A.D. 1686) of the first Christopher Jeaffreson of Dullingham House, the book was designed chiefly for the entertainment and instruction of readers 'who, taking an especial interest in the colonial enterprise of the present century, desired a larger knowledge of our colonial activity in previous times.' That the work has done what I hoped it would accomplish for this particular class of students, more particularly for those of them whose forefathers were personally concerned in the settlement of our West Indian plantations, I know from the letters of the many persons who, during the last fifteen years, have written to me about the book and the papers on which it is based. I cannot add that my *Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century* hit the taste of the many readers who, on its first appearance, carried it away from the circulating libraries under the impression that it was a novel. When my daughter, ever my most severe and discerning critic, told me in her seventeenth year that she thought it an insufferably dull and tedious performance, I could only plead that it had been composed for the benefit of a small class of readers, to which she did not belong.

Producing new books for the circulating libraries, whilst I worked on old records in the service of the Historical Manuscripts Commissioners, I also found time to write articles for newspapers. In 1877 and 1878, I turned off a good many social articles for the *Globe*, two of which slight performances I may notice in this chapter, as they occasioned some little commotion at the time of their appearance, and are not devoid of enduring interest.

In one of these articles—'a turn-over' on *Baronets*, for which Sir Thomas Hardy gave me the novel information—I wrote,

'But it will be news to ninety-and-nine of every hundred readers of this column that the order of baronets was not in the first instance designed to be perpetual; and that if James the First's royal word to the first purchasers of the dignity and to their heirs had been kept by him and his successors on the throne of Great Britain, the order would by this time have nearly died out from our social system. The original form, in Latin, for the patents of the first baronetcies differs notably from the old patents for the creation of peerages, in being not so much a grant as a contract,—in being an indenture of agreement between two parties to a bargain, rather than a royal concession. Stating the pecuniary consideration for which the honour is granted, it sets forth divers conditions under which the purchaser was induced to buy the dignity, together with several stipulations in the purchaser's favour, for the preservation and enhancement of the acquired honour. For instance, one of the clauses of the Latin letters may be construed thus—"And further by these presents we declare and signify that our pleasure and will in this matter shall be, and is, and thus we have appointed and decreed with ourselves, that if, after that we have completed and perfected the aforesaid number of two hundred baronets of this kingdom of England, it shall happen that any one or more of the same baronets shall depart from this life without male heir of the body or bodies of the same baronet or

baronets begotten, that then we will not create or exalt any other person or persons to be a baronet or baronets of the kingdom of England, but that the number of the said 200 baronets shall by that means be from time to time diminished, and shall fall and be reduced to a smaller number." If all our present commoners dignified with baronetcies created in 1611 were to meet together for an evening at whist, they would not without the help of a dummy be able to make up three tables. It is needless to say that they have no cause to regret the modification of the original scheme for establishing their order, and thus ensuring its gradual extinction. Had no additions been made to the roll after the completion of the order, the present holders of baronetcies of the first creation would only be gentlemen endowed with an honour which none but antiquaries would esteem or recognise. Instead of increasing their importance, the extreme rarity of their particular hereditary distinction would have rendered it insignificant and worthless. As it is, they belong to an order that is influential in every county of the realm, represented in every coterie of good society, and honoured wherever it is known.'

The sensation which these words caused in every part of the country affected the Record Office in a curious manner. For several days the Deputy Keeper was inundated with letters, written by individuals of moment, begging him to inform them, whether the *Globe* article on 'Baronets' was as true as it was startling, and asking for an official copy of the enrolment of the patent for the creation of one of the earliest baronetcies. For weeks the professional copyists in the search-room of the Record Office were fully employed in satisfying the demand for transcripts of the curious patents to which a journalist of the *Globe* had called the world's attention.

Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy gave me an even better subject for a *Globe* 'turn-over,' when he put into my

hands a printed copy of Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book of the Office of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery*, saying as he did so,

'If you look through this copy of Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book*, you will see how to make a *Globe* turn-over out of it.'

'And what the dickens,' I inquired of my friend, 'may Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book* be?'

'An extremely interesting MS. book, that rests in some dark place of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford under lock and key. I never saw the MS. book; but this volume is an accurate printed copy of an extremely interesting MS. record of the Cavaliers' official doings at Oxford, that somehow escaped the flames of the great bon-fire, by which the Oxonian Cavaliers destroyed their records at the very moment of surrendering Oxford to the Parliament in the summer of 1646.'

'How came the *Docquet-Book* to be printed?'

'Many years since the Record Commissioners borrowed the MS. of the Trustees of the Ashmolean Museum, in order to publish an edition of it for the enlightenment of historical students. Having got possession of the MS. for that purpose, the Record Commissioners printed an edition of the volume, and at the last moment exercised a wise discretion in deciding to withhold the printed copies. They were afraid to publish evidence whose publication might result in embarrassing claims by the impoverished descendants of persons to whom Charles the First had during his troubles granted lands, powers, and

hereditary dignities. The volume in your hands is a copy of that withheld edition.'

'And, having decided to withhold the edition, the Record Commissioners returned the MS. to the Ashmolean Museum?'

'Of course.'

Out of the book thus given into my hands for the use to which I put its information, I whipped up an article that appeared in the *Globe* of August 18th, 1877, under the title of *The Cavaliers at Oxford*,—an article containing this passage,

'Dugdale tells us in his "Diary" that the same lords who consented to the surrender of Oxford on "the same day caused all the books and papers of parliamentary proceedings which had been transacted at Oxford to be burnt." The same great bon-fire, which consumed the archives of the King's Council and Parliament at Christ Church, devoured the set of rolls, which should have preserved the evidence of his most important concessions and appointments to the followers of his fallen fortunes. Together with records of a large number of commissions, pardons, and proclamations, those rolls comprised enrolments of letters patent for the creation of thirty-eight English peerages, nine Irish peerages, and twenty-eight baronetcies. No one of these enrolments was preserved. The flames consumed every line and letter of them. Had it not been for the fortunate accident which saved Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book of the Office of the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery* from the Christ Church conflagration, we should be altogether without any authentic and unassailable evidence of some of the most notable incidents of Charles the First's most famous residence at Oxford. No one knows how Dugdale acquired possession of this set of docquets, which preserve the official abstracts of every set of letters patent that passed the King's Great Seal during the aforementioned time. He may have borrowed it from Sir John Marsham, Clerk of the

... Sir John may have
... and forgotten to re-
...arian enthusiasm, Sir
...e precious manuscript
...e fire. Anyhow, this
... was found amongst his
..., 1685, and was sent to
..., where it may be perused
...certainty covers the story
... the uncertainty would have
... for the preservation of the
... and purport of each of the
...

... briefly, the substance of each
... may be seen from the
... patents which passed the
... 1643. Here is the docquet
... Cromwell's first-cousin Henry:—
... A commission for Henry
... Shrieffe of ye County of Huntingdon,
... regiment of five hundred horse
... be imployed in his Majesties
... May 5th May, 1643, the same gentle-
...se 1,500 infantry by a commission
... well, 1,500 foote: A like commis-
... Cromwell to raise and entertayne
... volontiers to be imployed in his
... the following September, we come
... same Henry Cromwell and others
... Huntingdon inquiry: A like commission
... Huntingdon, directed to Henry Crom-
... Shrieffe of that county, Sir Lodowick
... Sir Oliver Cromwell, Knt. of the Bath, Sir
... Richard Stone, Knts., and others, to
... the estates of such persons as have
... rebellion." The Sir Oliver Cromwell of
... the Protector's uncle, the stately owner
... Hedsay House, near Ramsey . . . But
... worthy of the Huntingdonshire Crom-
... zealous and utterly devoted Royalists;
... man distinguished himself by upsetting

the monarchy and then setting himself on the throne . . . . Noble tells some strange stories about this conflict of political opinion in the Cromwell family; but, never having read the *Docquet-Book*, he was silent about the military powers confided to Sir Oliver's eldest son Henry.'

Having written my article on the Cavaliers at Oxford, I returned to Sir Thomas Hardy his copy of the withheld edition of the *Docquet-Book*. That printed copy never again came under my view during Hardy's life. But it became my property shortly after his death, which occurred on 15th June, 1878. Together with other books, sold at the public auction of my friend's library, I bought the printed copy of the *Docquet-Book* which he had lent me during his life: and, soon after buying the volume for a trifle at the public sale, I sold it for a considerable sum, through the kindly offices of my friend, Mr. Robert Harrison, at that time the learned librarian of the London Library in St. James's Square. The money gained by this transaction was, of course, passed on to the late Lady Duffus Hardy, as part of the moneys accruing to her from the sale of her late husband's books.

One of the many persons to read the *Globe* 'turn-over' on the Cavaliers at Oxford was the Reverend William M. Noble, a descendant (I think a grandson) of the Reverend Mark Noble, the honourably remembered author of the *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, whose literary fame and services Thomas Carlyle treated with ungenerous insolence in his *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*. Though I am less than certain as to his second christian name and his degree of descent from the Reverend Mark Noble,

F.S.A., I will speak of this gentleman as Mark Noble the Younger, and as a grandson of the laborious collector of evidences touching Oliver Cromwell and his family.

As he was working on his grandfather's *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, in order to produce a new edition of the work that has been so greatly serviceable to the great Protector's more recent biographers, when the *Globe* 'turn-over' came under his observation, Mark Noble the Younger conceived it would be well for him to visit the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, for the purpose of inspecting the *Docquet-Book*, which (according to the article) was resting in that museum, and might be there 'perused by historical enquirers.' In due course Mark Noble the Younger visited the Ashmolean Museum, only to be assured by the Keeper of the museum that he was hunting for a mare's nest. There was no *Docquet-Book* at the museum, and nothing was known at the museum of the missing MS. From the Ashmolean Museum, Mark Noble the Younger went to the Bodleian Library, and conferred with the chief librarian, the Reverend Henry Octavius Coxe, M.A., a gentleman who knew more of the literary treasures in his keeping, and of the literary treasures of the whole university, than any other Oxonian of his period. But it was not in his power to aid Mark Noble the Younger. Mr. Coxe had no Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book* in his keeping. He had never seen any *Docquet-Book* answering to the *Globe's* description of Sir John Marsham's *Docquet-Book*. Stranger still, the librarian, so learned in the his-

torical muniments of Great Britain, had never heard of any such MS. as the particular book which Mark Noble the Younger desired to see and study. There was much searching at Oxford for the lost MS., but the searching was unsuccessful.

After failing to find the *Docquet-Book* at the Ashmolean Museum, Mark Noble the Younger—dating from 'Ramsey, Huntingdon: December 10th, 1879,' and signing his letter '(Rev.) William M. Noble,'—wrote to the editor of the *Globe*, saying how he had failed to get a view of the MS. book at Oxford, and begging the editor to put him in communication with the writer of the article.

'I was told at the museum,' the gentleman wrote, 'that there was nothing of the sort there, but it might be in the Bodleian, but it was not to be found there. I do not wish to be understood as impugning in any way the writer's veracity. There must be a mistake somewhere, and, if the writer would communicate with me, I should be exceedingly obliged.'

The epistle of enquiry having been transmitted to me from the *Globe* office by Captain Armstrong (in this year of grace, styled Sir George Armstrong, Bart.), the editor and proprietor of the journal, I was not slow in assuring Mark Noble the Younger that I had written the article in good faith, and that to the best of my knowledge and belief 'the turn-over' was veracious and accurate in all its statements of fact.

Later still, a copy of the withheld edition of the *Docquet-Book* was confided to the Reverend Henry Octavius Coxe, M.A., Oxon., in his official capacity,

to preserve in the Bodleian Library. It follows that Oxford possesses, or ought to be in possession of, a printed copy of the strangely interesting *Docquet-Book* that was found among Sir William Dugdale's MSS. in 1685 A.D., after it had passed thirty-eight years in concealment; but Alma Mater has not recovered the original MS. book. What has become of the precious record? Did the Record Commissioners restore the book to Oxford, as Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy believed them to have done, when they decided to forbear from issuing the edition of printed copies? Is the MS. resting in some undiscovered place of safety? Will it again come to light after passing a second long term of years in concealment? Has it been destroyed? I cannot answer any one of these questions. I am inclined to think it more probable that it has perished for ever, than that it will for a second time be recovered to scholars. Still, in a world where the unforeseen so often takes people by surprise, and the improbable so often comes to pass, it is conceivable that the lost MS. may yet again be found, to the delight of antiquaries.

CHAPTER XXI.

A BRIGHT AND DOLEFUL YEAR.

George Cruikshank's Death—His Appearance and Characteristics in Old Age—His early Caricatures—'Who is Griffith?'—Mrs. Cruikshank calls her Husband to Order—His Persistence in Disorder—George's Abhorrence of The Bottle—His Detestation of Wine-Merchants and Taverners—Burglary at the Artist's House—George's Capture of the Burglar—George's Appeal to the Burglar's better Nature—Burglar's Response—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D.—Charles Keene the Caricaturist—An East-Anglian Native of Middlesex—Keene at the Ipswich Grammar School—Three Celebrities of Great Coram Street—Charles Keene's Characteristics and Eccentricities—'Subjects' for *Punch*—Keene's 'First Sketches'—His 'First Sketch' of the Shrewd Clerk and Nervous Railway Passenger—One of Keene's 'Thrifty Ways'—John Doran's Death—Obituary Memoir of John Doran—Royal Academy Dinner A.D. 1878—Lord Beaconsfield's Speech at the Dinner—His Pallor and Debility—His Glowing Eyes—Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy's Death—His Grave at Willesden Cemetery—His beneficent Career and noble Nature—Edward Spender's Death—Fourteen Weeks at Chester—Work on the Civic Records—'Our Cottage' on the Dee—Intruders into the great Lecture-Room—Americans at Chester—Inquisitive Tourist from U.S.—He seeks Information and extorts It.

I WAS at work on the manuscripts of the Corporation of Leicester in February, 1878, when George Cruik-

shank died in his eighty-sixth year. We were not close friends, but we had been for some thirteen years congenial acquaintances. One of the several men whose acquaintance I made in the time of the unfortunate National Shakespeare Celebration Committee (1863-4), he was in his seventy-second year, and had survived the perfection of his mental endowments, before we had any personal intercourse.

But, though time had diminished his intellectual vigour and clearness when we came into terms of good fellowship, he was a gay, riant, cheery, mirthful creature, and remarkably active and strong of body for a man of his years. Though he was something below the middle height of Englishmen, and was far from handsome, he had a presence that betokened unusual force of character, and conciliated those who were regarding him for the first time. Agile on his feet, and powerful in his arms, the bald-pated, rather grotesque, broad-shouldered, robust septuagenarian, who had been an athlete in his prime, could still get the better of a stalwart burglar in a wrestling-match, and could outrun most men moving through 'the forties.'

Thus hale and sturdy for his years, 'George' (his familiars and even his mere acquaintances used to speak of him by his Christian name as though he were the only George in the world) could in his declining age sing old-fashioned staves with old-fashioned heartiness, and tell droll tales that smacked of Waterloo and the Regency. He used also to gossip pleasantly of the writers and artists with whom he had been associated in the earlier stages of his pro-

fessional career. In the same vein of kindly communicativeness, he sometimes spoke of his own artistic performances with a frankness and modesty that were extremely engaging: It lives in my memory how he called my attention to the faulty drawing of some early caricatures by his hand, which had helped to render him acceptable to an extinct school of connoisseurs, and how he assured me that without misrepresenting nature in so extravagant a manner, he could not have made a living by his art in a period, when foolish fashion and bad taste required artists in caricature to endow the human form with grotesque contours and impossible developments. To me the humourist's gossip about his earlier work and comrades was none the less amusing —indeed, it was in a slight degree the more diverting—because he spoke to me under an impression that I bore a surname to which I had no title.

What moved Mr. Cruikshank in the first instance to think that my name was Griffith, is an undiscovered thing, on which I can throw no light. On an early day, possibly the first day, of our acquaintance, he accosted me as Griffith, and to the last he persisted in calling me and speaking of me by that name. When he made the mistake for the first time, I forbore to correct the error out of care for his sensibility, as I knew elderly gentlemen with a turn for disordering the names of their associates did not like to have attention called to the disorderly propensity. A month or so later in our acquaintance, when he repeated the mistake in the hearing of a group of our common friends, I again held my tongue, thinking

that one of those common friends would set him right on the not important point, as soon as I should have passed out of hearing. Some two years later, when he had contracted an incurable habit of calling me by the wrong name, I came in a crowded drawing-room upon the veteran and Mrs. Cruikshank—a gentlewoman who in her spring must have been a very beautiful woman.

On hearing her husband say to me, 'Hah, Griffith, my dear fellow, I am delighted to see you!' Mrs. Cruikshank was prompt in calling him to order.

'My dear George, you do make such strange mistakes with people's names. This is Mr. Jeaffreson. His name isn't Griffith.'

'Nonsense, my dear!' George retorted testily. 'This is really too ridiculous of you. 'Tis really too ridiculous of you. This is my friend Griffith. I have known him for years, and never knew him by any other name.' Turning quickly from his ridiculous wife to me, the veteran added, sharply, 'You surely haven't changed your name?'

'I haven't changed it,' I replied, 'since I made your acquaintance.'

'Of course you haven't. There, my dear,' George ejaculated triumphantly, 'you hear what he says. He says his name is Griffith. Does that satisfy you?'

Some one coming up to Cruikshank at this moment, and leading him a few paces away from me and Mrs. Cruikshank, I seized the opportunity to assure the lady I had no objection to be called Griffith by her husband, and also to give her my opinion that, as he had taken it into his head to call me Griffith, she had

better let him call me by the quite inoffensive name.

'But it is rude and foolish of him to call people by their wrong names. You are not the only person he misnames.'

'You'll annoy him and do no good by calling his attention to a weakness that sometimes troubles good men in the evening of their days. Anyhow,' I said, 'leave him alone in respect to the name he has given me. He likes me as Griffith, and it pleases me to know he likes me. Known to him by another name, I should perhaps be less acceptable to him.'

As the lady consented to my prayer, and no one else took the trouble to enlighten the veteran on a matter of no earthly moment, I remained Griffith to kindly old George Cruikshank to the end of his time. Had he been a millionaire, and left me £20,000 under the name of Griffith, I should have had no difficulty in proving my title to the legacy.

The 'total abstainers' had reason to make much of the artist, who did so much for their cause; but I question whether his connection with the abstainers was as beneficial to him as it was to them. I have a notion that in his closing years the hearty old man would have been clearer in vision, steadier in nerve, sounder in judgment, more charitable to his opponents, and in divers other respects a healthier being, had he drunk a daily half-bottle of sound wine. It is not rare for a 'total abstainer's' zeal against a particular kind of intemperance to get the better of his discretion; but, whilst he surpassed all the teetotallers of my acquaintance in fanatical abhorrence of The Bottle, George Cruikshank surpassed them also in

passionate expression of the abhorrence. Through brooding angrily over the evil consequences of drunkenness, he grew blind to the good results of a prudent and temperate use of alcoholic drinks. In his wrath with the makers and sellers of intoxicating beverages, he was sometimes heard to speak of wine-merchants and tavern-keepers as a class of criminals, who should be treated as the worst enemies of society. In some of his fiercest moods, he would talk as though every ill done and endured on the earth's surface were referable to drunkenness. As the enthusiasm of social reformers is necessarily ridiculous to light and flippant folk, it is not surprising that the stories told of George's T. T. extravagances were sometimes more piquant than truthful.

George Cruikshank was in his seventy-sixth year, when he got the better of a burglar under circumstances that redounded to his honour in the studios. The veteran was entering his house in the Hampstead Road in one of the hours between midnight and dawn, when he found himself face to face with a comparatively young man, who had stolen into the dwelling under cover of darkness, and was on the point of carrying off a goodly collection of the artist's sketches and proofs, when the latter, using his latch-key deftly, came upon the scene of depredation at the nick of time. The position was exciting to both actors,—all the more so, because George had barely taken a momentary view of the burglar, when the latter made it alike dark for himself and the master of the house by covering the face of his bull's-eye lamp. Having thus obscured the place of meeting,

the burglar forthwith took to flight ('statim fugam fecit,' as the old legal inquisitions express it), and retired to the little garden in the rear of the house. Half-a-minute later Cruikshank and the burglar had grappled with one another in the small court, where each could see something of his adversary's movements. On closing with his assailant, the thief dropt the leather portmanteau into which he had put the stolen goods; and for two or three minutes, whilst he was trying conclusions with a dimly visible antagonist, the veteran of seventy-five years was far from confident that the conflict would end in his favour. The thief was a strong and active man, and knew how to wrestle. The victory in the affair would be with the man who in the coming fall should find his adversary beneath him. Should he fall upon the fellow, George was certain he could make him prisoner. On the other hand, George had reason to fear that, if he were the one to be thrown, so capable an enemy as the thief would seize a moment for stunning him with a strong blow. But though it put the old artist's strength, activity, endurance, and science to severe trial, the affair went well with him from first to last. Without help he captured the burglar, who, on recovering his feet after the critical fall, knew from the way in which he was held, that he was for the moment at his captor's mercy. The capture having been made, George Cruikshank saw two policemen, with unmasked bull's-eyes at their belts, enter the garden. From the first moment of this trying affair, George's wits had been at his command. On his first view of the burglar, even as he

crossed the threshold of his home, he shouted to a policeman, to whom he had spoken two or three minutes before in the main road. He had taken thought to leave his front-door open when he went through the darkened house in pursuit of the thief, so that the policeman whom he had summoned might come to his aid as quickly and easily as possible. On seeing the policeman of the beat enter the garden with another constable at his side, George Cruikshank dismissed anxiety from his breast. ✠

The rest of the story shall be told in words that are alleged to have been spoken by George Cruikshank to a gentleman of credit.

'Before I sent the constables off with their prisoner,' said George to the gentleman of credit, 'I took a good view of the fellow in my front parlour, so that I should be able to recognise him the more surely at the police-court. Yes, there he stood before me in the full light of three strong jets of gas, looking as ill-favoured a scoundrel as you are likely to find in an hour's walk in the streets of London. A man of middle height, with a low brow, suspicious eyes, and sensual mouth. And yet I could not help pitying the wretched man, when I read the story of his degradation, written as it was in clear lines in his vicious and repulsive face. Pity for him as a victim of cursed drink moved me to address him in a strain likely to stir his better nature, if anything of the better nature lingered in such a moral wreck.

'"Ay, my poor fellow," I said, "I see how it is that you have fallen so low. You were once a blithe, happy, light-hearted boy. Maybe, you were born

in a pleasant country village, and liked to play with lads of your age on the village green. Maybe, you were born and bred in vast London, or some other big town, and were put in your boyhood to an honest calling. Of that I know nothing. But this I can read in your countenance:—all went well with you till drink, cursed drink caught hold of you, drew you from the paths of virtue to the haunts of vice, and went on dragging you lower down and lower yet, till here you are caught in the act of burglary, though you are some years short of forty year. Yes, yes, it is cursed drink that has brought you so low. Now, my man, just listen to me, and meditate upon what I am going to tell you,—yes, meditate upon it during your long term of punishment. See now; we have had a tussle, and I got the better of you. You're a strong man, and would have been a deal stronger, had not drink sapped and undermined your constitution. You're a young man, I don't see a grey hair in your head. You know as much about wrestling as I do. Yet I got the better of you, and gave you an ugly fall, and made you my prisoner, although I am nearer eighty than seventy years old. Yes, I got the better of you, though I am rising seventy-six. And now I'll tell you how it was that I got the better of you. For five-and-thirty years I have not drunk anything stronger than tea. Yes, for thirty-five years I have been a total abstainer from wine, spirits, beer, and all other kinds of alcoholic drink. What do you think of that? Tell me now, what do you think of that?"

'That's how I appealed to his better nature. But

I might just as well have spared my breath. Drink had so depraved the wretched man, that all his old better nature had perished from him for ever.

'"What do I think on it?" he replied, as a look of sullen malignity and vindictiveness took possession of his countenance, "what do I think on it? and say on it? Just this and nothing softer. If I'd knowed it, if I'd knowed it, I'd have knocked your . . . old head off! Yes, that's what I'd have done; I'd have knocked your . . . old head off."'

As George Cruikshank's affair with the burglar came to my cognizance from mere gossip, and as the artist never spoke of the incident in my hearing, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of every statement of of the two last pages. Dr. Richardson (or rather let me style him Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D. —for since I corrected and sent to press an earlier sheet of this work, the scholarly physician has been knighted) tells me that my account of the affair is fairly and substantially accurate up to the point where I have put the mark ✠. That a burglar broke into the artist's house, that George Cruikshank in or about his seventy-sixth year surprised the burglar when he was on the point of carrying off a big lot of artistic works, and that the veteran threw himself upon the thief and captured him, are matters of sure personal history. On these points the record is unimpeachably truthful. But Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, who knows more than any other living person of the famous caricaturist's personal story, repudiates the subsequent and droller part of my narrative as the mere invention of one of the several studio-tattlers,

who delighted in ridiculing George's fervour in behalf of the total abstainers and their cause.

Whilst I enjoyed a certain measure of George Cruikshank's friendly regard, I lived on terms of good-fellowship with another caricaturist, whose humorous pictures in black-and-white will cause merriment in English homes when most of the popular writers of the Victorian age shall have passed from the memory of the English-speaking peoples. After making his acquaintance in or about 1862 at Thames Bank House, Sunbury, when that pleasant riverside house was my cousin Ned Edwards's freehold place of abode, I remained in cordial acquaintanceship with Charles Keene till, on the slow failure of his health, he withdrew gradually from the haunts and coteries that had afforded us opportunities for social intercourse. For a brief season, following closely on our introduction to one another, I cherished a pleasant hope of becoming something more to him than one of the multitude of individuals whose acquaintance he valued and was at some pains to cultivate, without ever caring to 'grapple them to his soul with hooks of steel.' Circumstances seemed for a time to favour my desire for a larger measure of his sympathy and confidence. As 'prejudiced East Anglians,' we came together with a provincial predisposition to like one another; for, though he was born in Middlesex* and did his ap-

* Born at Hornsey, co. Middlesex, Charles Keene was educated at the excellent Grammar School of Ipswich, co. Suffolk, and after leaving the school (where my kindly and clever friend Rider Haggard also thumbed his primers in boyhood) spent

pointed work in London, Charles Keene was an East Anglian per force of his gentle Suffolk parentage, ancestral story, and early nurture,—an East Anglian who liked to be rated as a Suffolk man, and displayed throughout his career the amiable 'prejudices' that are proverbially ascribed to the natives of 'the four counties.'

The provincial predilection that affected our regard for one another was favoured and furthered by intellectual sympathy. My mental gaiety so far accorded with his peculiar vein of humour that I could give him suggestions for the pleasantries of his work on *Punch*; and though I cared little for music, of which he knew a great deal, and was wholly inexperienced in the art of which he was a conspicuous master, we were alike interested in several fields of antiquarian research. The same curiosity which made me a collector of facts for social history made him a student of the old books from which I gathered a large proportion of those facts, and caused him to be an habitual reader of old and out-of-the-way English literature. Moreover, in several autumnal holidays we were congenial companions. But I never became aught more to him than an acquaintance.

It is easier for me to acknowledge that I failed to win the friendship of this supremely interesting man, whom I liked for the simplicity of his tastes and

several years of his youth and early manhood in Great Coram Street, W.C. It is worthy of remark that William Makepeace Thackeray, John Leech the famous *Punch* draughtsman, and Charles Keene were contemporary inhabitants of Great Coram Street, hard by the Foundling Hospital.

the uniform soundness of his moral nature, and admired for his several fine endowments, because I had in that respect many companions in disappointment. In his closing years it became the fashion to speak of Charles Keene as a man with troops of friends, and the fashion has grown stronger and more general since his death. That he was greatly beloved by his contemporaries is unquestionable. But I cannot concur with fashion in calling him a man with many friends. It would be more accurate to speak of his multitude of acquaintances, who would fain have lived in close friendship with him, but remained to the last his mere acquaintances, because he did not care to admit them to a closer, warmer, more confidential intimacy.

I had opportunities for observing his intercourse with several of the individuals with whom he is generally regarded as having lived in the closest, warmest, and most confidential intimacy; and I can aver from sure personal knowledge that, though he enjoyed their society, visited them on the easiest terms, valued them for their amiable qualities, and was glad to accept the services of one of them in a rather important enterprise of business, no one of them can be fairly said to have been his close and familiar friend. Had he placed unreserved confidence in these acquaintances, those of them who lived to mourn his death would not have been so astonished at the magnitude of the fortune he bequeathed to his nearest relatives. Indeed, with respect to his financial position, he was more communicative to the present writer, who was only one of his many ac-

quaintances, than to any of the individuals who since his death have come to be rated as his close friends. Some ten years before his death, he told me that from an early date of his career he had lived greatly within his income, and had held his yearly savings with a firm hand. When he made this communication, he spoke of his old friend Temple Silver (whilom of Woodbridge, co. Suffolk) as the prudent counsellor whose influence had made him a frugal and saving man.

It may not be inferred from aught I have said in the last two pages of Keene's indisposition to make close friends of his congenial acquaintances that he was deficient in sympathetic fervour. He was a man of strong affections, but he resembled most men of mature age in caring more for his nearest albeit in some respects dissonant kindred, than for the more agreeable associates to whom he was not bound by ties of consanguinity. The kindly services of his multitudinous acquaintances he repaid with corresponding offices of genial good-fellowship. The wealth, that came to him through his industry, self-denial, thrift, and prudent management of his affairs, he gave to persons of his own blood by a will, drawn in accordance with old-fashioned canons of testamentary justice.

Charles Keene was upon the whole the most peculiar and strikingly unusual person, with whom I have had the good fortune to associate. Though his presence was manly and agreeable, his tall spare figure and shrewd countenance were grotesque. The way in which he struggled through his long, spasmodic,

almost noiseless fits of giggling, was comical to observers who were familiar with his particular way of throwing off a too violent sense of amusement, though it was rather alarming to beholders who had not seen him come safely out of similar seizures. A charmingly social creature, who in buoyant moods delighted in the quips and sallies of a festive table, he was also a recluse, who in his graver states of feeling delighted in solitariness and preferred his own company to intercourse with his fellows. An artist above all things, he differed from most artists in his taste for the higher kinds of literature and his studious familiarity with out-of-the-way books. In divers trivial things he was eccentric up to the degree of eccentricity, that used to move our grandfathers to call a man 'a character.' Keene was 'a character' by the simplicity of his tastes, his indifference to luxury, his disdain for the delights of display, the defects of his costume, his observance of old-fashioned precepts for eating and drinking, his whimsical preference for dudeen and cutty pipes to pipes by which he could have smoked his tobacco without exposing the tip of his nose to the peril of being burnt, and by his curious little devices for making a shilling do the work of thirteen pence.

Some eight weeks had passed over George Cruikshank's grave, and I was still working on the muniments of the Corporation of Leicester, when I witnessed a curious scene at the Leicester railway-station, which caused me to send Keene a brief note. A week later the caricaturist sent me through the post (1) a brief note, (2) the sketch of 'the subject' I had given him,

and (3) a copy of his amended version of my 'legend' for the suggested caricature.

(1) The brief note ran thus:

'11, Queen's Road West,
'Chelsea.

'DEAR JEAFFRESON,

'Thank you for the subject—enclose you first sketch for your scrap-book, if it be worth the paste, and have shortened your legend a little—"Brev—&c." don't seem to like "Alarming and effectual" for title.

'Yours,
'C. K.'

As it was asserted roundly soon after the caricaturist's death that he never made 'first,' *i.e.*, rough sketches of his subjects, before going to work on the elaborate sketches with which recent exhibitions of the artist's works have made the public familiar, the curious reader will be interested by this demonstration that the comic draughtsman did, at least sometimes, make first sketches. Other examples of Keene's 'first sketches' appear amongst the illustrations of his 'Life' by Mr. Layard. The curious reader will also like to glance at

(2) The facsimile of Keene's first sketch of the subject, which I sent him from Leicester—a facsimile that is exhibited on the opposite page by the courteous permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and Company, Limited, the proprietors of *Punch*.

(3) Keene's shortened and amended version of my legend for the picture, which is generally regarded by connoisseurs as a good example of the draughtsman's art and peculiar vein of humour:

ACCIDENT TICKET.

RISKS OR AVERAGES (according to Cocker).

Shrewd Clerk (with an eye to his commission).—'Take an Accident Insurance ticket, sir?'

Passenger (nervously).—'Wha' for?'

Clerk.—'Well, sir, nothing has gone wrong 'twixt this and London for the last fourteen months, and by the haverages the next smash on the up line is overdue exactly six weeks and three days!'

(Old Gent forks out with alacrity.)

Readers may not infer that I heard the clerk of the ticket-office utter the words ascribed to him in the explanatory legend of Keene's drawing. I was too far away from the clerk and the old gentleman to hear the words they exchanged. The words were fictitious. Let me add that I was only one of many persons who from time to time gave the draughtsman a subject.

(4) A note touching the envelope in which Keene's acknowledgment and first sketch of my subject came to me through the post may be serviceable to future biographers of the famous caricaturist.

Keene was curiously frugal with his stationery; economy in that item of his expenditure being one of those 'thrifty ways' to which I have referred. It was his practice to open envelopes, coming to him through the post, with care to injure them as little as possible. After opening them thus carefully, he used to turn the envelopes inside out, and make them up for another turn of postal service. The interior of the envelope, addressed by Keene to me on April 13th, 1878, displays on the interior side of the paper the address, 'Chas: S. Keene, Esq., 55, Baker Street, W.'

The year (1878) in which I finished my heavy piece of work on the Leicester MSS. was one of the

most laborious, gayest, and saddest years of my life. It opened with the death of John Doran, whose obituary notice in the *Athenæum* was written by my hand and heart, and whose longer memoir in the *Temple Bar Magazine* also proceeded from my pen. The ensuing London season was a time of unusual gaiety with me; for in the way of service to the Historical MSS. Commission I had by that time made the acquaintance of a few equally exalted and kindly persons, whose hospitable civilities afforded me views of society that were alike new and diverting to me. It was the season in which I made the acquaintance of an especially amusing old man, James Robinson Planché, at the banquet of the Royal Academy,—a festal celebration that lives in my memory as the occasion when I saw Lord Beaconsfield and heard his peculiar voice for the last time. Only fourteen years have passed since that splendid and picturesque dinner. But how many of the notabilities who figured at the feast have passed from the world in so short a time! Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Stafford Henry Northcote (first Earl of Iddesleigh), the Right Honourable William Smith, the scholarly Earl of Carnarvon (whose acquaintance I had recently made at Hurstbourne Park), the Earl of Dudley, Bishop Jackson of London, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Houghton, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Sir George Jessel (Master of the Rolls), Lord Chief Baron Kelly, Sir William Gull (the equally famous and fortunate physician), Matthew Arnold, my humorous acquaintance Frank Buckland, Captain Burnaby, my genial old friend Sir Julius Benedict, my kind friend Sir

Risdon Bennett, M.D. (whilom President of the College of Physicians), Robert Browning the poet, John Thaddeus Delane (editor of the *Times*), Winter Jones (principal librarian of the British Museum) whom I remember gratefully for several services, Sir Daniel Macnee (President of the Royal Scottish Academy), my true and gentle friend Sir George Macfarren (President of the Royal Academy of Music), F. Ouvry (President of the Society of Antiquaries), Professor Owen, James Robinson Planché, William Spottiswoode, F.R.S., Tom Taylor, Edward Armitage, R.A., Richard Ansdell, R.A., Alfred Elmore, R.A., John Rogers Herbert, R.A., Charles Landseer, R.A., my cordial comrade Solomon Hart, R.A., George Richmond, R.A., George Edmund Street, R.A., and pleasant Edward Matthew Ward, R.A., are all dead. And they are only some of the guests and academicians who have passed from the world after figuring at the academy banquet of 1878.

It devolved upon Lord Beaconsfield to reply to the toast for the health of Her Majesty's Ministers; and had it been as felicitous in its closing sentences as it had been up to the moment when he should have closed the performance with a vigorous peroration, his address would have been singularly effective. For half-an-hour he spoke with ease, steadiness, and piquancy. Delivered slowly and without an indication of physical effort, the words of his brief and unfaltering periods fell upon every attentive ear in separate pellets of sound and comprised a series of humorous points, the outbreaks of momentary applause showing how his elocutionary style and tact

hit the taste of his auditors. From the moment when, in reference to the culture and critical temper of his hearers, he likened the company to 'the pit in Mr. Garrick's time,' the speech was a delightful example of after-dinner oratory, till he suddenly dropt the threads of his discourse at the point, when he should have brought them without break or hitch to a happy conclusion. After glancing at the two principal fields from which the Italian painters drew their inspiration and took most of their subjects, to the neglect of a more appropriate field for artistic illustration, he won the acclamations of the assembly by observing,

'Everyone who has read the history of the Italian Republics must always feel that, if some of the strong incidents and stirring characters there described were commemorated by the Italian artists, they would have been more welcome than countless Madonnas and Lords of the Silver Bow.'

This reflection, so just and so gracefully expressed, was the point at which the current of his ideas and his argument ceased to flow. Suddenly losing his self-possession and rhetorical skill, he became confused, and, after floundering two or three minutes in a vain endeavour to escape from his nervous embarrassment, came to an awkward and significant pause. The cheers with which his auditors affected to appear unobservant of his oratorical misadventure, whilst they were affording him time in which he might recover the train of his thoughts, probably heightened his perplexity. The same may be said of the burst of applause that followed the words with which he frankly avowed his discomfort.

'Really,' he observed, 'I am ashamed to make these desultory remarks.'

Had he been a mere aspirant to oratorical distinction, instead of a brilliant parliamentary debater and chief minister of the world's greatest sovereign, he would on coming out of his nervous trouble have closed his speech with a peroration. Taking a course more appropriate to a man of his dignity and rhetorical adroitness, he stirred the house to sympathetic laughter by making fun of his misadventure.

'When I rose,' he said, lightly, 'if I had followed my own inclination, I should have offered a variety of reasons why I should not be called on to make a speech. But, under the circumstances of difficulty in which I found myself, I was sustained by a consolatory conviction that no reporters were present' (a laugh), 'that I was addressing honourable gentlemen who would not repeat a word I should say' (continued laughter), 'and that therefore they would allow me, without any peroration, to say that I do most sincerely wish success to the fine arts and to Her Majesty's Government.' (Loud cheers and laughter.)

I was the more surprised by the orator's misadventure, because I was seated at too great a distance from him to scrutinize his countenance, and because the voice in which he spoke up to the moment of failure afforded no indication of physical weakness or discomfort. My surprise ended at the close of the *séance*, when the premier's visage came under my observation, as he moved deliberately with long leonine paces out of the dining-room. The pale face—the face as it appears in the great statesman's portrait by

Sir John Millais—wore a look of weariness and painful endurance that was pathetically eloquent of physical prostration. But the burning brightness of his strong eyes showed he was no 'exhausted volcano.' The contrast between the force of those glowing eyes and the debility of the cadaverous face in which they shone so brightly rises to my memory whenever I meditate on the genius, the fortitude, and the singular personality of the most fascinating statesman of Victorian England.

The season, that was so bright and gay to me from its commencement to the opening week of June, closed mournfully to all the many people who had lived for a considerable time in affectionate intimacy with Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy. On dropping into his house in Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, in an evening of that week, I found him sitting by himself in a state that caused me great anxiety. He was in high spirits, and talked with much animation of a scene he had witnessed in the Rolls Court some six hours earlier; but, though unfamiliar observers of his bright eyes and colour would have thought him 'a very picture of health,' I saw he had taken cold, and suspected he had caught it from a draught in the court. After feeling his pulse, I entreated him to get to bed as quickly as possible. The event justified my fears. He had made his last journey to Chancery Lane. On the morrow he was too ill to leave the house, from which he was taken some sixteen days later to his grave in Willesden Cemetery, where he rests within three paces of the tomb of Isaac Disraeli's only daughter.

As Hardy had on several occasions expressed both to me and to Lady Hardy his repugnance to the thought of being nursed in his last illness by strangers, and had also begged that no spiritual adviser should be brought to his death-bed in his failing hours, even though he should in his extreme weakness ask for priestly consolation, his wishes on both these points were, of course, duly respected by those who attended him in the extremity of his existence. It was the easier for them to obey his wish on one of these points, because he expressed no desire for clerical assistance at any moment of his brief passage through the valley of the shadow of death. Preserving his reason almost to the last day of his downward course, he passed from this life with tranquillity, and when he had yielded his last breath it was my privilege to compose his gentle features for their last long sleep.

When I had rendered him that last office of friendship, I went from his silent bed to my desk, and wrote a memoir of his virtuous and beneficent career, that closes with these words, 'It is absolutely impossible that, to anyone who possessed his friendship and deserved it, life can ever again be all that it has been.' The experience of fifteen years accords with what I felt when those words dropt from my pen. In spite of the difference of our ages, Hardy and I had been for ten years as closely and cordially associated as two men can well be. Near neighbours and almost daily companions in London, we took our autumnal holidays together in Switzerland and France, or in leafy nooks of rural England; and to

the last day of his seventy-fourth year he was so alert in mind and body, so mercurial in his humour and fervid in his sympathies, so vivacious and emotional, as to be younger than his years by a quarter of a century. We could not have been more congenial companions, probably we should have been less happily qualified for familiar intercourse, had we come to life in the same year. My last fifteen years have not passed sorrowfully; but, since he went from the world, life has been less bright and musical than it was in the years of our friendship.

Hardy's death was followed at an interval of eight days by the sudden gale, that swept Edward Spender and his two eldest boys from this life under circumstances of which I have already spoken.

One of the last matters of official business to engage Sir Thomas Hardy's attention was the arrangement, which caused me to pass just fourteen weeks of the ensuing autumn at Chester, where I first examined the records of the city in the service of Her Majesty's Commissioners of Historical Manuscripts, and then reduced the large collection of writings to order at the cost and charges of the municipality. Some ten days after my arrival at Chester on July 24th, 1878, my wife came to the picturesque city with our daughter and two servants, and took possession of the delightful little cottage in Boughton suburb, that was our home for the next three months,—a cottage with a leafy garden dropping abruptly to the river Dee, and the boat, in which we used to pass our time on the water, when I had done my day's work on one of the largest collections of civic muniments to

be found in England. It was thus that I passed a long vacation, during which my hours of idleness were few in comparison with the hours which I spent in daily toil on the multifarious archives, which had been removed hastily from 'the old Town Hall of Chester' to a damp and stuffy chamber of 'the old City Gaol' in 1861, during the fire which destroyed the Town House.

Speaking of the condition of these manuscripts in July, 1878, and of the circumstances under which I took my first view of them, I remarked in my report to Her Majesty's Commission,

'In consequence of suggestions made by the late Sir Thomas Hardy, only a few weeks before his death, the documents were conveyed from the building in which they had been lying for seventeen years, to the large lecture-room of the new Town Hall, where they were laid in piles on five long tables, made of planks and trestles, from the foot of the daïs to the bottom of the stately chamber. Before my arrival at Chester, much had been done for the classification of this large accumulation of records by Mr. Orme, a choir-singer of Chester Cathedral—a man of intelligence and exemplary zeal, who had been employed by the Town Council to remove the manuscripts. But it was beyond the power of a man who could not read ancient handwritings to classify the rolls and files that had lost their descriptive labels, the hundreds of blackened documents that had escaped from their proper bundles, and the large number of volumes that bore on their covers no clearly legible statement of their contents. On one table there appeared a pile of unlabelled rolls that contained a dozen different kinds of records. On another table there had been built up a wall of volumes, that on examination was found to consist of mayors' books, sheriffs' books, pentice court books, passage court books, rentals, treasurers' account books, assembly books, and several other kinds of municipal registers, put together by porters, without any regard to their differences of age, form,

and contents. Having taken a preliminary view of the two folios of old letters, I set to work on the undescribed and undescribable piles of books and documents; and, whilst I was slowly performing this needful but unpleasant task, workmen brought into the lecture-room more boxes and crates filled with historic manuscripts and literary rubbish.'

Of course, there was gossip in Chester about the civic records that, after having been left to rot and grow mouldy in a damp chamber of the old city prison for so many years, were at length being overhauled by an expert from London, and also about the same expert's manner of dealing with such a filthy lot of waste-paper and stinking parchments. To see what the documents were like, and what the gentleman from London was doing with them, idlers of both sexes and of all the social degrees above the order of mere labourers came day after day to the lecture-room in such numbers, that I was constrained to beg the chief care-taker of the Town Hall to allow no one but aldermen, common councillors, and other personages of superior municipal quality to enter the big lecture-room whilst I was at work. For my comfort and advantage it was ordered by the municipal authorities that during my term of official activity at the Town Hall I should be the Keeper of the Keys of the big lecture-room, and should be authorized to defend myself against intruders by locking myself into the chamber whenever I was disposed to lock *out* the curious multitude.

When it had been announced in municipal circles that during my stay in Chester the great lecture-room was to be regarded alike by town's folk and sight-seers from the country as my private room,

British idlers ceased to pester me. But the tourists from the United States still contrived to get sight of and speech with me. West Chester is a favourite resting-place with 'Murricans,' taking view of 'the old country.' Sometimes they run by rail from Liverpool to Chester within two hours of their arrival at the big port by a White Star or Cunarder. The American, who in his first trip to England runs straight from Liverpool to London without taking a peep at West Chester, seldom fails to spend a full day in the walled town on his way back to the Mersey. And, wherever they go in their wanderings about Europe, the citizens of the United States are wont to display much cleverness in getting view of whatever they wish to see, and gaining admittance to whatever private place they have a strong desire to enter. On finding they could not get into the big lecture-room, otherwise styled concert-room, by one of the chief doors, 'the Murricans' in Chester during my stay in the ancient city found they could get access to my work-room by an obscure and narrow passage leading from a chamber in the rear of the hall to a set of steps, that enables choral singers on occasions of musical entertainments to mount to one of the higher orchestral tiers without disturbing the instrumentalists on the daïs. It was by this flight of steps that the American tourist entered my magnificent *salon de travail*, and it was from the topmost step that he dropt to the floor of the lecture-room by a series of little jumps.

I was sitting one morning at my writing-table at the bottom of the great room, when I heard a pair of

feet descending from tier to tier. 'Another citizen of the United States,' I said to myself, as the sounds came to my ear. A minute later, I heard the pair of feet on the floor, moving gradually towards my table in short stages of ten or twelve paces to each stage. Soon I was aware that the intruder was within half-a-pace of my desk; but I went on writing, as though I were no more conscious of his presence than of the existence of any fly, moving about the glass of any window of the room.

'I guess,' my visitor from the other side of the Atlantic remarked, 'these are rather an old lot of dockyments you have got hold of?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied, after surveying him with what the novelists of sixty years since were wont to call a stony stare, 'they are rather an old lot of—dockyments.'

In no degree petrified by the stony stare, the gentleman from the United States observed,

'Some of these old dockyments, I dessay, are getting on for three hundred years old?'

'Yes, sir,' I remarked with severity, as I went on writing, 'some of them are getting on for three hundred years old.'

As the American withdrew for awhile, I congratulated myself on having got rid of him. But three minutes later he approached my table for a second time.

'Now, I have a notion,' he was pleased to remark, 'that some of these old writings may have been turned off as far away as four hundred years.'

'Yes, sir, some of them,' I answered, with freezing

civility, 'were turned off as far away as four hundred years.'

Again he left me, feeling he would scarcely have the audacity to make another essay to lure me into conversation; and again he returned.

'I calkilate I should not be so far wrong at putting some of these old dockyments at as high a figure as five hundred years?'

'You may do so,' I answered, icing my voice to twenty degrees of frost, and regarding him with a look of disdain, as though he were the veriest black-beetle ever put into human form, 'for some of the writings are five hundred years old,'—a statement that caused my persecutor to bow stiffly, as he again withdrew from my table.

In five minutes the gentleman was back again.

'Wa'll?' he asked. 'And how about six hundred? May I go as high as six hundred?'

'Some of the writings, sir,' I answered, 'are six hundred years old,'—an assurance that caused the questioner's eyes to brighten with a look of amusement, as he again turned on his heel.

After another brief withdrawal, my tourist from the United States again assailed me with his sharp, thready voice: 'Now, after what you have said,' he remarked, in a tone showing he regarded me as a person capable of saying anything, 'I should not be at all surprised to hear *you* say that some of these old dockyments are seven hundred years old?'

'Then, sir,' I replied in a less severe tone, for the man's importunity, his persistence, his droll way of raising his inquiry touching the age of the writings

by exactly one hundred years at each successive demand for information, and his delicate intimation that he thought me a humorous liar, had softened and conciliated me, 'you won't be surprised to hear me say that some of these old dockyments, as you are pleased to call them, are more than seven hundred years old.'

'Come now,' he rejoined, in a tone that was both expostulatory and wheedling, 'come now, you are talking wild?'—words that caused me to throw myself back in my chair, and scream with laughter.

'I am rather glad to have amused you,' my citizen from the United States remarked, as I was coming out of my long and violent fit of laughter, 'for now maybe you'll be a trifle more communicative.'

'Now, look here,' I said, 'I'll make you an offer. If you promise to take yourself off and leave me to do my work, I'll show you the oldest writing I have come upon in this room up to this moment, and, what's more, I'll read it to you and explain it to you.'

'That's a straight offer, and, as I am not likely to get a better one, I'll accept it,' the intruder answered.

Whereupon I displayed to my greatly interested companion a curious writ addressed by Henry the Second at Winchester to his bailiffs of Durham, granting licence to the burgesses of Chester to buy and sell at Durham, as they were wont to do in the time of Henry the First.

When I had performed my part of the agreement, this curious citizen of the United States of America took his leave of me, after thanking me profusely for my civility to him.

CHAPTER XXII.

REALISTIC BIOGRAPHY.

A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century—The Rapiers of Regent's Park: A Novel—The Morrison MSS.—*The Real Lord Byron* (1883)—Praise and Dispraise of the Book—Mr. Froude's *Leaf from the Real Life of Lord Byron*—Consequences of Mr. Froude's Article—Mrs. Julian Marshall's *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*—Its most remarkable Disclosure—Shelleyan Controversy—*The Real Shelley* (1885)—Outcry against the Book—Effect of Outcry on the Author—The polite Usage of 'calling Names'—Professor Dowden's authorized *Life of Shelley*—Its Reception by the Public—Its Case against Harriet Shelley—Comments of the Press—Disappointment of Shelleyan Enthusiasts—The Penny-a-liner at Harriet's Inquest—Mr. Onslow Ford's 'Shelley Monument'—Centenary Celebration at Rome—Mr. Alfred Morrison's Nelson-Hamilton Papers—*Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson* (1888)—Dr. Pettigrew's Defamers—*The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson* (1889)—Vindication of Maria Carolina—Signor Boglietti's Article in *La Rassegna Nazionale*—Mr. Newton Scott's *The Age of Marie-Antoinette*.

FROM 1878, in the spring of which year I published *A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century*, to the end of 1881, I was too much occupied with examining and reporting on old writings for the Historical MSS. Commissioners, and in reviewing books for the jour-

nals with which I was connected, to have any time for writing novels. But in the opening months of 1882, I wrote *The Rapiers of Regent's Park*, a work of prose fiction that was commended by the critics, and hit the taste of novel-readers.

The *Times* declared *The Rapiers of Regent's Park* 'ingenious and entertaining.' Speaking of the tale as 'the work of a veteran writer and man of the world' (I had never before been rated with the veterans), the *Athenæum* bore witness that 'there was not a dull line in the book.' Thinking the book would have been better for compression, the *Daily News* spoke of the story as 'distinctly above the average as a whole,' and as 'conspicuously fine' in the opening volume. *Punch* called attention to the tale in a paragraph of kindly banter. The *World* extolled the work as 'a most adroit and effective mixture of all the qualities that are most attractive in latter-day fiction.' Though it concurred with the *Daily News* in saying the book would be improved by compression, the *Graphic* observed, 'But all the faults of the novel, when summed up, are so few and so small that, in dealing with it shortly and generally, nothing has to be said of it but praise.' Declaring the tale 'an original production,' the *Queen* assured the gentlewomen of England that 'the central figure' of the story was 'daringly conceived, and perfected with the cunning of a good workman.' Though it took exception to the narrative on several grounds, the *St. James's Gazette* discovered in some particulars a strong resemblance between the new story and one of Balzac's masterpieces, and concluded its ut-

terances of praise and blame by observing warmly, 'We are unfeignedly sorry for Erica. She was (essentially) an excellent woman, in spite of all Mr. Jeaffreson says to the contrary, and it was her misfortune that she fell in love with an Indian official who cherished ideals to the utter destruction of his common-sense.' As I had been at great pains to make the readers of my novel pity Erica, sympathize with her, and even admire her, in spite of her misconduct, I was of course gratified by observing how completely I had achieved my purpose, in the case of my severest censor.

Somewhere about the time of the publication of *The Rapiers of Regent's Park*, I came upon a body of Byronic papers, including several letters from Byron's wife to his sister Augusta (the Honourable Mrs. Leigh) in Mr. Alfred Morrison's remarkable collection of epistles by celebrated persons, which I was examining for Her Majesty's Commissioners on Historical MSS. Throwing much new light on the writer's character, her relations with her husband, and her relations with her sister-in-law, Lady Byron's letters demonstrated the baselessness of the various statements which she made in her later years to the Honourable Mrs. Leigh's discredit, and more especially of the hideous imagination to which Mrs. Beecher Stowe gave such wide and lamentable publicity. I of course felt that no time should be lost in giving to the public the writings, which utterly purged Byron of the most revolting offence ever charged against him in printed words.

But I had no wish to exhibit the exculpatory letters

in a separate volume. My first desire was to offer them to the world in the report on the Morrison MSS., which I was preparing for the Historical MSS. Commission. But as the epistles scarcely came within the scope of the Commissioners' enquiries, and as their publication in my official report would possibly result in embarrassment to the Commission and injury to the cause of historical research, Sir William Hardy, who had succeeded his brother Thomas Duffus at the Record Office, was of opinion that I should give no full description of the Byronic papers in my report upon the Morrison MSS. Forbidden to speak freely and at large of the letters in my official report, I obtained Mr. Alfred Morrison's permission to publish them in the *Athenæum*, should the editor of that journal think right to put them before the public. On July 8th, 1882, the editor of the *Athenæum* opened his columns of Literary Gossip with a paragraph announcing his intention to publish 'a series of hitherto unpublished Byron papers.' But the editor of the *Athenæum* was constrained to desist for the moment from the execution of his purpose by an intimation, that the publication of the papers would be so distasteful to several members of the Leigh and Byron families, that, should he venture to publish any of the letters, an application would be made to the Court of Chancery to restrain him from publishing any more of them. Under these circumstances, the editor of the *Athenæum*, on September 2nd, 1882, announced that he should 'not for the present take further steps in the matter.'

Could I have given Mr. Alfred Morrison's Byronic

papers to the public either in my official report on the Morrison MSS. or in the columns of the *Athenæum*, I should neither have written nor thought of writing a new 'Life' of Byron. But when I found myself debarred from using either of those channels of information for the enlightenment of the public, I began to cast about for some other way of effecting my purpose of demonstrating the baselessness of Lady Byron's nauseous charge against her husband and his sister. It occurred to me that, without exposing myself to hostile proceedings in the Court of Chancery, I might produce a new memoir of the poet, which should engage the public attention to a degree that would afford me an opportunity for publishing the evidences of the book's novel statements. After thinking the matter over, and obtaining the advice and guidance of capable lawyers, I produced *The Real Lord Byron* (1883), without revealing the sources of my new information. Written *currente calamo*, the book was written from the first to the last line in four months, and was thrown upon the town without any preliminary announcement.

Fortunately the book caught the attention of readers as soon as it was published under circumstances that are fully and precisely set forth in the Preface to the Standard Edition of the *Story of the Poet's Life*. Thanks to the prompt action of my friends and well-wishers on the Press, the success of the work was instantaneous, and was maintained so steadily, notwithstanding the hostile articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Quarterly Review*, that the editor of the *Athenæum* (who stood by me stoutly in

the matter) felt that, without provoking litigation in the Court of Chancery, he could safely publish *en bloc* those *pièces justificatives* which I was compelled to withhold from the work in its original form. The event justified the editor's opinion. A few weeks later I printed in the Standard Edition of my book a large part of the letters and other documents, whose publication had been forbidden by a junto of powerful individuals. Successful in winning the world's attention, successful as a commercial venture, the book was also successful in affording me the opportunity for publishing the new evidences.

The Real Lord Byron appeared at a time when the late Sir Percy Florence Shelley (the poet Shelley's son) was hopeful of soon being able to publish two several works, one of which should convince all readers of English literature that, besides being a fine lyric poet, his father was a supremely virtuous man; whilst the other work should show that, besides being a clever novelist and essayist, Mary Godwin deserved to be rated with decorous English ladies. In the final and authorized life of the poet, to be written under inspiration by some eminent man of letters, it was Sir Percy Shelley's design to assure the world authoritatively that his father's first wife, poor Harriet Westbrook, had been a woman of ill life, and that his father had not repudiated her, until he had found her guilty of conjugal infidelity. Sir Percy Shelley also designed to make the world believe that, when they took Jane Clairmont with them from England to Switzerland in the spring of 1816, his father and mother (at that time living to-

gether as man and wife, without having been married) had no notion that Byron was journeying by the Rhine route to Geneva, nor any hope of seeing the author of *Childe Harold* at Geneva. Sir Percy Shelley meant also to assure the world that, whilst his father and mother journeyed from England to Switzerland without any expectation of meeting Byron at Geneva, they were absolutely ignorant of Claire's intimacy with the Lord of Newstead. By these bold statements, Sir Percy hoped he should induce the world to acquit his father and mother of impropriety in taking Claire (Mary Godwin's sister-by-affinity) to Byron's presence on the marge of Lake Leman.

I knew very little of Sir Percy's arrangements for white-washing his father and mother, and had no desire to wound his feelings on any matter, when I argued in *The Real Lord Byron* that the meeting of Shelley and Byron at the Hôtel Sécheron could not have been the mere accident which successive biographers had declared it.

'It has been the practice of Shelley's biographers,' I remarked on this point, 'to deal with the meeting of these two parties' (to wit, Shelley, Mary Godwin, and Claire of the one party, and Byron and Dr. Polidori of the other party) 'at the Hôtel Sécheron, just outside Geneva, as an unpremeditated occurrence; and, though he has sought it with some pains, the writer of these pages has sought in vain for *positive* testimony that both parties started from England with the purpose of uniting in Switzerland. The circumstantial evidence, however, is overwhelming that the meeting was no mere accident.'

At the same time I argued that it was highly im-

probable that Shelley and Mary Godwin were ignorant, as they journeyed to Geneva, of Claire's intimacy with Byron.

The utterance of opinions so directly opposed to what Sir Percy Shelley designed to tell the world in his final vindication of his parents, and what he had by divers of his literary agents already told the world, disturbed the baronet of Boscombe Manor greatly. It also caused alarm and displeasure to divers persons, who may be styled members of the baronet's Privy Council on questions touching his parental story. It was decided to silence the author of *The Real Lord Byron*, and chastise him with a disdainful and minatory article in the *Nineteenth Century*. The result was *A Leaf from the Real Life of Byron*, an article in which Mr. Froude admitted that I was right in saying the meeting was not accidental, but wholly wrong in thinking that the Shelleys—to wit, Shelley and Mary Godwin—went to Geneva with the hope of meeting Byron there.

'There is but one thing,' said Mr. Froude in his unfortunate article, 'accurately stated in all that he says upon the subject—that the meeting of the Shelleys with Byron at Geneva was not accidental. Byron, after his quarrel with Lady Byron, went abroad in April, 1816, and passed through Switzerland on his way to Italy. Jane Clermont knew where he was going, though the Shelleys did not; and Shelley having nothing at that time to keep him in England, and much to make him wish to leave it, Jane Clermont (I have it under her own hand, though I must not quote her words) persuaded Shelley to go again to Geneva with Mary, and to take her with them. It is perfectly certain, therefore, that the Shelleys had no expectation of meeting Byron on this occasion, and Mr. Jeaffreson is absolutely mistaken.'

Mr. Froude's language is explicit. But was Mr. Jeaffreson absolutely mistaken? We will see in a minute what Mrs. Julian Marshall says on this point. But first let me say how I was affected by Mr. Froude's positive assertion that I was absolutely mistaken. It only confirmed me in my opinion, that the Shelleys (as Mr. Froude terms the two persons of different surnames) did journey to Geneva in the hope of meeting Byron there. Instead of modifying my expression of this opinion in *The Real Shelley*, I repeated the opinion yet more stoutly, and argued yet more cogently, that Shelley and Mary Godwin must have journeyed to Geneva in 1816 *in the hope* of meeting Byron there, and *in order* to meet him there. And in doing so I took occasion to declare my strong suspicion that, shortly before he left England in 1816, Byron had some intercourse in England with 'the Shelleys,' *i.e.*, with Shelley and Mary Godwin, or with one of them.

What does Mrs. Julian Marshall, writing from the evidence of Sir Percy Shelley's records, which were placed as unreservedly in her hands as they were subsequently placed in Professor Dowden's hands, tell us in her *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley* (1889) of the considerations which determined Shelley and Mary to journey to Geneva and take Jane Clairmont (Claire) with them in 1816?

In the first place, Mrs. Julian Marshall tells us that, shortly before Byron left England, it was arranged that he should have an interview with Shelley and Mary Godwin, or with one of them, in London. 'She,' says Mrs. Julian Marshall, speaking of Jane

Clairmont in the authorized *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, vol. i, p. 126, 'told Byron who Mary was, one evening when she knew they were to meet, but implored him beforehand to talk only on general subjects, and, if possible, not even to mention her name. This introduction probably took place in March [1816], when Shelley and Mary were, for a short time, staying up in town.'

Speaking in her book, vol. i, pp. 128, 129, of the motives which determined Shelley to journey to Geneva in 1816, Mrs. Julian Marshall remarks,

> 'His first intention was to settle with Mary and their infant child in some remote region of Scotland or Northern England. But he was at all times delicate, and he longed for balmy air and sunny skies. To these motives were added Clara's [*i.e.*, Claire's] wishes and, as she herself states, her pressing solicitations. Byron, she knew, was going to Geneva, *and she persuaded the Shelleys to go there also, in the hope and intention of meeting him.* Shelley had read and admired several of Byron's poems, and *the prospect of possible companionship with a kindred mind was now and at all times supremely attractive to him.*'

The italics of this quotation are used by my direction.

Thus while Mr. Froude, speaking from a letter by Claire, whose precise words he is not permitted to quote, is 'perfectly certain that the Shelleys had no expectation of meeting Byron on this occasion' at Geneva, Mrs. Julian Marshall, speaking from the same letter by Claire (and also, perhaps, from other documents) is no less certain that the knowledge that Byron was journeying to Geneva, 'the hope and intention of meeting him there,' and 'the prospect

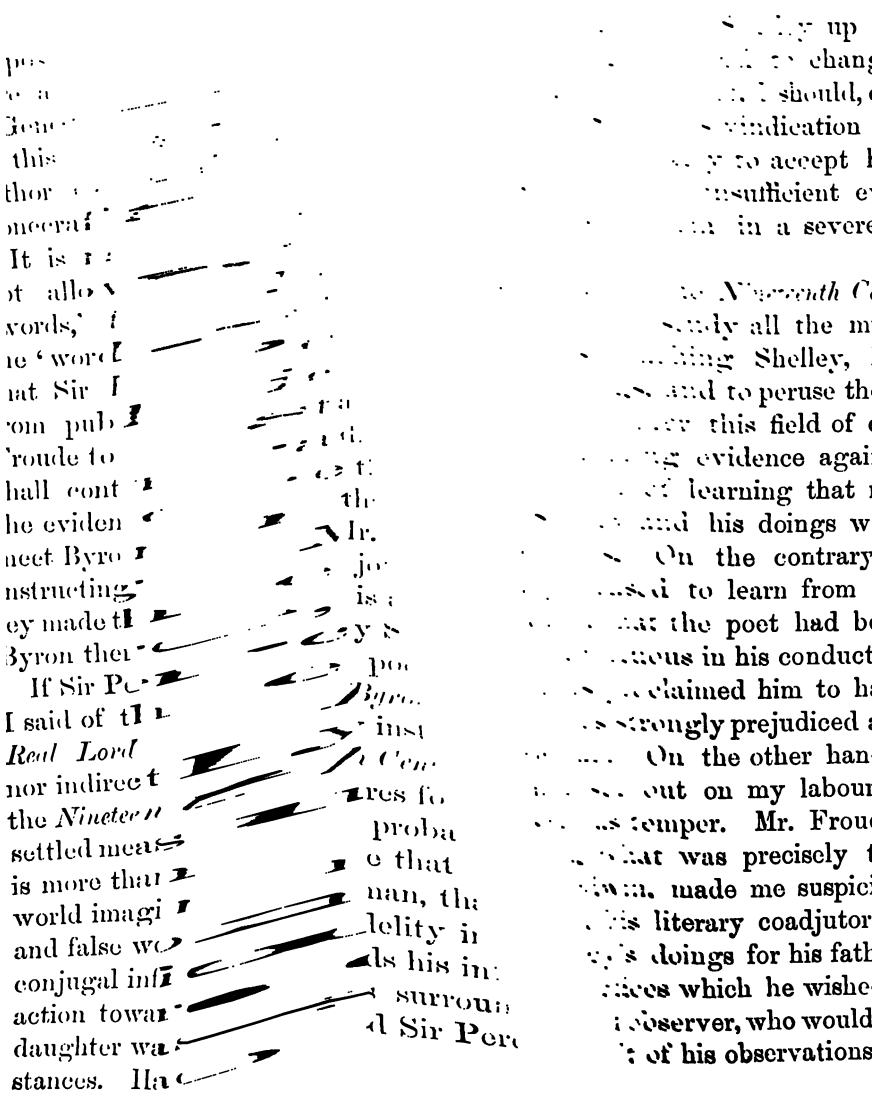
of possible companionship with a kindred mind,' were amongst Shelley's chief motives for journeying to Geneva 'on this occasion.' How are we to account for this strange discord between Mr. Froude and the author of the authorized biography of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley?

It is not wonderful that Sir Percy Shelley would not allow Mr. Froude to quote Jane Clairmont's 'words,' that Professor Dowden forbore to publish the 'words' in his authorized 'Life' of Shelley, and that Sir Percy Shelley to his last breath withheld from public criticism the letter which moved Mr. Froude to state so positively what Mrs. Julian Marshall contradicts. That Sir Percy held in his hands the evidence that Shelley went to Geneva *in order* to meet Byron there, whilst he was directly or indirectly instructing Mr. Froude to assure the world that Shelley made the journey *without any expectation* of meeting Byron there, is a significant fact.

If Sir Percy Shelley had taken no notice of what I said of the poet Shelley and Mary Godwin in *The Real Lord Byron*, *i.e.*, if he had neither directly nor indirectly instructed Mr. Froude to assail me in the *Nineteenth Century*, but had gone onwards with his settled measures for the vindication of his parents, it is more than probable that he would have made the world imagine that Harriet Westbrook was a wanton and false woman, that his father was justified by her conjugal infidelity in parting with her, and that his action towards his intimate friend's sixteen-years-old daughter was surrounded with extenuating circumstances. Had Sir Percy Shelley only left me alone,

it is more than probable that I should have remained so ill-informed, as to accept trustfully all his statements in favour of his father and mother, and all his statements—even his worst statements—to Harriet's discredit.

From my youth I had delighted in Shelley's poetry, albeit I thought his greatest poetical achievements inferior to Byron's finest works. The religious unrest and perplexity which I endured at Oxford had caused me to sympathize with the undergraduate who wrote *The Necessity of Atheism*. My superficial and sketchy views of the poet's life were in his favour. I had a general notion that in his boyhood he had been treated harshly by his school-masters and too severely by his parents. I was under an impression that the Oxford dons had been too hard upon him. I believed that his estrangement from his family had resulted from his parents' religious intolerance and political narrowness. I regarded him as having suffered much for truth and right, and having been the martyr his eulogists declared him. I had accepted the fable that he was disinherited by his intolerant sire and grandsire, on account of his religious and political opinions. I even thought that Lord Eldon had treated him with injustice and cruelty. My knowledge of him had been gained chiefly from Lady Shelley's book and Mr. William Rossetti's book; but I had never studied those books critically. Consequently, I knew little of the poet's real story in 1883; and my little knowledge of it and him combined with my admiration of his finest writings to render me confident in his essential goodness. It follows from this statement of my in-



When I had examined all the printed documents—books, magazine-articles, essays in reviews, pamphlets, and newspaper notices, touching Shelley's literary achievements and personal doings, I went to manuscripts for further evidence of his story. At the Wills' Office in Somerset House I studied the poet's will and his grandfather's (Sir Bysshe Shelley's) will. The poet's will afforded me several new particulars of great biographical value. From old Sir Bysshe's marvellous testament, I obtained conclusive evidence that neither religious differences nor political differences had anything to do with the strict settlement of the corpus of the testator's estate; that the poet might have taken his contingent chance of a life-interest in that estate, had he been pleased to comply with a quite reasonable stipulation; that he was never disinherited by a cruel grandsire and ruthless father, as successive writers had declared him to have been. It followed from this exhibition of old Sir Bysshe's arrangements for the perpetuation of the several Shelleyan estates in one great estate, that the poet had never made a great sacrifice of his own pecuniary interest, from conscientious repugnance to the laws of entail and primogeniture. Shelley's grand sacrifice of personal advantage from a fine regard for principles, of which Leigh Hunt wrote so drolly, was his mere refusal to exchange his vested interest in the fee-simple of estates A and B for a contingent life-interest in the estates A, B, and C. As the proffered contingent life-interest in A, B, and C, was of very much less value than the vested interest in A and B, which pertained to him as tenant-in-tail-in-

remainder on the deaths of his father and grandfather, Shelley's sublime refusal of vast wealth was nothing more sublime than a man's refusal to accept ten shillings in exchange for a sovereign.

After a deliberate reconsideration of all the obtainable evidences about Shelley, I came to a strong opinion that he 'was judged fairly though severely by those of his contemporaries who, whilst recognizing his genius, condemned his principles, conduct, and social theories.' I came to the conclusion that, though much of his poetry was magnificent and surpassingly musical, his life and nature were in several particulars the reverse of admirable. Having come to these conclusions, I advised the readers of *The Real Shelley* to delight in his finest poetry and to honour him as 'the brightest, most strenuous, and most musical of lyric poets,' but, whilst taking a charitable view of his failings and indiscretions, his infirmities and errors, to refuse stoutly to extol him for virtues which he did not possess.

Although a few organs of the Press, notably the *Morning Post*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Guardian*, spoke well of my book, critical opinion was upon the whole acutely hostile to *The Real Shelley*. As two-thirds of the literary critics, working on the London journals and magazines in 1885, were to my knowledge either Shelleyan enthusiasts or moderate favourers of the movement for canonizing the author of *Laon and Cythna*, I was not surprised by the vehemence of my assailants. Copies of *The Real Shelley* had not been in the hands of critics for three whole days, when a literary friend said to me,

'As they cannot demolish your arguments on any one of the main issues, the Shelleyan enthusiasts mean to "call you names."' For several weeks indignant gentlemen and ladies gave vent to their feelings by 'calling me names.' They called me calumniator, slanderer, book-maker, bumptious book-maker, Philistine, devil's advocate, toad, bat, venomous snake, poisonous reptile, Thersites, Caliban. I was railed at in this style for showing from familiar materials that, though he was a fine poet, Shelley was in divers respects so faulty a man, that certain of his admirers should desist from speaking of him as comparable with 'the Saviour of the World.'

The outcry against *The Real Shelley* would have been less violent had not so many persons been convinced by Sir Percy Shelley's assurances that he was able to prove, and would in due course prove, that Harriet Westbrook had been a faithless wife, and that Shelley did not withdraw from her until he had found her guilty of the gravest of all conjugal offences. The anger of the Shelleyan enthusiasts never for a moment ruffled my equanimity, so confident was I that I should be justified by the book about Shelley, on which Professor Dowden was at work before I had penned a line of my two volumes. Composed chiefly from printed books as my work was, I of course knew that a few inaccuracies would be discovered in its two thick and closely-printed volumes; but I had no serious misgiving as to the sufficient accuracy of the data, on which I argued my case on each of the main issues of Shelleyan controversy. Whatever slight misgiving I had on that score was

extinguished by the article in the *Academy*, in which Dr. Dowden put together all the errors of fact he could discover in my book, by the light of hitherto unpublished documents. For the transient annoyance that article occasioned me, I was compensated by the satisfaction of knowing that the signed review would operate on critical readers, as an authoritative assurance, that on all the important points of dispute my book was accurate.

When it was offered to the world some eighteen months after the publication of *The Real Shelley*, Professor Dowden's authorized *Life* of the poet was studied by Shelleyan specialists, but failed to win and hold strongly the attention of the general public.

That the demand for the authorized, the *second* authorized, biography of the brightest, sweetest, and most strenuous of our lyric poets disappointed its producers is not surprising. The number of people in all England, who under circumstances especially favourable for the work would have cared to buy a costly *Life* of the poet, was much smaller than the Shelleyan enthusiasts imagined. And, instead of being offered to the world under the most favourable circumstances, the new biography was published at a time when most readers of new literature had grown weary of Shelleyan disputation. Had the authorized biography contained much novel information about the poet, and justified his conduct towards his first wife, the general public would have risen to the book. But, whilst they praised the author's industry and style, the reviewers in the leading journals gave people to understand that his book was made

up for the most part of familiar materials, and afforded readers no sufficient grounds for thinking the poet's treatment of his first wife was justified by evil behaviour on her part. On this last point, the reviewers spoke with different degrees of perspicuity and emphasis. But most of them were sufficiently outspoken to satisfy poor Harriet's defenders. After speaking of Shelley as 'a wayward and erring man of genius,' the *Times* added, 'We say erring, because in one case, at any rate—that of his separation from his first wife and his flight with Mary Godwin—Shelley's conduct cannot be defended.' Declaring Shelley's 'desertion of Harriet Westbrook' a 'very disgraceful thing,' a writer in the *Saturday Review* said, 'It is with astonishment and something like indignation that we have read Professor Dowden's account of the final separation with Harriet . . . But an attempt to palliate and whiten Shelley's conduct with Mary by trying to blacken Harriet seems to us equally foolish as argument and detestable as morality, and we can only repeat our very great regret that Professor Dowden should have in any degree and with whatever hesitations and qualifications soiled his fingers by meddling with it.' Speaking of the biographer's way of dealing with Shelley's quick passage from love of Harriet to love of Mary Godwin, a passage made in less than a month, the *Standard* observed that Dr. Dowden's 'sympathy with Shelley had persuaded him to spare that plainness of speech which ordinary morality demands.' Instead of accepting Professor Dowden's suggestion that Harriet may have been a faithless wife,—a sug-

gestion all the more remarkable, because the professor himself admits the insufficiency of the so-called evidence of her guilt,—the *Morning Post* observed, 'this biography, despite the new matter it contains, leaves the case almost exactly where it was.' In respect to the same suggestion, the *Daily News* remarked, 'We confess that the evidences against her,' to wit, the evidences of Harriet's conjugal faithlessness, 'appear to us to be somewhat impalpable. The suspicions of a husband so prone to wild imaginings as Shelley are clearly not evidence.' Declining to dismiss the so-called evidences of Harriet's guilt 'as merely frivolous,' the *Athenæum* declared 'Harriet's unfaithfulness as still in the highest degree disputable.' In a singularly able, closely reasoned and unanswerable signed article in the *Academy*, Mr. Hall Caine demonstrated the frivolity of the so-called evidence of Harriet's conjugal faithlessness, and insisted 'that nothing that Shelley said, nothing that he did, and nothing that he omitted to do . . . . can justify the belief that when he separated from Harriet he believed her to be unfaithful.' It is thus that the authorized *Life of Shelley* was introduced to the readers of new literature. As most of those readers, say nine out of every ten of them, had grown weary of disputatious wrangling over the poet's story, it is not surprising that they forbore to send to the library for a book which had failed to accomplish the only thing which they hoped the new biography might accomplish.

By publishing *The Real Shelley* before Dr. Dowden's book was sent to the press, I hoped to con-

trol the biographical statements of Sir Percy and his literary coadjutor. In the *Athenæum* of May 30th, 1885, the reviewer of *The Real Shelley* expressed an opinion that my book would probably cause Dr. Dowden to re-cast some portions of the book on which he was engaged. How far Dr. Dowden's labours were controlled by my pen I am unable to say. I cannot state positively that he re-cast and re-wrote any portion of his manuscript into harmony with my book. But on reading his *Life* of Shelley, I was quick to observe how greatly it differed from Lady Shelley's *Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources*, and also from the article on 'Shelley and Mary' that was offered to readers of the *Edinburgh Review* in October, 1882, as an indication of what Sir Percy Shelley would tell the world in his final account of his father's career. I observed also how Dr. Dowden's book agreed with several of my chief and quite novel contentions on some of the main issues. If he did not re-cast and re-write certain portions of his book in order to avoid conflict with my 'New Views,' Dr. Dowden was fortunate in coming without my assistance to several of my most important conclusions. On divers minor points, relating in no way to the gravest questions about the poet's character, opinions, and conduct, *The Real Shelley* and the authorized *Life* are at variance, and on some of these not important matters the error lies with the present author, who also differs from Dr. Dowden on some of the serious questions. But, on most of the gravest matters of dispute, there is no direct conflict in statements of fact between the two books, whose

agreement would have been even more remarkable, had the Professor been less reticent on certain points. Consequently the Professor's book, which was expected to do me much injury, worked for my advantage. That critical opinion on divers Shelleyan questions has changed greatly in my favour since 1885 appears from the *Athenæum* review (8th July, 1893) of Mr. Forman's *Memoir of Shelley*.

In their mortification at the insufficiency of Professor Dowden's so-called evidence against Harriet, some of the Shelleyan enthusiasts found comfort in hoping that even yet conclusive evidence of the poor lady's conjugal faithlessness would be produced from Sir Percy Shelley's archives by Mrs. Julian Marshall in her authorized *Life of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*. But the hope was disappointed. 'Those who hope,' Mrs. Marshall announced in the preface to her *Life* of Shelley's second wife, 'to find in these pages much new circumstantial evidence on the vexed subject of Shelley's separation from his first wife will be disappointed. No contemporary document now exists which puts the case beyond the reach of argument.' In these words it was announced that the late Sir Percy Shelley had possessed no proof of his charges against Harriet, and had made promises which he was powerless to fulfil. The confession caused the *Athenæum* to observe in its review of Mrs. Marshall's book, 'On the crucial questions of Shelley's separation from Harriet and his union with Mary no new light is thrown; indeed, it is admitted that (contrary to what we had been led to believe at a much earlier date of the debate) no new light *can* be thrown by the Shelley family.'

When Sir Percy Shelley had shown himself powerless to prove his grave statements to the dishonour of his father's first wife, the late Professor Freeman declared himself 'sick of chatter about Harriet.' Other persons are sick of the same chatter. But now that it has become an affair of almost universal regret that Dr. Dowden 'attempted' (to use the words of the *Saturday Review*) 'on no evidence at all to blacken the character of an unhappy and ill-treated woman,' I trust a competent biographer will ere long produce a vindicatory memoir that shall prove the unhappy lady's life to have been as blameless from the July of 1814 up to the opening of the November in which she died, as it was blameless from the hour of her marriage in Scotland up to the moment when Shelley repudiated her for no sufficient cause. Speaking of her life after Shelley withdrew from her, Professor Dowden says, 'There is no doubt that she wandered from the ways of upright living; how far she wandered we need not inquire.' I question the Professor's ability to support this statement with sound evidence. The scrap of penny-a-liner's gossip in the *Times* of 12th December, 1816, to which Dr. Dowden refers, affords no sure testimony to the particular point. It is certain, that the writer of the paragraph—the wretched five lines, that proved so fruitful of posthumous slander—had no sufficient grounds for his words touching Harriet's bodily condition at the time of her death. There is reason for believing that the gravest charges, made against the poor lady's womanly honour by recent biographers, may all be discredited, if not positively

disproved. For the sake of her descendants, the largest possible measure of justice should be rendered to her memory.

At present Oxford is more fortunate than London in possessing a work of art that, notwithstanding its lack of severe historic veracity, is a beautiful memorial of the poet, whose career at the university was alike brief and unfortunate. In his later time Sir Percy Shelley designed to remove the stone that marks the resting-place of his father's ashes at Rome, and to replace it with a more elegant and costly memorial; and after the baronet's death his widow, Jane Lady Shelley, did her best to carry out her husband's design. At her direction and cost, an eminent sculptor (Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A.) produced the beautiful sepulchral work that was exhibited at Burlington House in the summer of 1892. Designed for a special purpose, this beautiful work would now be resting at Rome, had circumstances allowed the artist to put it upon the ground to which Shelley's ashes were committed in 1822.

But the work had barely been finished, when Jane Lady Shelley learnt that she could not place the monument over the grave without the consent of the owner of the tomb, and that the proprietor of the consecrated ground was unwilling that Trelawny's modest stone should be superseded by the work of high art. The unyielding owner of the ground felt that to assent to Lady Shelley's wish would be to diminish the historic interest of the hallowed spot. This decision placed Jane Lady Shelley for awhile in a position of some embarrass-

ment, from which the authorities of University College, Oxford, released her by undertaking to preserve the sepulchral work in a separate and suitable chamber within the college, whose members reflect with pride on the poet's short stay in the 'domus,' from which he was constrained to withdraw more than eighty years since. It is pleasant to know that this memorial of Shelley is affectionately preserved in the college which he left in boyish disgrace, even as a more appropriate memorial of Byron has for a longer time been reverentially preserved in the Cambridge college, from which he retired without academic honour.—It is also pleasant to know that the municipal authorities and English residents of Rome have during the present year (1893) paid a graceful tribute of homage to the genius of the poet, whose brief residence and modest grave in the sacred city are acknowledged even by Romans to have imparted a tender charm to a capital, so rich in stirring and ennobling associations. A memorial tablet, that had been affixed, at the expense of the Municipality of the Italian capital, to the façade of the Palazzo Verossi, where Shelley rested during his stay at Rome, was unveiled with fit ceremony in the forenoon of the 21st of last June (1893). And in the evening of the same day, a Committee laid a bronze wreath on the poet's tomb in the Protestant cemetery.

Professor Dowden's *Percy Bysshe Shelley* was still holding the attention of the Shelleyan specialists, when Mr. Alfred Morrison in 1887 called my attention to a large collection of Nelson-Hamilton papers, including numerous letters by the notorious Emma

Lady Hamilton, which he had recently bought at a public sale of MSS. As these documents gave much new information respecting the early history of that singular woman, and also respecting her intercourse with Nelson and the Queen of Naples, I determined to use them for the production of a book that, whilst affording entertainment to mere readers for amusement, 'should be serviceable to historical students, in enabling them to apprehend the nature of Lady Hamilton's relation to the Queen of the Sicilies, and to form a just estimate of those services to England,' for which the adventuress imagined herself entitled to a large pecuniary reward. My great difficulty in producing this work—*Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson* (1888)—arose from the disappearance of the original documents from which Dr. Pettigrew had ascertained that Horatia Thompson Nelson was the offspring of the great admiral and the beautiful adventuress. The authenticity of these documents having been so successfully impugned, that I could not venture to use Dr. Pettigrew's printed transcripts as sources of sure information, I was under the necessity of demonstrating by elaborate argumentation, what I could have demonstrated by the mere production of passages of those transcripts, had not the doctor's assailants deprived his word of its proper weight. Had I delayed for a few months to write my memoir of Lady Hamilton, I should have settled the question of Horatia's maternal parentage with a stroke of the pen, instead of settling it with a lengthy dissertation. For *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson* was scarcely out of the hands of the printers, when

her period, who should be honourably remembered for their 'benevolence and sense of duty to their subjects,' Mr. Charles Newton Scott in his survey of *The Age of Marie-Antoinette* points to *The Queen of Naples and Lord Nelson*, as the book which 'demolished all the vile calumny' that for so long a period made her an object of universal detestation.

The principal function of biography being to supply students with reliable data for sound conclusions respecting the natures and services of remarkable persons, insincere and inexact memoirs of individuals are, in proportion to their falseness and inaccuracy, useless for the principal end of personal history. Besides being ineffectual for the special purpose, they are positively hurtful in disseminating false notions respecting the intellectual and moral forces of human kind. Even when they have been written with the greatest circumspection and desire to exhibit the truth and nothing but the truth, biographies can never be wholly free from error. In judging personal historians for their occasional inaccuracies, students should have due thought for the peculiar difficulties of biographers. But the writer, who has been found guilty of wilfully and intentionally falsifying the record of a typical person's life, should be rated as a serious literary offender, whatever may have been the motive of his untruthfulness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS.

Good Henry Dunphy—James Orchard Halliwell's Birth and Boyhood—Thomas Halliwell of Sloane Street and the Haymarket—James Orchard Halliwell at Cambridge—His *Account of the Life and Inventions of Sir Samuel Morland*—His early Success in Literary London—His Election into the Royal Society—His eminent Friends—Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill co. Worcester—James O. Halliwell at Middle Hill—His Engagement to the Heiress-Presumptive of Middle Hill—Sir Thomas Phillipps's Approval and Disapproval of the Engagement—James O. Halliwell's Marriage with Miss Phillipps—Sir Thomas Phillipps's Wrath at the Marriage—Sir Thomas's Second Marriage—His Purpose in taking a Second Wife—James O. Halliwell and his Bride in London—Their Residence at Islip co. Oxon—The Great Scandal against James O. Halliwell—Trinity College, Cambridge, in Conflict with the British Museum—Halliwell's brief Exclusion from the British Museum—The Thunderer's Defence of the Scholar in Trouble—Vindication of James O. Halliwell's Honour—His Return to his Studies at the British Museum—Birth of the Great Scandal—*The Dictionary of National Biography*—Its Inaccurate Memoir of Halliwell-Phillipps—The Worst of the Memoir's Several Errors.

THE year 1888 closed to me in profound sorrow, and 1889 opened in still deeper gloom. In the December of the former year my old friend Henry Dunphy

breathed his last breath, and in the following month death deprived me of James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, the Shakespearian scholar.

Neither greatly distinguished nor briefless in the Law Courts, Henry Dunphy (the young brother of Charles Dunphy, the elegant poet and scholarly essayist) was a practising barrister, who gained the larger part of his moderate but sufficient income by literary labour. As a parliamentary reporter and a leader-writer, he was an industrious and useful journalist; as the literary editor of the *Morning Post*, he gave that paper a place of power and authority amongst the organs of critical journalism. But, creditable though his services to journalism were, he is chiefly honoured by his surviving friends for his benevolent disposition and generous nature. It would be difficult to extol his amiability and practical beneficence too highly. Men of culture are seldom so cynical and embittered and hard, as to be incapable of affectionate impulses and occasional essays in social kindliness. Of Henry Dunphy—the most compassionate and sympathetic of men—it may be averred that, whilst cherishing his wife and children with beautiful devotion, he seldom passed a day without being at pains to give pleasure to some person outside his home, or to guard some one of his many acquaintances from suffering. In their ripe age his many grandchildren will reflect with tender pride on their descent from a man so kindly in his nature, so serviceable to society, and so honourably remembered.

Of Henry Dunphy's gentle worth and unobtrusive virtues there is no need for me to speak another

He had daughters (or, at least, *a* daughter) as well as sons, and he 'did well,' as the phrase goes, by his children.

Far from being sensitive about the humility of his origin, Halliwell-Phillipps was so content with his ancestral story, that he assumed no arms when he became a great land-owner. And instead of forbearing to speak of his father's business, he sometimes referred pleasantly to the shop, by which his sire had provided for his offspring. To more than one of his friends he remarked, 'There's a point of resemblance in Shakespeare's personal story and my own personal story. His father sold gloves, and so did mine.'

A precociously clever boy, who at the age of fifteen displayed a genius for mathematics and was a collector of curious books and manuscripts, James Orchard Halliwell was a singularly beautiful lad, who gave promise of becoming a very good-looking man. This promise was fulfilled. Remarkable in his early manhood for the elegance of his tall and shapely figure, and the classical symmetry of a countenance, whose paleness was the more striking on account of the darkness of his eyebrows, and the darkness of his curling hair, he arrested attention by the dignity of his bearing and by his noble air.

After receiving a sound preliminary education at private schools, he matriculated at Cambridge in November, 1837, as a member of Trinity College, from which college he migrated in the following April to Jesus, where he won a mathematical prize and a scholarship, and acted for a time as the librarian of the college. But his career at the Uni-

versity was fruitless of distinction in the schools. Indeed, at the present date it is chiefly remarkable for the publication of his first book, *An Account of the Life and Inventions of Sir Samuel Morland*, which issued from the press at Cambridge in 1838. An enthusiastic student and haunter of collegiate libraries, the undergraduate, who should have been reading strenuously for academic honours, devoted his time and energies to archæological research, till he withdrew prematurely (after Lent term, 1840) from the seat of learning, to whose wholesome discipline he could not conform.

From Cambridge, whilst he still belonged to the University, the irregular student passed directly into the best intellectual coteries of the capital, and became in a single year one of the notable persons of literary London. The friend of Agnes Strickland, he became the familiar friend of William Jerdan, still in the fulness of his influence and popularity. Joining the Society of Antiquaries on 14th February, 1839, he numbered no more than eighteen years, when he was elected into the Royal Society on 30th May, 1839, on the recommendation of Dr. Whewell of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor Sedgwick, Sir Henry Ellis of the British Museum, Baden Powell, Davies Gilbert, and other personages of intellectual pre-eminence and social moment. It speaks strongly for the charm of young Halliwell's personality and also for the credit he had acquired at Cambridge and in London, that such men supported his candidature for admission to the most renowned and most fastidious of London's 'learned societies.' A year later the

youthful F.R.S. had projected the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, and could boast that he belonged to ten antiquarian societies on the European continent or in America. Thus fortunate in his first advances to literary position young Halliwell was, in the same stage of his career, distinctly unfortunate in winning the regard of Sir Thomas Phillipps, bart. of Middle Hill * co. Worcester—a man equally fervid and fickle in his attachments, and strangely unscrupulous in the means he employed for the gratification of his personal spites. It was an ill hour for the youthful antiquary and *littérateur*, busy with issuing new editions of rare tracts and nursing novel projects for the advantage of archæologists, when the rich and scholarly baronet declared his desire to know him, not merely as an acquaintance, but as a familiar comrade and confidential co-adjutor.

Misapprehensions respecting the domestic story and the nature of Sir Thomas Phillipps have resulted in much misrepresentation of his conduct towards the young man, who married his eldest daughter, and also much misrepresentation of the young man's behaviour to the baronet of Middle Hill. Because Sir Thomas Phillipps was a baronet and a large landed proprietor, who (it is said) would have been made a peer had not the tories of William the Fourth's time yielded at the last moment on the burning question of parliamentary reform, it has been assumed

* Middle Hill, in Broadway co. Worcester, is sometimes written Middlehill. Thirlstaine House, Cheltenham (the house in which Sir Thomas Phillipps spent his closing years) is spelt in different ways. In this work the names of both places are given as they were written in Sir Thomas Phillipps's last Will.

by many people that he was a man of patrician lineage and sentiment, and that he displayed a generous superiority to the prejudices of his class, when he invited the son of a London tradesman to Middle Hill and introduced him to his daughters. On the other hand, James Orchard Halliwell has been no less generally charged with abusing the opportunities afforded him by the baronet's hospitality, in winning the love of his patron's eldest daughter by clandestine addresses and making so great an heiress his wife by a secret marriage, whilst he was her father's confidential secretary.

Though he was a wealthy baronet, who had received a liberal education at Rugby and Oxford, Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill was far from being a man of aristocratic descent. The only son of an illiterate Manchester manufacturer, who had raised himself from the position of a manual labourer to the position of a great capitalist by his intelligence, his energy, and his industry, the Worcestershire baronet was not so superior to the prejudices of the class to which he belonged by virtue of his wealth and the dignity, conferred upon him in 1821, as to be otherwise than acutely sensitive of his plebeian extraction.

In his earlier time, and also in his life's middle term, Sir Thomas Phillipps secretly squirmed at the thought of his plebeian origin, and was at pains to concoct spurious demonstrations of his descent from aristocratic Phillippses, to whom no one of his lineal ancestors was in any degree related. In his old age he was possessed by another genealogical whim. Destroying the spurious evidences of his

aristocratic extraction, he determined to take a less arrogant course of imposture, and to represent himself to have descended in the direct male line from an ancient stock of substantial and respectable yeomen. Making for himself a new pedigree to suit this design, he made the acquaintance of four several individuals, named Phillipps, who are described in his last Will as 'farmers' and his distant cousins. As Sir Thomas Phillipps claimed these 'farmers' for his 'distant cousins,' they were well pleased to acknowledge the relationship, which he ascribed to them not a little to their astonishment, and of which he afforded testimony that appeared to them to be conclusive. The four farmers had reason to congratulate themselves on the eccentric baronet's discovery of his relationship to them. For, after living with them in friendliness for some years, Sir Thomas provided for his four distant cousins, with a considerable proportion of the real estate, which he would have bequeathed to his younger children had he regarded them with proper parental affection. The four farmers were men of good repute; but they were no more related in blood to Sir Thomas Phillipps of Middle Hill and Thirlstaine House baronet, than they were to the Phillippses of Picton Castle or to the Phippses of the House of Normanby.

Ambitious of founding a family, the Elder Phillipps left Middle Hill together with other real estate in strict settlement to his only son for life, with remainder in tail to his issue, the preference being given in the usual way of strict settlements, first to the males and then to the females, in order

of age. When he first joined hands with James Orchard Halliwell in new and fervid friendship, the baronet of Middle Hill was a widower with three daughters, death having already deprived him of the only son, who had for a brief term figured as the heir-apparent to the entailed estate in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, that in 1872 yielded a gross revenue of seven thousand four hundred and thirteen pounds. As matters stood, when young James Orchard Halliwell first entered Middle Hill as a welcome guest, the baronet's eldest daughter, Henrietta Elizabeth Molyneux Phillipps was the heiress of Middle Hill. She was, however, only an heiress-presumptive, who might be ousted from the succession to the estate by a son, born to Sir Thomas Phillipps by a second wife. The baronet had been a widower for some eight years; but as he was a hale and vigorous man, and less than fifty years of age, it was probable that he would contract another marriage and beget another family of children. This contingency seemed the more probable, because Sir Thomas Phillipps made no secret of his design to take another wife, in the hope of begetting a male successor to the entailed estate. It follows that when James Orchard Halliwell in his twenty-second year paid his addresses to Miss Phillipps, he had no sure ground for thinking that by marrying her he would eventually become the master of Middle Hill.

It is certain that he entertained no such hope; and it is easy to account for the mutual attachment of the young couple, without suspecting him of designs

upon the estate, to which she would most likely never succeed. Nearly of the same age, they were at a time of life when, in the absence of restraining influences, young men and women are most apt to fall in love with one another. Whilst he was singularly handsome, clever, and charming, she had a lively wit and an engaging personality. At Middle Hill they saw much of one another. Young Halliwell was certainly justified in inferring, from the opportunities he enjoyed for rendering himself acceptable to the mistress of his heart, that her father wished his eldest daughter to mate with the young scholar, whom he regarded with admiration and friendship. And for a season the inference was no less correct than justifiable. In his forty-ninth year, Sir Thomas Phillipps—a zealous student and considerable scholar, a prodigal buyer of rare books and curious manuscripts—was set on attaching to himself the young man, who was eminently qualified to aid him in his labours of archæological inquiry and antiquarian research. To win him for a fellow-student and perpetual secretary, the enthusiastic baronet had resolved to draw the youthful F.R.S. within the lines of his domestic circle, and to endow him with his daughter and a sufficient, though moderate, income.

Sir Thomas Phillipps had no wish to see his eldest daughter engaged to some scion of an aristocratic house, who would expect his future father-in-law to make a handsome pre-nuptial settlement on the mere heiress presumptive, and who after marrying her might think lightly of his father-in-law, as a mere 'man from the people.' On the other hand, Sir

Thomas liked the thought of having for his son-in-law a clever, bright, charming young man, who would not look down upon him as an inferior by birth, would be 'under his thumb,' and would serve him loyally as a son-in-law and secretary for a yearly allowance, that would not greatly exceed the usual stipend of a special secretary, and would be very much less than the allowance an aristocratic son-in-law would require. Several considerations concurred to make the baronet desirous of making young Orchard Halliwell at the same time his son-in-law and comrade in scholarly labour.

Having induced Halliwell to come to Middle Hill for a visit of several months, during which he should have opportunities for prosecuting his studies and should at the same time be handsomely paid for certain secretarial services which he would render to his entertainer, Sir Thomas Phillipps treated the young man with consideration, whilst observing his delight in the eldest daughter of the house. The match-making father smiled at the successful progress of his design, when on looking from a window of his library he saw the young people playing *Les Graces* upon a lawn or sauntering together in the gardens. On eventually learning from their lips, that they had plighted troth to one another, far from expressing disapproval of their action, the baronet kissed his daughter, and shaking young Halliwell cordially by the hand, declared his satisfaction at the arrangement.

Sir Thomas Phillipps soon took a very different view of the arrangement, which he had himself brought about, and which for a brief hour afforded

him lively gratification. As Halliwell had no assured income, and apart from the father's liberality was dependent upon his own precarious earnings in a comparatively unremunerative field of literary enterprise, it was manifest to the baronet of Middle Hill that he must take measures to provide the young people with the means for settling themselves suitably in wedlock. He was a rich man; for in addition to his life-interest in the Middle Hill estates, he was the absolute owner of realty and personalty, that yielded him something over three thousand pounds a-year. Possessing at least ten thousand pounds a-year, Sir Thomas Phillipps could have settled five hundred pounds or even a thousand a-year upon his eldest daughter without inconvenience to himself. But the baronet shrank from reducing his yearly revenue by so much as the smaller of those sums. A lavish buyer of books and manuscripts, he was careful of his expenses on all other things. After much consideration of the question of ways and means for the settlement of his daughter and her accepted suitor, he came to the opinion that Mr. Halliwell, the glover and hosier, ought to provide some part—say a third, if not a full half—of the income needful for the young people, and to provide it in so many thousands, to be committed to trustees for the use and benefit of his son, James Orchard, his wife, and their issue. Knowing that the Elder Halliwell had a good business and was reputed to be a prosperous man, and conceiving that his pride would be agreeably tickled by the notion of being the father-in-law of a rich baronet's daughter, who in the present state of affairs was

next in succession to the Middle Hill estate, Sir Thomas had no doubt that the London tradesman would join in making the suitable marriage-settlement. Taking this view of the case, Sir Thomas Phillipps resolved to open negotiations with Mr. Halliwell the Elder.

Playing their respective parts in the same district of Lancashire, the Halliwells of Chorley and the Phillippses of Manchester had known one another in the last century. The Manchester manufacturer had made his brave upward fight from indigence to affluence under the observation of the Halliwells of Chorley. Each of the families knew the other's domestic story. Had he been less fully and precisely informed of Sir Thomas Phillipps's ancestral record and the Elder Phillipps's condition, Mr. Halliwell of the Haymarket would perhaps have been more desirous of allying himself with the baronet of Middle Hill. Knowing all about *those* Phillippses, the Haymarket glover was neither puffed up nor in any degree elated by the prospect of becoming a member of the wealthy baronet's domestic connection. Admitting that, as his son James Orchard and Miss Phillipps of Middle Hill had fallen in love with one another, there were no grounds why he should protest against the match, or even express the slightest dissatisfaction with it, the Elder Halliwell could not regard the arrangement as an honour, for which he should be asked to pay a considerable price. Observing that he had other children besides his third son to think of, that in the division of his worldly pelf he meant to deal fairly with all his offspring,

and that he had no intention to pay a large sum of money for the matrimonial aggrandisement of any one of his sons, he declined coldly and firmly, but with perfect politeness, to join with Sir Thomas Phillipps in making a marriage settlement on the young couple, in whom the baronet was so affectionately interested. Nettled by the Elder Halliwell's refusal, Sir Thomas was incensed by feeling that the glover held him full cheap. On the failure of the negotiation at its very threshold, the baronet was quick to think the tradesman 'a most objectionable person.' In his annoyance, Sir Thomas Phillipps—an impulsive and gusty gentleman, whom I have already declared 'alike fervid and fickle in his attachments'—soon began to think less favourably of the most objectionable person's third son.

In consequence of the Elder Halliwell's refusal to join in the nuptial settlement, Sir Thomas Phillipps took an early occasion to inform his eldest daughter and her accepted suitor that they must break off their engagement, as the Elder Mr. Halliwell's unreasonable conduct had placed their marriage outside the bounds of possibility. On being reminded by the young lovers that he had encouraged their intimacy and consented to their engagement, and that neither of them had done anything to provoke his displeasure and thereby justify the order he now imposed upon them, the baronet of Middle Hill replied, that a father's first consent to his daughter's engagement was always a conditional consent,—given on the assumption that no obstacle to the fulfilment of the contract would be raised by the authorities on

father would make upon her, if she married a fortuneless suitor. Of a romantic temper, young Halliwell was at the romantic age, when a light-hearted boy is sometimes quicker to fall in love with a penniless beauty than to bow before the heiress of the season. Now that clouds seemed to be gathering over his sweetheart's future, he rejoiced to prove the disinterestedness of his affection by saying to her, 'Darling, let us marry in poverty, and so show the world we marry only for love.' As they were both of an age to take their own course to happiness, they went to Broadway Church on 9th August, 1842, and left it in young love's unutterable gladness.

This account of the circumstances under which James Orchard Halliwell wooed, won, and married Henrietta Molyneux Phillipps, is offered to readers as a fair and accurate account, although on some most important points it is in direct conflict with what Sir Thomas Phillipps said and wrote, and thereby caused many other persons to believe, about the same matter. In writing about the several disputable questions, touching incidents of Halliwell-Phillipps's earlier time—incidents that occurred long before my personal knowledge of him—I have relied chiefly on statements, made to me by individuals, who were peculiarly qualified to give me information, alike free from antipathetic bias and romantic colouring. If those individuals have misled me in any particular, I am sure they did so in perfect honesty and through mere defect of memory.

On hearing how they had disobeyed his mandate and flouted his authority, the storm of Sir Thomas

well, who received them cordially and entertained them hospitably, till they made a modest home for themselves at Islip, co. Oxford, where they were residing when it came to Halliwell's knowledge, that rumour charged him with having in his boyhood stolen certain manuscripts from the library of Trinity College.

It has already been told that Halliwell was no more than fifteen years old when he began to collect curious books and manuscripts, buying them for the most part at the stalls and shops of dealers in second-hand literature. Liberally supplied with pocket-money by his prosperous father, the boy spent nearly the whole of it on these scholarly acquisitions; and having started thus early as a collector of old and curious literature, he was a literary collector to the end of his life. Readers should bear in mind that in Halliwell-Phillipps's earlier time, curious and even choice books and manuscripts, that would now-a-days be sold for large sums in the literary auction-rooms, could be picked up for a few shillings at the London book-stalls. The manuscripts, that were specially attractive to Halliwell in his youth and early manhood, were about the cheapest manuscripts of a dealer's store. Few of the habitual haunters of the book-stalls knew aught of their contents or their value. 'Plentiful as blackberries in the blackberry season, they were almost as cheap,' Halliwell used to say in his later time of the treasures, on which as a lad and stripling he used to spend the half-crowns given him by a free-handed father. The dealers who dealt in them knew just nothing about them, except that it paid them to buy the manuscripts

for trivial sums of the persons who brought them to their hands. It is not therefore surprising that, having a taste for the antique writings, Halliwell in his twentieth year had the orderly collection of rather choice MSS., which he sold in 1840 to Mr. Rodd, the well-remembered bookseller, for a sum of money which the youthful F.R.S. needed for the payment of one or two Cambridge creditors.

Some two or three years later Mr. Rodd sold this collection to the trustees of the British Museum, where they came in 1844 under the eyes of a critical searcher, who was of opinion that some of the writings had formerly belonged to Trinity College, Cambridge, and must therefore have been withdrawn in an irregular way from the library of that famous College; and it is certain that in respect to some at least of the writings, which he regarded as having at some time been in the possession of Trinity College, the critical searcher was right. This discovery was soon reported to the authorities of Trinity College; and in due course Dr. Whewell, as Master of Trinity College, required the trustees of the British Museum to restore to Trinity the manuscripts that had been taken from the College. An immediate consequence of this demand for the restoration of the manuscripts was that Sir Henry Ellis, as principal librarian of the British Museum, entered upon a searching investigation of the circumstances under which the manuscripts had come into his custody. One of the first steps taken by Sir Henry Ellis in the matter was to write a letter to Hal-

liwell, requesting him to give him all the information in his power about his acquisition of the writings, and intimating that until the affair should be arranged the young student would see the propriety of forbearing to use the Museum collections. Sir Henry's official letter was no less polite than guarded; but notwithstanding its caution and civility, it was an announcement that, pending the official inquiry and any legal proceedings which might ensue from it, Halliwell would not be allowed to study at the Museum.

On finding himself in so painful a position, Halliwell courted the fullest inquiry. Telling, to the best of his recollection, when and where he had some years since bought the several manuscripts, he entreated the authorities of the Museum and the College to act with promptitude, so that he might be relieved as quickly as possible of a groundless suspicion. Fortunately he was in a position to aver and to prove that, on finding himself under the necessity of selling the collection of MSS., he had offered to sell it to Trinity College, before he sold it to Mr. Rodd. Yet further, he could prove that he made a second attempt to induce the College to buy the MSS. which were now said to have been abstracted from its library. He was in a position to prove that, before selling them to Mr. Rodd, he had made two several efforts to force into the hands and under the eyes of the Master and Fellows of Trinity the very manuscripts, which he was suspected of having stolen from them. That he thus endeavoured to bring them under the critical scrutiny of the very persons who would have been certain to recognize

and retain them as their property, is certainly strong evidence that Halliwell did not take the manuscripts from the Trinity library. No thief with his wits about him ever deliberately and directly offered to sell a precious and distinctive ornament to the very same lady from whom he had shortly before stolen it, or to sell a rare and peculiar book to the very same bibliophile from whose library he had purloined it only a year or two since.

Knowing that he had acquired the manuscripts lawfully, Halliwell was hopeful that Trinity College would take legal proceedings, that would result in the vindication of his honour and give the vindication the widest possible publicity. But on taking legal counsel, the authorities of the College found themselves without legal evidence that would sustain either civil or criminal proceedings. The manuscripts of their library had been for some time in such disorder, that the authorities of the College could produce no sufficient evidence that the abstracted manuscripts were in their possession, when Halliwell first had access to the library. For all the authorities could say positively to the contrary, the manuscripts might have passed from their keeping before Halliwell matriculated at the University. In 1844, it was loosely stated that the manuscripts *had been missing* from the library for some five or six years, *i.e.*, from some time of Halliwell's eighteenth or some time of his nineteenth year. But the date at which a manuscript was stolen, may be long anterior to the date at which it was first missed from its proper library. Under these circumstances, the

Master and Fellows of Trinity College decided to refrain from fighting the mattter out in a court of law.

In his desire to draw the affair from the domain of secret and scandalous gossip and make it an affair of open and public inquiry, Halliwell would have brought an action against the authorities of the Museum or the authorities of the College for defaming him, had either of the contending institutions given him legal grounds for the legal proceeding. But neither Sir Henry Ellis nor Dr. Whewell had given him the requisite grounds.

The utmost Halliwell could do for the vindication of his honour was to offer to readers a printed account of the circumstances (so far as he could recall them) under which he acquired the MSS., held them in his possession and parted with them, and also the particulars of his correspondence with authorities of the British Museum and Trinity College in respect to the documents. As this statement of Halliwell's case was printed at his own cost and was offered gratuitously to readers, it belonged to the order of publications that are commonly styled 'privately printed pamphlets.' But it differed from most privately printed pamphlets in the multiplicity of the copies, which the author distributed amongst persons whom the statement was likely to interest. Given to his friends and well-wishers, copies of the pamphlet were given away no less largely and freely to his enemies. The writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* says that this statement 'proved satisfactory to Halliwell's friends.' Besides proving

satisfactory to Halliwell's 'friends,' it won the assent and approval of many persons who were not in any degree disposed to think highly of him, or to think lightly of the charges preferred against his honour by scandalous rumour. Though he was antipathetic to Halliwell, Sir Thomas Hardy was (at least, in his later time) satisfied that there was no sufficient reason for thinking the Shakespearian enthusiast had dealt wrongfully with the manuscripts of Trinity College.

Fortunately for Halliwell, one of the persons to be satisfied by the privately printed pamphlet was John Thaddeus Delane, who was neither one of Halliwell's friends, nor a person who in the discharge of his editorial functions was wont to exhibit excessive concern for the troubles, or much interest in the squabbles, of authors. Without regarding literature quite as disdainfully as he regarded music and the histrionic art, the great political journalist seldom condescended to take an unfortunate *littérateur* under his protection. But the editor of the *Times* had a generous sympathy for honest men fighting with adversity. A perusal of the allegations and rather curious correspondence of Halliwell's account of his distinctly hard case caused the editor of 'the leading journal' to sympathise with the young pamphleteer, and to think he merited a strong utterance in his favour. It was also fortunate for young Halliwell, that the same view of his case and of his way of stating it was taken by the journalist with whom Mr. Delane conferred on the matter. The result of this concurrence of opinion in the great editor and one of his leader-writers was an article that

relieved Halliwell of a heavy burden of care. Written in the Thunderer's finest vein and most trenchant style, it gave the pith of the pamphleteer's case, set forth the facts on which he had been excluded from the reading-room in the rear of the British Museum, and declared it unfair that a young man of culture, achievement, and fair fame should be treated as a culprit, simply because he had been so unfortunate as to buy in open market a few old manuscripts, that had occasioned a dispute between a powerful College and a powerful Museum. The College and the Museum had the Thunderer's permission to be as dilatory as they pleased in coming to an arrangement of their conflict. But under the circumstances of the case, it was not just that Mr. Halliwell should be excluded from his proper place of study, until their quarrel should come to an end.

Though they delayed for a brief while to cancel the order, that had for some time shut young J. O. Halliwell out of the Museum reading-room, so that they might not be charged with yielding too quickly to the leading journal, the authorities of the British Museum ere long obeyed the Thunderer's command. Recalling the order for his exclusion from the place of study, they informed Halliwell that if he wished to resume work at the Museum he could do so. The exact date of the official letter, which informed Halliwell that he could have another ticket of admission to the British Museum reading-room, has passed from my memory, but the epistle came to his hands no long while after Printing-house Square spoke in his behalf.

It may be questioned whether the writer of the faulty memoir was justified in referring to this painful and sordid business in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. There can be no question that, when a biographer takes from the limbo of vaguely remembered scandals a story to the discredit of an eminent person, and reproduces it soon after the celebrity's death as a piece of his personal history, he is under especially stringent obligations to tell the tale correctly. Unfortunately, the writer of the notice of James Orchard Halliwell in the *Dictionary of National Biography* was misinformed in respect to a most important point of the story, which he reproduced to the grave discredit of the Shakespearian scholar.

Speaking of the scandalous charge against young Halliwell, the writer of the deplorable memoir observed,

'That the manuscripts were abstracted from Trinity College admitted of no doubt, and Whewell, the Master of Trinity College, demanded their restoration at the hands of the trustees of the British Museum. Sir Henry Ellis, the chief librarian of the Museum, began an investigation, and on 10th February, 1845, issued an order forbidding Halliwell to enter the Museum until the suspicions attaching to him were removed. After many threats of action at law on the part of all the persons interested, the matter dropped; the manuscripts remained at the Museum; *but the order excluding Halliwell from the Museum was not rescinded.* Halliwell asserted in a privately printed pamphlet (1845) that he had bought the suspected manuscripts at a shop in

London, *and his defence proved satisfactory to his friends.*'

The two passages of this extract that are here printed in italics, were so printed at my direction.

On being informed by Mrs. Halliwell-Phillipps that the order excluding her late husband from the Museum reading-room was rescinded, the writer of the inaccurate memoir went to the British Museum for official evidence on the point, and there learnt that the truth of the matter accorded with Mrs. Halliwell-Phillipps's statement. The order which excluded young Halliwell from the Museum reading-room was rescinded soon after the authorities of Trinity College had relinquished their purpose of taking legal proceedings for the recovery of the manuscripts, which Halliwell had bought in the shop of a London tradesman.

The consequences of this worst of the several mistakes in the faulty memoir of Halliwell-Phillipps were, are, and will always remain lamentable. The writer of the inaccurate memoir speaks of the great man of letters as having been survived by his 'second wife' and his '*three* daughters by his first wife.' By his first wife Halliwell-Phillipps had *four* daughters, who all lived to mourn the loss of a father, to whom they were devotedly attached. Till the scandalous story came to their knowledge through the strangely inaccurate article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, no one of these five ladies had heard aught of the affair. It is not surprising that the greatest sufferer from the vile charge had forborne to tell his children that through their maternal grand-

age. At the time of his death, forty-four years had passed since his fame was blotted with the shocking imputation. Those forty-four years he had passed in rendering important service to the literature of his country. Throughout those forty-four years he had been a steady buyer of old books and old manuscripts, even as he had bought old books and old manuscripts from his early boyhood to his twenty-fifth year. Buying old literature thus steadily, he repeatedly sold his collections, in order to meet his financial necessities. Gathering his literary treasures in open market, he sold them in open market. Alike in making his collections and dispersing several of them, he acted openly. No collector of old literature was ever more frank and communicative about his doings in gathering and scattering his literary acquisitions than Halliwell; and with the single exception of his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Phillipps, (who, by-the-way, was a great gatherer and holder of manuscripts, that had been at some time or other withdrawn unlawfully from their earlier possessors,) he was a larger buyer of old books and old writings than any other private collector of such things in his period. Yet in all the countless transactions to which he was a party, either as a purchaser or vendor of old literature, there was not one to raise even a suspicion of his rectitude, apart from the few Trinity College MSS. which he acquired without dishonesty.

An amiable, affectionate, sympathetic, and precisely honourable man, Halliwell-Phillipps was virtuous in all his domestic and social relations. A devoted husband to both his wives, he was a fond father. Free-

remarked, that the shocking error is to be removed from the next edition of the big lexicon. Small satisfaction will come to Halliwell-Phillipps's children and friends from the amendment of the error, which will remain in all the copies of the Dictionary's twenty-fourth volume, that were issued before the blunder came to the eyes of the dead man's widow.

The writer of the inaccurate memoir was certainly justified in saying that Sir Thomas Phillipps 'never forgave either Halliwell or his daughter, and declined' (to wit, immediately after their marriage) 'all further intercourse with them.' It is, however, certain that, when he had become in some degree resigned to the default of issue from his second marriage, the baronet for a brief time affected to have survived his anger against his eldest daughter and her husband, and offered to take them back into his favour and to live with them henceforth in kindliness, provided they would concur with him in an arrangement. As the husband and wife declined to concur in the arrangement, Sir Thomas Phillipps resumed his former attitude of hostility towards them.

Silent to his friends about the way in which he had in 1841-2 encouraged young Halliwell to pay his addresses to his daughter, and about the openness with which those addresses were paid, Sir Thomas Phillipps persisted to the last in his erroneous account of the circumstances under which the mere *littérateur* won the heiress of Middle Hill. Speaking of his benignant condescension to the young man, whom he had befriended from generous motives, he described how the cunning rascal had secretly stolen the heart of his patron's daughter, whilst serving him for wages as a confidential secretary. In this strain the rich baronet talked of his son-in-law's perfidy, and of his daughter's shameful *mésalliance*, till he could talk no longer. Instead of dying in 1867 (as the writer of the faulty memoir represents),* Sir Thomas Phillipps had entered

* Thirty years since two Sir Thomas Phillippses (spelling the

permitted to handle them. Of such malignant passion human nature is sometimes capable.

To persons, who would judge Sir Thomas Phillipps leniently, and would fain think him entitled to the compassion which is accorded by humane censors to every offender who seems to have gone wrong from the faults of his nervous system rather than from sheer wickedness, it will be a comfort to know that, in spite of its capacity and long-enduring vigour, this eccentric baronet's mind was freaked and fretted by a vein of morbid irregularity. Whilst his intellect was troubled by crotchets, any one of which would have caused him to be spoken of as 'a crank,' had he lived in the United States, his moral constitution suffered from several of the perversities that used to be called 'twists' by the East Anglians of my boyish time. Until people read his malicious and unnatural last will, no one ever thought him unfit to manage his own affairs. But a vein of dangerous eccentricity was apparent in every stage of his career to nice observers of his disposition and conduct. It was discernible in the vehemence of his fleeting attachments to several individuals, each of whom he admired passionately for a brief season and then hated no less extravagantly. It was seen in the abruptness with which he broke with the favourites of an hour, and passed from fantastic delight in them to furious animosity against them for no sufficient reason. It displayed itself in his perplexing unconcern for the welfare of his children. No educated Englishman, moving in gentle society, was ever more wanting in natural affection for his own offspring than this father, who

Conceiving that the Church he detested was maturing her schemes for changing the religion of Great Britain, and would soon be again persecuting devout Protestants, he conceived that the Anglican Church comprised a large number of treacherous zealots, who were in the secret service of the Bishop of Rome. Simply because Thomas Hardy of the Record Office was so fair towards Catholic men of letters as to think they might be trusted to calendar our state papers, the baronet of Middle Hill went about London saying that the Deputy-Keeper of the Records was a Jesuit, who would fain employ Jesuits to falsify our national archives in the interest of Catholic conspirators. By the last will, which excluded Halliwell-Phillipps from Thirlstaine House after his father-in-law's death, the baronet directed that no Catholic should be permitted to examine the Thirlstaine House MSS., so long as they should remain in the custody of the collector's executors and trustees.

In the year of grace 1861, Sir Thomas Phillipps was made a trustee of the British Museum, at the instance, *it was said*, of influential persons, who were under the impression that, if he were humoured by his appointment to so honourable a position, and were cleverly handled by his fellow-trustees and by the chief officers of the great national department, he would probably bequeath his collections of literary treasures to our great national library. I cannot say positively that he owed his preferment in Great Russell Street to this design on his literary accumulations. It is matter of certainty that the Museum took little from the whimsical baronet's elevation to

carriage, Sir Thomas. 'Tain't far, Sir Thomas, and the carriage would be here in no time.'

Sir Thomas (scornfully).—'Would it? Thank you. But I am not going to let you give my servants notice that I am returning to my house. When I have been away from Middle Hill for a few weeks, I return without having told them when I shall be back. I come down upon them unawares, and it's all the better for my purpose, if I find them at "high jinks," when I come in upon them. You are a greater fool than I thought you.'

Host of the inn (with an eye to business).—'Mayhap, Sir Thomas, you'd think it right to take supper and bed here, and drive home in the morning after breakfast. I wish I could bring out the chaise for you; but I can't, Sir Thomas, for I have only one chaise, and that's out at the ball.'

Sir Thomas (fiercely).—'You villain, you shall lose your license, if you tell me that lie again. How dare you say you haven't another chaise, when you have a hearse standing empty and idle in your coach-house? You know right well the hearse hasn't gone to the ball.'

Host of the inn (smiling timorously).—'Yes, Sir Thomas, the hearse and a pair of blacks are at home; but a hearse ain't a chaise, it's more in the natur' of a *wan*.'

Sir Thomas (decisively).—'Then have it out sharp. I'll be driven home in the hearse.'

Hostess of the inn (coming forward).—'You mayn't do it, Sir Thomas. You shan't do it, Sir Thomas. To order out the hearse in that-er way, such a black

was rung by the driver of the hearse, the baronet had nearly finished his toilet for the night. Before the bell had ceased to peal, he was between the sheets of his bed. Two or three minutes later he heard sounds, which informed him that his butler was opening the hall-door.

On crossing the threshold of the hall-door, with a lantern in his hand, the man-servant saw the hearse and horses by the light of the stars, that were no longer obscured by clouds. On coming to the back of the hearse, he found the door open, and the driver with his head and arms and the superior part of his body in the interior of the vehicle.

Driver (*with a show of lively excitement, when he had lowered himself from the carriage and made a backward step from the vehicle*).—'Good Lord! Sir Thomas ain't there! He must have dropt into the road! It's just a judgment on him!'

'Sir Thomas?' ejaculated the butler. 'We have heard nothing of it, not even of his illness. And the coffin has dropt out into the road?'

Driver.—'Lor, man, there ain't no coffin. Sir Thomas was all alive when we helped him into the hearse. When he found he couldn't have the chaise, 'cause it was out in a night job, nothing would suit him but to be driven home in the hearse. He must have fallen asleep, or been took with a fit, and slipt out in his sleep or his seizer into the road.'

Butler (*shortly*).—'Oh! that's it? Then I bet I know where to find him. You stay here. I'll be back in a minute.'

On returning from the house a few minutes later, the butler observed jocosely,

'He's all right. I have unearthed the fox. He's a-bed, he is. He has played us that trick afore, though he was never afore druv home in a hearse!'

The driver having called attention to the coldness of the night, and observed that he should like something strong to cheer his inside during the homeward drive, the butler again retired to the house and made a second journey to his master's bed-room. On hearing that the driver asked for a glass of drink, as it was a very cold night, the baronet remarked benignly,

'Well, that's not unreasonable; for it is a bitter cold night. Ask him what he'd like; but don't give it to him till you have told me what he says.'

In due course the butler appeared for a third time in his master's bed-room.

Butler (*gravely and conciliatingly*).—'He says, Sir Thomas, he don't care what it is, and he leaves it, Sir Thomas, to your generosity.'

Sir Thomas (*angrily*).—'Confound the fellow's impudence! Did he dare to say that?'

Butler (*timorously and in a voice of surprise*).—'Which he did, Sir Thomas, but quite respectful.'

Sir Thomas (*viciously*).—'Then I'll just give him a lesson. Give him a big mug of cold water—stinging cold water, mind ye—and tell him I hope he'll enjoy it. He won't leave anything to my generosity again. Confound the fellow's impudence! Trusting to my generosity, indeed! He won't do that again. Now be off with you. Let the water be stinging cold, and

if he don't take it, you may drink it, before you go back to bed.'

Another version (Version B) of the story represents that, yielding at the last moment to the taverner's entreaty, Sir Thomas Phillipps took a seat in the *mourning-coach*, and was conveyed in that lugubriously plumed carriage to the point of the Middle Hill, where he took to his feet, and ran into the shrubs, without attracting the attention of the driver, who was 'hard of hearing.' The two different versions of the same story agree in respect to things done or said by the baronet, after leaving his carriage.

As each of the two versions of the same story came to me from a trustworthy source, I hesitate to say which of the two is the more deserving of credence. But I venture to say it seems to me more likely that Version B grew on tradition's tongue into Version A, than that Version A dwindled into the tamer narrative of Version B.

For the following story of Sir Thomas Phillipps I am indebted to the husband of the lady, who was on one occasion heard to speak of the baronet of Thirlstaine House as 'that horrid man, who tried to starve Tom.'

Sir Thomas Phillipps had retired from Middle Hill, in order that it should have a better chance of falling out of repair, before it came to his eldest daughter, and had moved his collections of literary treasures to Thirlstaine House, Cheltenham, when my dear friend, Thomas Hardy, came upon the baronet in London, and observed that he very much wished to peruse one of the Thirlstaine House MSS.

same large room, each at a separate desk, and neither of them speaking a word to the other, till a maid-servant entered the apartment precisely as a clock struck the half-hour after one.

'Ah!' thought Hardy, 'here is luncheon.'

'A-ha!' said Sir Thomas Phillipps, 'here is *dinner*. Come along, Hardy, I'll take you to a room where you can wash your hands.'

On returning to the big chamber of study, Hardy saw at a glance that, during his brief absence from the room, the parlour-maid had prepared a table for the repast. The white cloth had been spread, and two tin-covered hot-water plates had been put upon it, at two opposite ends of the small mahogany table. Beside each plate, Hardy saw a large portion of bread, a large ale-glass, a sufficiently large portion of cheese on a small plate, a properly furnished salt-cellar, and a small set of cruets, containing severally pepper, mustard, and some sort of piquant mushroom sauce. As Hardy took a seat immediately opposite to his entertainer's chair, the parlour-maid was pouring out the ale. Each large glass was filled with bright, sparkling, sound ale, that creamed alluringly on the surface. A minute later the covers were removed from the hot-water plates, when there appeared on each plate a fine, steaming hot mutton-chop, and two fine and flowery boiled potatoes.

'There, Hardy,' remarked the host, as he intimated that his guest should fall to, 'go in for your chop and potatoes while they are hot. I told you I should make no stranger of you, and should treat you no better than I am accustomed to treat myself. You

the circumstances that resulted in Halliwell's engagement to Miss Phillipps, because it is unusual for a wealthy baronet to wish his daughter to mate with a young man of Halliwell's social position, I would remark that this unusual thing does occur from time to time in matrimonial arrangements. In the small number of families who have lived more or less under my observation, I could point to three cases where a man not inferior to Sir Thomas Phillipps in wealth and importance gave one of his daughters to a young man in no degree or way superior to young Halliwell, who was the baronet's equal by birth and education. It is usual for a father to guard his marriageable daughters from becoming intimate with men whom he would not like them to marry. It is unusual for a wealthy baronet to invite a charming young man of Halliwell's condition to stay for several months in a quiet country-house, and there place him in close, familiar intercourse with the young ladies of the house. But Sir Thomas Phillipps *did* so entertain young Halliwell at Middle Hill. Bearing these facts in mind, my hesitating readers should ask themselves whether it is *likely* that the baronet thus brought his daughter and Halliwell into close domestic companionship without contemplating the probability that they would fall in love with one another. Anyhow, after dealing in this manner with the young people, the baronet had no right to speak of Halliwell as a fortune-hunter, who stole the heiress of Middle Hill from her father.

more of one another till we came to be friends at some time, not long subsequent to Sir Thomas Phillipps's death, that was followed at a brief interval by the accident which deprived my friend of the society of his first wife, long before it resulted in her death. In falling from her horse, the amiable and exemplary lady underwent a concussion of the brain, that occasioned her the mischief of which she eventually perished, after lingering for years in fatuity.

It would be difficult to imagine a gloomier fate for a man of Halliwell-Phillipps's sensibility and affectionate nature than the conditions under which he lived, whilst his idolized wife was making her passage from mental to bodily death.

The marriage, that was solemnized at Broadway in the autumn of 1842, in spite of Sir Thomas Phillipps's stormy prohibition, had been a singularly felicitous union, notwithstanding the troubles and vexations resulting from the baronet's vindictive malice; and the intensity of Halliwell-Phillipps's grief at the extinction of its felicity was proportional to the intensity of his former delight in his wife's society. Shaken and shattered by the great disaster, Halliwell-Phillipps's health was still further weakened and disordered by the means he took to mitigate his distress. The wine with which he modified his misery by day, and the narcotic by which he escaped the torture of sleepless nights, combined with the vehement grief to wreck his originally vigorous constitution.

He was dropping to a state of nervous prostration from which there would have been no recovery, when his doctors assured him that, if he would survive

handsome old Mr. Flower of Stratford-upon-Avon, the founder of the big Warwickshire brewery, whose noble brow and fine profile and strong eyes and white beard caused him to be styled 'Jupiter Flower' by his numerous admirers. A man of lordlier aspect never brewed beer for thirsty souls, and the picturesque veteran's voice and talk accorded with the grandeur of his personal show.

Unless my memory is at fault, the original block of Halliwell-Phillipps's wooden bungalow comprised no more than eight small rooms,—a parlour, a drawing-room, a little study, a kitchen and four small bedrooms, all on the ground. But when his delight in the wooden structure had extinguished his purpose of building an ordinary mansion of brick or stone, he was quick to raise another block of ground-floor rooms. Year by year the house was extended and enlarged with similar blocks containing rooms of larger dimensions, until it became the long, low, sinuous structure that has for some years been so curious a feature of the landscape, which is offered to the view of passengers by railway from London to Brighton, when they have rolled through the Preston tunnel.

To make the house something less cold and draughty in the bleak season, the proprietor of the eccentric and rather picturesque dwelling coated the outward surface of the wooden walls with closely-riveted plates of vulcanized iron, which he dressed with black and white paint. Built in blocks connected by long passages, the house rises and falls with the fluctuations of the ground on which it lies,

and is provided with many tall iron chimneys surmounted with small revolving cowls, that make much noise as they spin round rapidly when a gale is blowing.

The interior walls of the house—the walls of the reception-rooms and sleeping-rooms, no less than the walls of the narrow galleries and passages—display the colour and grain of the pine-wood of which they are made. The same may be said of the rafters and planks of the roof, that rises from the walls of each apartment, undisguised by anything in the way of a ceiling.

When Halliwell-Phillipps came to his home upon the Sussex downs with shaken nerves, an enfeebled frame, and a wan face that was piteously expressive of anxiety, he suffered greatly from two morbid apprehensions—dread of a conflagration that would reduce his body and house to ashes, and fear of contracting hydrophobia from the bite of a rabid dog. It is passing strange that whilst suffering from the former apprehension he built for himself a habitation, that had it caught fire would have burnt and blazed like a parcel of match-boxes, in spite of his several provisions and contrivances for extinguishing any fire that should occur within its walls. To prevent rabid dogs from coming within the bounds of his thirteen acres of pasture and copse, he surrounded the freehold with a strong oak-fence—so high that no dog could overleap it, and so carefully constructed as to have no hole or weak point through which the minutest terrier could force its way.

For the more certain exclusion of the animals of

those bite he went in fear, Halliwell-Phillipps caused the three gates of admission to his grounds to be so constructed and locked that they could not be opened from the outside by casual comers to his homestead. The porter, who had charge of the gate of the carriage-way, and of the adjoining gate for the admission of pedestrians, was under a stringent order to allow no dog to enter the grounds. The visitor on wheels, who came to the carriage-gate with a dog, was told that the dog might not pass the barrier. The visitor on foot could open at will the outer gate of the way for pedestrians and come just within the limits of the grounds; but on doing so he found himself in a cage with iron rails to his left, a high wooden fence on his right, and strong iron rails in front. He also found himself face to face with a plainly lettered intimation that no dogs were permitted to pass the interior gate. The visitor with a dog at his heels might retire; but, if he wished to pass the inner gate and go onwards to the house, he was required to leave his canine comrade in the custody of the resolute janitor.

As Halliwell-Phillipps improved in health, his fear of fire and his dread of dogs were less afflicting. But to the last hour of his life dogs were excluded from Hollingbury Copse, and unusual precautions against misadventure by fire were taken within my friend's highly combustible house. The kitchen and bedroom candlesticks were fitted with glass guards, so that no sparks from the candles should occasion a conflagration. No guest was permitted to carry a lighted pipe or cigar through the passages of the

rably. The many persons who have spoken of his shrewdness and foresight in parting with most of his land were at fault in thinking he sold so many acres *because* he foresaw their depreciation. In selling Middle Hill and the appurtenant farms, he was more fortunate than wise, for he had at the time no notion how soon land would begin to depreciate, and how greatly it would depreciate before his death.

'Yes,' he more than once remarked to me gaily, 'I was lucky to get quit of land when I did, and none the less lucky because people call me a marvellously long-headed fellow for seeing so much sooner than my neighbours that land would ere long fall in value. When I parted with the dirty acres, I had no notion how cheap they would become in a few years. I sold them, because I did not wish to be bothered at every turn with the management of a big landed estate.'

But though he displayed aptitude for affairs of business in his arrangements for wiping off his debts, and in his management and sale of Middle Hill, he showed no similar aptitude in his purchase and improvements of his thirteen acres of Sussex downland. Buying Hollingbury Copse and the adjacent land at an extravagant price, he may be said to have squandered money on the little estate. Built in several blocks, that were raised piecemeal during several successive years, the fantastic bungalow cost its proprietor twice or even thrice as much as it would have cost him, had he built the whole of the flimsy structure at one time. After paying the Brighton water-company a heavy sum for laying

pipes to his homestead, he paid the company a heavy yearly sum for the water, which he caused to run in artificial rivulets about the copse, before it descended by the main rivulet to the artificial lake, which he constructed at a great cost in the lowest point of his grounds. The money he spent in making this toy-lake amounted in the long run to a great sum; for he made two unsuccessful attempts to give the reservoir a water-tight bottom, before he achieved his purpose by a prodigal use of Portland cement. He spent a 'big penny' (as they used to say in the Eastern counties) on the long and broad path, from the gravel terrace in front of his bungalow to the farthest corner of his ground,—a path which he covered with a thick coat of the same costly cement, so that in the wettest season he might have a firm causeway on which to pace to and fro. But the sums he spent on Portland cement were a trifle in comparison with the amount of money he spent in planting his impaled grounds with trees and choice shrubs, put close together so that they should be able to resist the winds which sweep the downs in winter and spring. The work of hauling from Stanmer Park up to Hollingbury the huge boulders of granite, which are curious features of the copse-grounds, was another costly business. The masses of granite were a free gift to the scholar from Lord Chichester, but they were not delivered carriage-free on the summit of Hollingbury Rise.

'You think me a fool for having squandered so much money on this queer place?' Halliwell-Phillipps once remarked to me, whilst we lounged about the queer place.

'No, I don't think that of you. The place has been and always will be a chargeable playground. But 'tis a playground in which you had diversion, that did much to restore you to health.'

'That's true,' he rejoined, 'it gave me health—the most precious of all earthly possessions. Moreover, I shall never tire of it. The place is dearer to me, the longer I stay in it. But I have been a fool to throw away so much money on it!'

'How much has it cost you in all?' I inquired, thinking he wished me to put the question.

'Lord bless you, my dear fellow,' he answered quickly, 'I am not going to tell you how big a fool I have been. I know to a farthing what it has cost me; but that's a secret I keep to myself. The people of Preston and Patcham sometimes call my house "Chimney Pot Copse," on account of the number of its chimneys. Sometimes they call it "Phillipps's Folly." And they are right; for it is my "folly." But it is my only folly—at least, the only one of my follies on which I have spent irrecoverable money. What I spend on my collections will return to my estate with a good interest on its back, when I am dead.'

Apart from the one 'folly,' my friend was no prodigal for a man of his means, albeit he drank good wine rather freely, and liked his many guests to do likewise. No one can say that he wasted his substance on the pleasures of pomp. He kept neither a valet, nor a butler, nor a footman, Three female servants did all the servile work of the interior of the copse-house. The work of my friend's gardens and grounds was done by two gardeners; and he main-

I am at pains to state that Halliwell-Phillipps dined when his friends lunched, because some of his slighter acquaintances drew most erroneous inferences from the heartiness with which he regaled himself at luncheon. Dining in German fashion at the mid-day meal, he used, till the doctors put him under a comparatively abstemious regimen, to drink several glasses, sometimes even so much as three-quarters of a bottle of port (his favourite wine) after the repast. Some two years since, one of the oldest and kindliest of my friends remarked to me in a significant voice,

'I knew little of Halliwell-Phillipps; indeed, I never sat at his table except at a single luncheon, when I was struck by the quantity of port he drank. I always think of him as a man who drank port rather freely at a time of day when that wine is seldom drunk, unless it is ordered by the doctor.'

Seeing that the speaker of these words was under a droll misconception respecting Halliwell-Phillipps's habits, I told him that the 'single luncheon' was my friend's dinner.

'That explanation,' rejoined my kindly companion, dismissing the severely significant tone of voice, 'accounts satisfactorily for what caused me astonishment. Let me state at once that Phillipps on that occasion took no more of the wine than a port-drinker may take after his dinner without provoking a charge or even a suspicion of intemperance.'

Whilst I lived on terms of intimacy with Halliwell-Phillipps, he consulted me from time to time on nice and difficult questions arising out of his Shakespearian researches. I cannot state positively the exact time

when he first asked me to assist him in the way of my profession. But in the remains of one of my old account-books I preserve a memorandum that in October 1874 he paid me ten guineas for some literary aid I rendered him in that month, and on the 29th of the next previous September; and I am disposed to think the services which I then rendered him, when (by the way) he was an invalid, staying at Loudoun House in Ryde, were the earliest of the professional services that I rendered him at divers times.

As he used to consult and employ me on matters of literary investigation, it occasioned me no surprise that, shortly before he sent to the printers the large mass of 'copy' that appeared for the first time in the second edition of his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (1882), he asked me to examine critically a facsimile of Shakespeare's Will, to give him my general view of the perplexing testamentary performance, and also to call his attention to every feature of the writing, that ought to be noticed in a critical essay on the work.

'See, Jeff,' he said, putting into my hands a copy of Howard Staunton's well-known facsimile of the Will, 'go to work on that facsimile in my interest, and tell me all you can about it. I should observe that the Will has never been critically examined by any sufficient person. No one of the several Shakespearian editors and Shakespearian specialists, who have hitherto examined it, was in my opinion capable of dealing satisfactorily with it. If you will examine it minutely and thoughtfully, it will be examined

thoroughly by a competent specialist for the first time. Now, my boy, oblige me by going to work upon it without delay.'

I was passing the Easter holidays at Hollingbury Copse, when Halliwell-Phillipps gave me this commission. My friend was far from imagining what would result from his request that I would 'go to work' on the Will. I smile to recall the agitation into which I threw him two or three days later, when I told him what was my general view of the Will, and my most important conclusion respecting it.

My view of the body of the Will was that it was a rough draft for a Will, drawn by Shakespeare himself with his own hand, when he was in good health. My reason for thinking it a rough draft for a Will, which under stress of emergencies arising out of the poet's illness was made into a Will, was that the number of the erasures and insertions of the document forbade me to regard it as an instrument by which Shakespeare designed, whilst he was in good health, to create an entailed estate and in divers ways to dispose of the residue of his property. My chief reasons for thinking that Shakespeare's hand produced the body of the writing were (1) that it contained mistakes (more especially the mistake of the regnal year) which no lawyer would have been likely to make; and (2) that when a draft *for* a Will is not made by a legal practitioner in accordance with the intending testator's oral instructions, the rough draft is usually made by the intending testator. As the errors of the rude document showed the draft was not drawn by an attorney, scrivener, or other legal

The only person to pay me the compliment of publicly opposing the 'New View' was the eminent Professor Leo of Berlin, an able palæographer and Shakespearian specialist, who in a brief and courteous note to the *Athenæum* (May 20th, 1882) called attention to a difference between the *p*'s of the poet's signatures to his Will, and certain of the *p*'s of the body of the Will, which he regarded as 'sufficient evidence against the identity of the writer and signer of Shakespeare's Will.' The next number of the *Athenæum* contained my reply to the Professor, who soon afterwards had the magnanimity to acknowledge, in a letter to my friend, Nicholas Trübner, that my reply had disposed of his objection. The silence of the English opponents of my 'New View' was probably due to the fact that no one of them was in a position to produce any contemporary writings in the precise penmanship of the body of the Will, which writings had been unquestionably penned in Warwickshire by some other person than Shakespeare.

Accepting nearly all my subordinate conclusions, and declaring all Shakespearean students would value my letter to the *Athenæum*, in which I had 'hit a blot that had marvellously escaped everyone,' Halliwell-Phillipps told me he could not agree with me in thinking the Will a holograph.

From the date 'April, 1882,' of the preface, readers may not infer that the second edition of Halliwell's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* was published in that month. June was closing, if it was not actually at an end, before the work issued from the press, and several of its most important particulars—to wit, the

author's remarks on the Will—were not sent to the printers till the end of May or the beginning of June. Why the preface was thus predated I cannot say.

In the last week of April, and on the three earliest days of May, 1882, Halliwell-Phillipps was working hard on the new matter of the second edition of the 'Outlines,' in order to send 'the copy' to the printers on May 4th, on which day he designed to set out with Mrs. Halliwell-Phillipps for a trip to South Wales and a short stay at Stratford-upon-Avon. During the brief sojourn at Stratford-upon-Avon, Halliwell-Phillipps examined certain of the municipal writings —legal drafts on pot-paper, which seemed to him to have been produced by the same hand that produced the poet's Will. On coming to Tregunter Road in the later half of June, 1882, he was eloquent about these legal writings, whose penmanship so closely resembled the penmanship of the body of the Will. He asked me whether I thought it likely that Shakespeare wrote with his own hand the draft of the tithe-conveyance made by Huband to the poet in 1605?

With respect to these same pot-paper legal manuscripts, he remarks in one of the notes to the second edition of the 'Outlines,'—a note written after his flying visit to Stratford,—

'Several documents are preserved in the record-room of Stratford-on-Avon, which were evidently written by the same person who made this transcript of the poet's Will, and one of them, that which has been generally taken to be the draft of the tithe-conveyance of 1605, appears to be an exactly similar

manuscript, the corrections being made by the transcriber himself.'

If Halliwell-Phillipps's description of the writings is correct, these pot-paper drafts are evidence, but far from conclusive evidence, against my 'New View of the Will.' But I do not assign much importance to his unquestionably honest opinion of the writings, for though he had in his time perused a very large number of Elizabethan writings, he was no such expert in Elizabethan manuscripts as Mr. Chabot was in respect to writings of the present century. He may have been right, but to me it is conceivable that he was mistaken in thinking the pot-paper drafts to be of the same penmanship as the poet's Will. I have never troubled myself to ascertain whether my friend was right or wrong in the matter.

'The pot' being the most common water-mark of writing-paper *temp.* James I., its appearance on the paper of the Will and the paper of the legal drafts still lying at Stratford-upon-Avon is immaterial. The similarity of the penmanship of the Will and the penmanship of the same drafts does not prove them to have been all written by the same scribe. Similarity of penmanship is much less evidential that two or more documents were written by the same hand, than dissimilarities of penmanship are evidential that two or more documents were *not* written by the same hand. Pupils of the same writing-master usually write in the same style. Taught to form letters in the same way, and to hold their pens in the same way and the same slope, pupils of the same writing-class—more especially pupils of the same age, ner-

he could transmit to the Reverend Mr. Fenwick and Mrs. Fenwick, of Thirlstaine House, Cheltenham, in order to satisfy them that I was not a Catholic.

The Reverend Mr. Fenwick (a clergyman who had married one of Sir Thomas Phillipps's younger daughters) and his wife were the custodians at Thirlstaine House of the literary treasures which the eccentric baronet had committed to trustees, under conditions which directed that none of the same treasures should be removed from Thirlstaine House, and that neither Halliwell-Phillipps nor any Roman Catholic should be allowed to inspect the MSS.

When he asked me in August, 1882, to write him a letter, affording evidence that I was not a Roman Catholic, Halliwell-Phillipps was moving the Fenwicks (his sister-in-law and her husband), with whom he was on friendly terms, to allow me to examine in his interest some manuscript literature, lying in Thirlstaine House, from which he was excluded by Sir Thomas Phillipps's last Will. Having satisfied the Thirlstaine House trustees on the religious question, and promised to observe certain conditions which they put upon me, I went down to Cheltenham and read *for* Halliwell what he might not read with his own eyes. Hence it appears that, at the very time when the gossips imagined that I and my friend were stirred by mutual ill-will, which would soon vent itself in controversial 'amenities,' we were associating with undiminished kindliness, and he was employing me as his confidential agent in a rather delicate business.

In producing this inadequate work upon a momentous theme, I worked without either the permission or cognizance of Her Majesty, forbearing to seek the permission from a feeling that a memoir, which would necessarily overflow with reverential eulogy of her noble character and career, would be less likely to displease her, if it were submitted to her consideration and to the public as an unauthorized performance. Though some of my friends gave me to understand that I should be wanting in due observance of courtly etiquette, and might provoke official censure by publishing my volumes without official permission, I persisted in my purpose, being confident that, if I erred on the point of etiquette, I should be right on the question of good taste. The result justified the confidence. It was a pleasant moment for me when I read a paragraph in the *St. James's Gazette*, announcing that the Queen had been pleased to accept a copy of the work that had been written without her sanction and published without her knowledge.

The season that opened thus agreeably for me proved an unusually gay and brilliant season although the prophets of the newspapers had predicted that it would be a dull time for 'society' and a depressing time for West-End tradesmen. On April 29th, 1893, I again dined with the Academicians at Burlington House, and on July 1st, when seats and scaffolds and Venetian masts were being raised in the public ways for the celebration of the wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May (may they live to reign over us in distant time!) I dined yet again with the representatives of Art and Literature

regained his health and to have survived the gloom of his recent domestic trouble. But *the* speech of the evening was delivered by Lord Rosebery, who, in returning thanks for the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers, kept the numerous company of his critical and fastidious hearers for more than half-an-hour in high merriment.

Of the several circumstances, that gave a peculiar distinctiveness to this especially felicitous celebration of the dignity and honour of the artist's vocation, not the least remarkable was the appearance of Cardinal Vaughan, the Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, in scarlet costume. The third of the cardinals to figure in London during the present writer's time was the first to wear this splendid dress at a social celebration in the English capital; and it was at the last annual dinner of our Royal Academicians that the present Cardinal displayed himself for the first time in the most gorgeous of his several suits of official raiment at a secular gathering. At the subsequent *soirée* of the Royal Academy the Cardinal appeared again in the same picturesque dress; but His Eminence passed so short a time at 'the reception,' that he was seen on that occasion by only a small proportion of Sir Frederick Leighton's guests.

The Mansion House dinners to the representatives of Art and Literature are seldom brightened by the presence of the gentler sex; but following the good example of several previous chiefs of the metropolitan municipality, Lord Mayor Knill, now-a-days styled Sir Stuart Knill, bart., invited to the Egyptian Hall

heroic name of Hector. Other ladies had been asked to the banquet, but were compelled to decline the invitation. I was not surprised by the absence of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Mrs. Lynn Linton, for a society journal had informed me that one of them was on the Continent, and the other at a rural retreat, remote from London.

I should be a less sorrowful man, could I say that the year which entertained me with so many light and diverting distractions covered no incidents that have deepened the sadness in which I shall pass my remaining days. But whilst it is the joyful privilege of the young to win new friends at every turn, it is the fate of those on whom Time is pressing with a heavy hand to lose old comrades. To say nothing of persons of inferior moment, who have left me during the same fatal term to bewail their disappearance from 'the downward slope,' I have been bereaved during the last twelve months of kindly and caustic William Hazlitt, Thomas Woolner, R.A., Arthur Locker, and gentle Walter White.

When I went last June to Highgate Hill, the hill on which he and his dear wife lived for so many years, to attend the funeral of my dear friend Arthur Locker, I was stirred by tender recollections of the whimsical humour and quaint drollery, and by sweeter and more soothing recollections of the simple affectionateness and unobtrusive virtues of the man with whom I had played in my boyish time at Oxford, and had worked in manhood's long struggle, and whom I had found a true and trusty and sympathetic comrade, from the season of our friendship's dawn even to the hour

his engaging traits in his own house. Sincere, cordial, overflowing with racy anecdotes, he was a delightful companion whereever one met him. But he was seen to best advantage at 29, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square,—the house in which he followed his profession for many years, and died all too soon. An idolatrous husband of the beautiful lady who inspired his most musical verse, and a tenderly proud and sympathetic father, Woolner was admirable in all the domestic relations. To his adversaries he may at times have been unyielding and caustic, but to his multitudinous friends he was ever true as steel and gentle as the south wind.

The most truthful of men, he said what he felt on every matter about which he cared to declare his mind; and, like Thackeray, he often startled his hearers by the candour with which he spoke of the petty misadventures and vexations he experienced from time to time in the pursuit of his chief vocation.

When circumstances moved him to sell a portion of his valuable collection of pictures, he took all mankind into his confidence, and told them he had suffered from hazardous speculations, and was parting with the cherished works of art, in order to raise the money needful for meeting his pecuniary engagements. At the same moment the late Mr. Henry Bohn, the eminent publisher, was at great pains to impress on his many acquaintances that, in selling his collection of exquisite china and choice porcelain, he was far too rich a man to be actuated in any degree by a contemptible want of ready money. And it was very droll to observe how the sculptor's

confession of poverty and the publisher's boastful talk about his opulence affected their respective friends and acquaintances. Whilst the one lot of persons went about the town saying that Woolner must be rich, for no really poor man was ever needlessly talkative about his poverty, the other set of persons maintained that, if he were not in sore pecuniary straits, the publisher would not be so set on assuring the town he was in no need of ready money.

In a later time of his career, when he had just been swindled out of a thousand pounds by an artful adventurer, Woolner talked so freely and passionately about the loss as to make many persons conceive he had not another thousand to lose. Eventually, the cheery and free-handed entertainer left behind him a fortune (comprising some real estate, besides £65,000 of personalty), for whose magnitude his friends could not account, until they learnt that, though he had more than once endured heavy reverses at Capel Court, he had been upon the whole a successful operator on the Stock Exchange. That he died so rich was no result of parsimony. For, though he lived without ostentation, he was hospitable alike in Welbeck Street and at his clubs, and was charitable with his purse to luckless persons who needed and deserved his assistance.

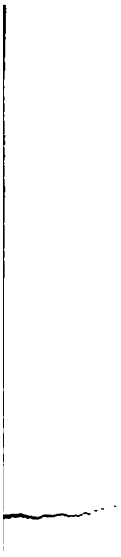
Sending me copies of his poems, Woolner once and again rendered me an important literary service. His strong words in the book's favour were an influence, making for the success of *The Real Lord Byron*; and when I was working on *The Real Shelley*, he aided me with a most important piece of information that

had come to him from the sometimes too communicative lips of the late Lord Houghton.

Dying at five p.m. on October 7th, 1892, the day next following the day of Lord Tennyson's death, Woolner breathed his last breath at a moment when ordinary Englishmen could think only of the great Laureate's withdrawal from this life. My friend lay cold and still and dead alike to praise and blame in a silent chamber of Welbeck Street, whilst the Tennyson 'boom' grew louder day by day. At this date it is an affair for regret that in their concern for the death of the greatest poet of the Victorian age, the English gave so little heed to the departure of the author of *My Beautiful Lady* and the sculptor whose cunning had given us so many noble works in marble and bronze.

POSTSCRIPT OF SIX CHAPTERS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOCIAL HISTORIANS.



Lying between the Sandland and the Fielding, the Woodland—by far the largest of the three divisions—acquired its designation from the superabundance of its timber and the bigness of its forest-trees, especially its oaks. Burnham is not more famous for its beeches than the Suffolk Woodland for its oaks. In the *Sylva* John Evelyn speaks of the peculiar grandeur of the Suffolk oaks. The great Framlingham Oak, used in the building of the *Royal Sovereign*, was four feet nine inches square, and yielded four square beams, each of which was forty-four feet long. The great oak that was felled in May, 1764, at Dennington (a parish adjoining Framlingham), on Sir John Rous's land, may also be named as an example of the magnitude to which oaks attain in the Suffolk Woodland. Taken at four feet from the ground, the circumference of this tree was seventeen feet; its boll was sixty feet high, and yielded sixteen tons of sound timber. In his reluctance to lose so magnificent an ornament of his estate, Sir John Rous delayed to fell this noble tree till it was thought to be in its decline.

Rather than part with trees of exceptional magnitude, other Woodland proprietors have allowed them to fall into decay. In my boyhood (say, *ætat.* 17) I drove a carriage-and-pair through the hollow stem of an oak in the parish of Cretingham, some five miles from Framlingham. The carriage was a small phaeton, the pair were two ponies, and the pace at which the animals were driven was a slow foot-pace. To preserve it from collision against the wooden arches, I held my head down even to my knees; and, to prevent misadventure, I made the tiger-groom precede

the ponies, walking backwards and keeping his eyes on the animals, so that he might spring in an instant to their heads, if they should turn restive. The feat was not accomplished without nervous apprehension on the part of the coachman, but it was accomplished without misadventure, and when my dear mother came out of the house at which she was making a call during the exploit, she found her carriage and ponies all safe and fit for her service.

Though it resulted chiefly from the number of the woods, groves, copses, and plantations in every part of the country, and the magnitude of the forest-trees standing severally in the green meadows and parks, the woody show of mid-Suffolk was the more remarkable in my boyhood on account of the smallness of the enclosures and the height to which the hedges were trained or allowed to grow. In summer the sylvan greenness of the Suffolk Woodland was the more striking, because it was the practice to plant young trees at regular intervals in the quickset fences on either side of the highways. And it was passing pleasant in leafy June and hot July to journey through the Woodland, either on wheels, in the saddle, or on foot, along wide roads whose high fences were overtopped by umbrageous trees, or through narrow lanes that showed like tunnels of greenery under the interlacing branches.

Rated by populousness, the Suffolk towns are insignificant places in comparison with the manufacturing towns in our northern counties. Though it had doubled its population in the last forty years, Ipswich, the capital of my native county, at the last census

harboured no more than 57,260 inhabitants. Forty years since, the population of the largest of the several towns within twelve miles of Framlingham was something under 5,000. Journeying north-eastward from Ipswich, the tourist comes, after a seven miles' run, to Woodbridge (Edward Fitzgerald's town), with a population of about 4,954 souls. Pursuing the way northward for some ten miles, he comes to Framlingham, with a population of 2,523 persons. The towns lying round about Framlingham are Wickham Market (pop. 1,400), Debenham (pop. 1,667), Saxmundham (pop. 1,097), Laxfield (pop. 1,172), Peasenhall (pop. 845), Yoxford (pop. 1,251). The populations assigned to the eight last-named towns are taken from returns made forty years since, and include the residents in the fields as well as the dwellers in the towns.

In my boyhood, the folk of Framlingham, with time and humour and ability to move about the world, made more or less frequent journeys to each of these six towns. They went less often to Woodbridge. They rode or drove twice or thrice a year to Ipswich for a dance, the races, the assizes. In the summer they went for sea-air and sea-bathing to Aldborough (Crabbe's 'Borough'). For sport or business a few of them made longer journeys from home. Three or four of the business-people travelled periodically to London in the execution of their affairs. The young men and boys of the upper-ten families of the small town, who were in training for the liberal professions, went to places remote from their parents' homes—the young men to keep terms at Oxford, Cambridge, or London; the boys to get culture at the

throughout George III.'s reign, and even to a time later than 1841, the superior people of Framlingham were for the most part content to live for years together, without moving twenty miles from their own doors.

Like the small towns of England's other rural districts, the small market-towns of the Suffolk Woodland may be divided into three classes,—the single-street towns, the straggling towns, and the compact towns. Comprising a picturesque market-place, one handsome street, several quaint little streets, two well-endowed Houses for Alms-people, a grand rectory (none too grand for the benefice), and a big church, that together with other noteworthy monuments contains the tomb of the luckless Earl of Surrey, the earliest of England's 'noble' poets, Framlingham is a compact town, and lies within an arrow's flight of all that remains of the stately castle in which Surrey is believed to have drawn his first breath, and to which Mary Tudor went for security in the first week of her melancholy reign.

Speaking of the market-place, to which reference is made in the preceding paragraph, my old friend Richard Green says in *The History of Framlingham* (1834), 'The Market Hill is nearly an equilateral triangle and very spacious, on each side of which are several genteel residences with many respectable shops; the side fronting to the south stands upon a terrace or causeway, and is skirted with a row of lime-trees.' Half-a-century since it was pleasant to loiter on this terrace, when the sun was hot and the bees were making music in the limes.

CHAPTER II.

PRIMITIVE PLANTERS AND SMALL LANDOWNERS.

Farmers and Farmers—The Farmer King—Two Sorts of Small Landowners—Projects for the Revival of 'the Parish'—From Elizabethan to Georgian Times—The *Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century*—Primitive Planters of the West Indies—Sir Thomas Warner—Colonel John Jeaffreson—His adventurous Career—His last Will and Testament—Christopher I. of Dullingham House, the Letter-Writer—His Wealth and Last Will—Christopher the Fortunate—At College and the Middle Temple—At Court and in Parliament—Coles's Cambridgeshire MSS.—Account of Christopher the Fortunate in those MSS.—Six big Brothers—The Younger Brothers—Textile Manufactures in East Anglia—Drapers of the Woodland—Gentle London Apprentices in Seventeenth Century—Squire Sandys the Scavenger—Madam Sandys the Scavenger—Other gentle Scavengers *temp.* Charles II.—London Apprentices of noble Parentage—The Hon. Dudley North—His Career in Commerce—Clothworkers and their Woodland Estates—Drapers and Bankers—Old-World 'Country Doctors'—John Page and George Crabbe—Hint for Historical Novelists.

IF they would realize the social life of rural England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and in the first five decades of this century, readers should be mindful of the number of small landed proprietors, who subsisted in those two centuries and a half

by tilling their own lands, and should also be mindful of the great difference in independence and affluence between the small landowner, who lives by cultivating two or three hundred acres of land that is his own property and the mere farmer who supports himself and his offspring by farming two or three hundred acres of lands, for which he pays rent to a landlord.

For a century the fashion has prevailed of using the words 'farm' and 'farmer' incorrectly. In strict parlance a farmer is a person who is permitted to exercise for his own financial gain the right of some other person or persons. When a man is permitted for a pecuniary consideration to gather and appropriate moneys due to the crown he is a farmer of taxes or other dues. When a man is permitted in consideration of rent to gather and apply to his own use the tolls of a company, he is a farmer of the tolls. When a man is allowed, in consideration of money rendered, to raise minerals, and sell them for his own advantage, he is a farmer of minerals. In olden time an agricultural farmer was a person who tilled land, let to him for the purposes of agriculture by a landowner, to whom he paid rent. In olden time to speak of such a man as a 'tenant-farmer' was to be guilty of pleonasm, for every agricultural farmer was a tenant. To speak of a man who gets his livelihood by cultivating his own land as 'a farmer of his own land' is to invite critical censure, for no man pays rent to, or takes rent from, himself. Our grandfathers used to style George III. the Farmer King, because he amused himself with agriculture; but in doing so they misdescribed His Majesty, who never

was a 'farmer' in the original sense of the word, because he never held land to farm of another landowner.

It is, however, vain to protest against a colloquial usage, on the score of its etymological impropriety, when it has been universally adopted alike by gentle and simple. Custom having ordained that 'farmer' is a designation alike applicable to the husbandman who tills his own land and to the husbandman who tills the land of another person, I shall from time to time speak of farms and farmers, though the farms were not held to farm, and the farmers had no landlords.

But I would have my readers remember, that in the last century and also to the last hour of my childhood, small landowners who tilled their own land were neither rated nor spoken of in East Anglia as 'farmers,' any more than mere tenant-farmers (as they are now-a-days called) were regarded as small landowners. Readers should also bear in mind, that the small landowners of East Anglia—to wit, the landowners with acreages rising from a hundred to a thousand acres—consisted of two very different sorts and conditions of people. Comprising families, that were gentle by lineage, domestic traditions, culture, taste, speech, and bearing, the small landowners also comprised homely, uncouth, and illiterate folk, who were alike rude and rustical in their voices, dress, and conduct.

Though they had been diminishing in number from the beginning of the eighteenth century, the small landowners of the Suffolk Woodland were still a

numerous and powerful class in my boyhood. Though much of its land was held, even as it is still held, by trustees for charitable uses, the parish of Framlingham numbered half-a-century since at least seven landowners, with estates in the parish, varying in magnitude from one hundred to four hundred acres of land. At the present time, there is only one landowner in the parish, who gains the greater part of his livelihood by cultivating any considerable estate of land, pertaining to himself. I could name parishes of the same district of the Suffolk Woodland, no one of which contains a landowner, gaining a fair income by the cultivation of his own acres; although each of them contained several such landowners, when I was a boy. One can still point in most of the neighbourhoods of the Woodland to a goodly holding, say of three to five hundred acres of rich land, in the hands of a proprietor, who lives upon it and out of it. But three or four individuals are too few to constitute a class in a wide neighbourhood. Instead of being members of a living order of husbandmen, the few small landowners, who still remain to us, are the obstinate and interesting survivors of a class that perished long syne under my own observation. The class of small landowners I am not thinking of the *very* small landowners, the peasant-proprietors with from twelve to thirty acres a-piece, but of the modest proprietors, who may be styled the latest flower of the old-world county yeomanry—has disappeared from the life of the Woodland.

Having known the honest and pleasant men in my earlier time, I regret and even deplore the extinction

of their class, although it has resulted from economic forces that are believed to have proved beneficial to the country at large. I regret their disappearance all the more acutely, because the peasant-proprietors have gone with them. There is much fine talk now-a-days in behalf of measures for reviving the old parochial life. What measures can revive the old parochial life in parishes, that have lost irrecoverably all their fairly prosperous families? What can the great squire who lives five or ten miles away, and the pleasant people he gathers about him at his country-house in the autumn, do to revive the old-world life of a parish, that is peopled by impoverished farmers, needy labourers, and one poor parson? To take a strong interest in the affairs of a parish, that yields its wealthiest inhabitants nothing more than bare subsistence, a man must surpass Mark Tapley in buoyancy of spirit. Unless they can hit on some effectual plan for re-endowing the poorer parishes of the Suffolk Woodland with some measure of the prosperity that passed from them through the extinction of the small landowners, the new social reformers will fail to accomplish their amiable purpose of reviving the old neighbourliness and contentment of those parishes.

From 'the spacious times of Great Elizabeth' to the still more spacious times of George III. my direct ancestors in the paternal line were small landowners, each of whom gained the larger part of his livelihood by cultivating his own acres, whilst he at the same time possessed lands, more or less remote from his home, that were let to 'tenant farmers.' And it is ques-

tionable whether any of my collateral ancestors would have figured among the great landowners of the Eastern Counties, had Colonel John Jeaffreson's adventurous career (which closed in 1660) been wanting in financial success.

Readers who would satisfy their curiosity respecting the achievements of that remarkable adventurer may do so by reading my *Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century, from the papers* (A.D. 1676-1686) *of Christopher Jeaffreson, of Dullingham House, Cambridgeshire.* In this chapter little will be said of the remarkable adventurer, who in conjunction with his comrade Thomas Warner (afterwards Sir Thomas Warner) planted and settled our first West Indian colony (St. Kitt's)* in the closing years of James I.

A younger son of a small landowner in the Suffolk Woodland, the most remarkable of my ancestors drew his first breath in the days of William Shakespeare, and died in the first year of Charles II.'s *actual* reign. Bred to the sea in his boyhood, he was a typical merchant-adventurer, a successful planter, and a gallant soldier by land and sea. Marrying a Mistress

* The first Letters Patent to pass the Great Seal in a matter relating to any plantation on the West Indian Islands were the Letters, dated on September 13th, 1625, whereby Charles I. in his first regnal year appointed his well-beloved subject, Thomas Warner, gentleman, to be during pleasure Lieutenant of the islands of St. Christopher, Mevis (*sic*), Barbados (*sic*), and Montserate (*sic*) 'in mayne ocean toward the Continent of America,' and further, in case of the said Thomas Warner's death, etc. appointed 'our well-beloved John Jeaffreson, gentleman, to be during pleasure Lieutenant of the same islands.'—*Vide, A Young Squire of the Seventeenth Century* (1878).

Parkyns of Bunny, co. Nottingham, first cousin of the Colonel Isham Parkyns who in the Civil War defended Ashby de la Zouche against the Parliament, he left, together with an only daughter, an only son (named Christopher after the West Indian island), whose letters from St. Kitt's to his friends in England, and subsequent letters from London to his friends in the West Indies, furnished the materials for my *Young Squire*. That Colonel Jeaffreson was singularly fortunate in his affairs appears from the schedule of his acquisitions. Buying the manorial estate of Dullingham House, Cambridgeshire, in 1656, he bought lands and houses in different parts of Suffolk, and left behind him a considerable personal estate, one item of which was the four thousand pounds, that resulted in the cause of 'Jeaffreson, executor of Jeaffreson, against Morton and Dawson and others, Tertenants of Yarway,' reported in *Saunders's Reports*. That he was a kindly and affectionate man appears from the provisions of his will (to be seen at the Will Office, in Somerset House), and from the munificence he displayed to his kindred during his life.

Apart from the estate of Roushall, Clopton, in the Suffolk Woodland, which he bequeathed to his nephew John Jeaffreson (the present writer's great-great-great-grandfather), whom he appointed executor of his last will and guardian of the boy's estates, Colonel John left all his real estate in England and the West Indies to his only son, to whom he also bequeathed all his personal estate, with the exception of legacies to his widow and several nephews and nieces, and a sum of £2,000 (equivalent to £10,000 at the present

time), which he devised to his daughter for her provision.

Bred to business, and in obedience to a particular direction of his father's will apprenticed 'to a trade or calling fitting for him, under a man of good condition and conversation, till he be of the age of two-and-twenty, to the end that he may not have the disposal of his person,' Colonel John's only son became an able man of affairs. The keeper of a store in St. Kitt's during the six years of his residence on his West Indian plantations, Christopher Jeaffreson was a clever merchant and sedulous guardian of his various commercial interests, whilst he acted as London agent to the colonists of St. Kitt's *temp.* Charles II. and James II. Throughout the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne, and onward to the late year (1725) of George I.'s reign, in which he died, Christopher Jeaffreson I. of Dullingham House was a keen man of business. Active as a magistrate for Cambridgeshire during the later term of his life, he was even more active in the management of his private affairs. It is not surprising that the wifeless and childless Letter-Writer was very rich in his closing years.

Colonel John and his son, the Letter-Writer, were not the only Jeaffresons of the Suffolk Woodland to visit the Islands of the West, and to do business in them. At no long interval, John was followed to St. Kitt's by his younger brother Captain Samuel, who like Warner's comrade had been bred to the sea, and had become a capable seaman. Turning planter, Captain Samuel settled in St. Kitt's on one of his brother's plantations, on which he throve fairly well

in business till his death. After living for some twenty years on the Red House Plantation, he died in the Red House on December 12th, 1649, and was buried in a grave over which his only son Samuel (styled Lieutenant Samuel, from his rank in the St. Kitt's militia) raised a ledger-tomb, that still remains in the island. At some time between his father's death in 1649 and the year 1669, this Lieutenant Samuel Jeaffreson migrated from St. Kitt's to Antigua, in which last-named island his descendants flourished as planters for several generations. The Antiguan Jeaffresons came to an end in the person of Robert Jeaffreson, whilom a judge in Antigua, who died at his house in Gower Street, London, in 1806.

Following after many futile or far from satisfactory attempts to establish successful English colonies in the New World, the quick growth of the colonies which Thomas Warner and John Jeaffreson established in the Leeward Islands redounded to the honour of the successful adventurers, and also to the credit of their kindred in Suffolk and Cambridgeshire. Giving them distinctiveness amongst the families of the Eastern Counties, it may be said to have raised the two families to social honour. For several generations the Warners and Jeaffresons were too highly spoken of in the Suffolk Woodland as the people who had 'discovered' the West Indies.

In 1725, the year in which he made his will and died, Christopher Jeaffreson, the Letter-Writer, had no nearer cousin of the paternal blood than his first cousin one degree removed, John Jeaffreson II., of Clopton, the son of Colonel John's executor. In

1725, this John Jeaffreson II., of Roushall, Clopton, was in his fifty-eighth year, and had an inconveniently large family—six sons and two daughters. Bequeathing six hundred pounds and a considerable estate (described in the will, to be seen at Somerset House, as the testator's 'farm in Walton, near Trimley, in Suffolk') to his said cousin John, the Letter-Writer bequeathed five hundred pounds to each of his said cousin's seven younger children. The testator also bequeathed numerous smaller sums (for the most part, as mere complimentary legacies) to divers friends, relations, and servants. The principal bequests of the will are still to be mentioned. His manor of Dullingham, co. Cambridge, together with the appurtenant lands and farms lying in Dullingham, Stetchworth, Borough Green, etc., near Newmarket, he left to Christopher Jeaffreson (the eldest of the six brothers) for life with remainder in tail male to his lawful issue, and in default of such issue to the next oldest of the six brothers for life with remainder in tail male, etc., to his lawful issue, etc., and in like manner to each of the other brothers. In brief, the testator's principal estate in England was strictly settled in tail male on each of the six sons of John Jeaffreson II. of Clopton, in the order of their respective ages. Having provided thus liberally for the eldest of the six brothers, the testator proceeded to confer even larger benefactions on the fortunate Christopher, who had been trained from his early boyhood to regard himself as the Letter-Writer's heir. The testator's 'farm at Alphamstow, Essex,' his 'farm at Lillingston Dayrell, Bucks,' his plantations in St.

Kitt's, and all the residue of his personal estate were bequeathed absolutely by the testator to his godson and principal legatee, the eldest of the six brothers.

As he was well-looking, well-bred, in the enjoyment of perfect health, and no more than twenty-six years of age at the time of the Letter-Writer's death, this young Christopher II. of Dullingham House was a very fortunate young Christopher. After coming into his property, this fortunate Christopher (who had been educated as a Fellow-Commoner at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and afterwards as a law-student at the Middle Temple, London) played a leading part in the Eastern counties, and became a personage in London society. A Justice of the Peace for Cambridgeshire, he was also a Justice of the Peace for his native county of Suffolk. Marrying one of the daughters of Sir John Shuckburgh, bart., of Shuckburgh Park, co. Warwick, he became a gentleman of the Privy Chamber in 1735. Entering public life, he sat in two parliaments as M.P. for the town of Cambridge, and was that town's parliamentary representative at the time of his death. In 1745, when the magnates of Cambridgeshire proclaimed their 'utmost abhorrence of the attempts now made by a Popish Pretender,' &c., and raised an armed force for 'defeating these traitorous and wicked designs,' etc., Christopher Jeaffreson of Dullingham House was the only commoner of the county to subscribe so much as five hundred pounds for the furtherance of the loyal and patriotic movement; and no larger sum was subscribed for the same purpose by any one of the leading noblemen of the shire, to wit, the Ear

of Lincoln (Lord-Lieutenant of the county), Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, Earl Godolphin, and Lord Montfort, each of whom devoted five hundred pounds of his money to the work of defeating and destroying the Popish Pretender and his traitorous adherents. All honour to the gentleman of his Sovereign's Privy Chamber for being a zealous whig, and small blame to him that he drank like a lord, though he was only a commoner. Writing of this imperfectly virtuous Christopher as his 'good friend' soon after his death, Cole (*vide*, Cole's *Cambridgeshire MSS.* in the British Museum) remarked, 'He married a daughter of Sir [John] Shuckburgh, bart., and has [left] 3 children, 2 sons at Eton School and a daughter. He died Thursday, Jan. 18, 1748-9, at London, where he was just arrived from Dullingham. His disorder, I am afraid, proceeded from too much drinking, which brought him into a consumption. He was one of the tallest men I ever saw, and had been formerly of Magdalen College, in Cambridge.' All six brothers were men of extraordinary height. Christopher of Dullingham was six feet and six inches high; and the shortest of the six men stood six feet two in his slippers. Dark-eyed, dark-haired men with aquiline features, they were very unlike the folk of the Suffolk Woodland, who are for the most part short, grey-eyed, and fair-haired.

As gleaners of facts for social history will thank me for doing so, I will say something more about these six big brothers, at the risk of 'boring' the general reader of this book. Observe the following table, in which the six brothers appear in the order of their ages:

(1) Christopher Jeaffreson of Dullingham House, co. Cambridge, etc., great landowner, J.P. for Suffolk, J.P. for Cambridgeshire, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, M.P. for the borough of Cambridge.

(2) John Jeaffreson of Bawdsey Hall, co. Suffolk, small landowner.

(3) Samuel Jeaffreson of Brandeston Fir Tree Farm, co. Suffolk, small landowner (the present writer's great-grandfather).

(4) Joseph Jeaffreson of Clopton and Otley, co. Suffolk, small landowner, who died without issue.

(5) Benjamin Jeaffreson, small landowner and draper, of Needham Market, co. Suffolk, who died without issue.

(6) Robert Jeaffreson, of Wickham Market and Ufford, co. Suffolk, small landowner and surgeon (as he is described in wills)—*i.e.*, an apothecary, to use the fit and pleasant old-world word, that has been superseded in these later times by the clumsy term, 'general medical practitioner.' Robert left children, but his progeny died out in the second generation.

Though the five younger brothers have been described as 'small landowners,' in contradistinction to their eldest brother who had place amongst 'great landowners,' it would be a mistake to think of them as peasant-proprietors. I cannot state the exact acreage of any one of them. But the smallest landowner of the five possessed very much more land than the ordinary holding of a peasant-farmer. Besides the land which he owned and cultivated at Bawdsey, John Jeaffreson owned lands, etc., in divers parishes of his county, to wit, Bredfield, Aspal Stonham, Clopton, Bedfield, and Walton, which he let to farm. The entire acreage of his several estates may be roughly computed at a thousand acres. Besides the lands which he owned and cultivated in Brandeston and Cretingham, Samuel (my great-grandfather) owned

lands in Kettleburgh, Petistree, Wickham Market, and Ashe, which he let to farm; but even when he had acquired his lands in the three last-named parishes by his brother Joseph's will, his acreage was small in comparison with his brother John's acreage. The points of the foregoing table, which I would press on the notice of the student of recent social history are (1) that Benjamin was a draper of Needham Market, co. Suffolk, a small market-town with a population of some 1,353 souls, and (2) that Robert was an apothecary of Wickham Market, co. Suffolk, a small town of about the same population.

Till the middle of the seventeenth century, Norfolk and Suffolk were the principal and most flourishing seats of our woollen and linen manufactures; and to a much later date East Anglian looms produced some of the finest and richest silks sold by London mercers. In 1652, when they took order for the employment of idle paupers in Houses of Correction, the magistrates for the North Riding of Yorkshire decided that the idlers should be instructed in 'spinning and knitting both woollen and jersey and all other drapery,' and in 'weaving serges of the best sorts, a yeard broad, such as are the most usuall manufacture in Norwige, Norfolke, and Suffolke.' Competent weavers having taught Yorkshire 'hands' the art of weaving serges in the East Anglian style, the consequent competition of serges made in East Anglia and serges of the same sorts made in Yorkshire was hurtful to Norfolk and Suffolk, when something later the woollen manufactures of the two last-named counties had begun to decline. Gradual in the Suffolk Woodland,

this decline was felt severely in Ipswich for some time before the woollen-drapers of the smaller towns, and the cloth-weavers of the villages began to take gloomy views of the future of what had long been a chief industry of the Eastern Counties. Writing of Needham Market in 1764, John Kirby remarked in the *Suffolk Traveller*, 'Needham . . . hath formerly had a considerable trade in the woollen manufactory, but the trade is now in a manner lost.' The trade and manufacture that were only '*in a manner lost*' to Needham Market in the fifth year of George III.'s reign had not been lost in any alarming manner to the town in those days of George I., when young Benjamin Jeaffreson settled in the place. Industrial interests die hard, and woollen weavers toiled for subsistence in some districts of the Woodland even to this century. Rich velvet is still produced by cottage weavers in one or two places of the Suffolk Woodland.

At the present time the business of a draper in a small market-town of Suffolk is confined to selling cloth and other textile wares by retail to the customers who enter his shop. It is a one-sided business, that is carried on under several disadvantages. In the seventeenth century, and even to the middle of George III.'s reign, it was a three-sided business. In the first place, the tradesman sold his pieces of cloth, etc., by retail to his customers of the neighbourhood; and so long as the small landowners were 'to the fore,' his neighbourhood, in whatever town of the Woodland he was established, abounded with people, who were able and willing to pay the full price for the fabrics with which they clothed them-

selves, and who could not conveniently buy them in the shop of a more distant town. In the second place, he sold entire pieces of cloth—sold them *whole*, *i.e.*, wholesale—to the London drapers. In the third place, he acted as a cloth-factor and cloth-broker for some of the larger drapers in London and other parts of the country, buying pieces of cloth for them on commission, and taking a percentage in payment for his trouble and for the exercise of his judgment in choosing the pieces. A retail tradesman under especially favourable conditions, he was also a wholesale dealer and a broker. So long as there was a demand in London for Suffolk cloths woven *in* the county, and even *in* particular villages of the county, the draper of a small market-town in the Suffolk Woodland had most profitable relations with the London cloth-sellers.

The notion that people of the gentler classes universally avoided trade in the seventeenth century and the earlier half of the next century, as a vocation unfit for their gentility, is a common but quite erroneous notion. From the time of James I., when a change of fashion extinguished 'the gentle profession of serving-men,' till the rapid extension of the official departments, and the steady growth of the fighting services in the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth century, afforded much employment for energetic men, the gentle paterfamilias, with a narrow income and several sons, was quite as much troubled by the question, 'What can I do with my boys?' as any gentle paterfamilias of the present generation. If he thought of

putting a son into holy orders, he was often checked and diverted from the project by practical considerations. The education for 'the Church' was costly; there were always ten candidates for every vacant living that deserved to be styled 'a benefice;' and the position of an indigent clergyman was pitiful. The noble profession of arms afforded the youthful adventurer few chances of regular employment. The legal profession comprised four times as many sufficient lawyers as could win subsistence out of their neighbours. The narrow official departments were full of workers. It shows how difficult it was for poor gentlemen to find lucrative and congenial employment, that in Charles II.'s London gentlemen of ancient lineage and good repute were glad to act as Chief Rakers and Scavengers of the town.

In 14 Charles II., *i.e.*, the third year of the merry monarch's actual reign, Winsor Sandys, *esquire* (observe the *esquire*, for in the seventeenth century esquires were much more important persons than mere gentlemen) contracted with the Commissioners of Scotland Yard to act for twenty-one years as Chief Raker, Scavenger, or General Undertaker for cleansing the streets, lanes, and other open places of the parishes of St. Giles's-in the-Fields and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, co. Middlesex, and in accordance with the conditions of the contract, and a subsequent agreement with the vestries of the parishes, the same Winsor Sandys, esquire, acted as chief scavenger and dustman of the said parishes up to the time of his death. The gentleman was paid for his painful and unsavoury services by a rate levied on the house-

holders of the two parishes. It may not be supposed that the gentleman and esquire did the work by a deputy. Investing a large sum of money in horses, carts, shovels, and other implements, Winsor Sandys, esquire, hired labourers and put them to work on the streets, and personally superintended their labour, just as any plebeian dustman and scavenger-in-chief of the present day superintends his workmen.

After his death during the term of the contract, the widow of the late Winsor Sandys, esquire, carried on the business of her late husband. But the gentlewoman failed to carry it on to her satisfaction, and, on discovering her incompetence to act as General Scavenger and Raker, she, with the consent of the two vestries, transferred the residue of her interest in the office, together with her plant of horses, carts, and implements, to Thomas Rowe, esquire (again observe the *esquire*, for in the seventeenth century the title was never accorded to a man without a right to it), who forthwith acted as Chief Dustman of the two parishes. Thomas Rowe, esquire, had not been many weeks in the place before he was troubled and hindered in the performance of his duties by a retired army officer, one Captain Whitcombe, who, without any authority from the vestries to do so, started with other horses and carts and workmen, etc., in opposition to Thomas Rowe, esquire, and induced many of the inhabitants of the said parishes to allow him to remove their dust, refuse, and other dirt at a charge that was something less than the sum at which they were rated for the services of the authorized scavenger. On finding that Captain Whitcombe was set on

driving him out of business by underselling him in this manner, Thomas Rowe, esquire, went for justice and protection to the Justices of the Peace for Middlesex, who, after careful consideration of his complaint, ordered the two vestries to pay the full sum due to and claimed by Thomas Rowe, esquire. under the terms of the contract, without regard to the fact that certain householders of the parish had employed Captain Whitcombe to carry away their refuse and other filth. On finding that, if they employed Captain Whitcombe and paid him directly out of their own pockets, they would all the same be compelled to pay the full scavage-rate for the benefit of the regular dust-contractor, Captain Whitcombe's supporters ceased to employ him, and Thomas Rowe, esquire, enjoyed without further disturbance all the privileges, profits, and perquisites of an office that, according to nineteenth-century notions and views, was a very unfit office for a gentleman and esquire to hold.

In the time when esquires of good lineage and repute were glad to earn their livelihood as dust-contractors, and men of gentle birth and nurture often became highwaymen and burglars, in their inability to earn an honest crust, English gentlemen of narrow means were much less slow to put their sons 'into trade,' than most people of the present time imagine. The city-'prentices of Charles II.'s London were largely recruited from the homes of small but gentle landowners. Comprising the sons and nephews of wealthy squires and affluent knights, they also held within their ranks a few sons of peers. Sending his second son Francis (afterwards Lord Keeper Guil-

ford) to the Middle Temple to study the law and follow it as a profession, Dudley North, fourth Baron North of Kirtling, co. Cambridge, sent his third son Dudley (a clever but unscholarly youth) into the city, to learn accounts and book-keeping, and in other ways to qualify himself to act as the factor of a Turkey merchant. After learning to write a fair hand and keep accounts at the writing-school, in which he acquired the rudiments of a commercial education, the Honourable Dudley North was bound apprentice to a Turkey merchant, whose business did not afford full employment for his pupil. Whilst serving his apprenticeship, the youth found another commercial instructor in Mr. Andrews, the 'packer' of Threadneedle Street, in whose house he boarded and at the same time learnt the mysteries and trade of a 'packer,'—*i.e.*, learnt how to make and fit cases, and pack them with goods for long journeys by land or water.

'This was not any loss of time,' Roger North says of his brother's labour in the packing-rooms, 'for that is one of the chief trades which Levant merchants are concerned with, for the skilful packing of their cloths sent into Turkey.'

After coming out of his indentures, with all the knowledge of the Turkey trade that could be imparted to him in London, and with a perfect knowledge of a packer's trade, the Honourable Dudley North was sent as supercargo on board a ship bound for Archangel, 'there to negotiate the cargo, and ship another; and then to sail with that, by the back of Shetland and Ireland, round about through the

Streights, and so to Italy and Smyrna, where he was to reside as factor in the Turkey trade.' Trained in this fashion for trade, this son of an English peer was poorly provided with capital, when he left his native country in pursuit of fortune. Landing at Smyrna with less than four hundred pounds of money at his command for his ventures, he lived for some time chiefly on the commissions of his former master, a merchant in no great way of business.

'His business as a factor,' says his brother Roger of the young merchant's earlier years in the East, 'besides what came from his master, perhaps a bale or two from such merchants as he had courted in London, having there officiously served divers of the Turkey merchants occasionally, as they thought fit to make use of him, and this with no view but of their favour in a little employ when he went abroad; his master was no deep trader, and his commissions were not great.'

But thrift and a happy temper enabled young North to rise superior to adverse circumstances. Instead of living expensively like the other young factors, 'he wore plain and cheap clothes, and kept no horse, and put himself to diet as cheap as he could; and, in all this reasonable conduct, he was forced to muster up spirits in opposition to those who slighted him for it.' Forbearing to murmur at his adversity, the young factor of an ancient line and noble parentage made the most of his few opportunities for winning success; and, if she does not come sooner, Fortune seldom fails to come later to the aspirant for her favours, who waits and labours bravely, and

whilst doing so contrives to live within his narrow means. Though he went to the East with so inadequate a fund, and in his earlier manhood made slow progress, the Honourable Dudley North became one of the wealthiest Turkey merchants of Charles II.'s time.

In the days when this son of an East Anglian peer went to the Turkey trade with insufficient capital, it was the use of the East Anglian landowners—the great landowners, whose estates were encumbered with mortgages, and whose children were inconveniently numerous, as well as the small landowners of gentle quality—to put their boys into the woollen trade, first by apprenticing them to drapers in Norfolk and Suffolk, and then by establishing them as drapers in the towns of the two counties. Put into trade in this manner, the younger son of a small landowner (with an acreage of from three hundred to a thousand acres of land) often became a much richer man than his old father, by buying cloth of the village weavers, and selling it in retail by yard and ell over his counter, by selling it in *whole* pieces to London drapers, and also by acting as factor for London warehousemen.

In the period when nearly every small market-town of the Suffolk Woodland had a flourishing draper, it was usual for the drapers of the extensive district to invest their savings in land; and some of the more fortunate dealers in cloth acquired considerable estates in land, which they left to their sons in tail male. Speaking of the former trade of Ipswich, the capital of the county, John Kirby says in the *Suffolk Traveller* (1764),

'The trade of the town did formerly consist chiefly in the manufacture of broad-cloth and other woollen cloth, which was carried on so largely that all the towns and villages for miles round were employed in it; and many of the best estates of this county were raised from it. But about the middle of the last century the manufacture began to decline, and then dwindled by degrees, till at last it totally ceased.'

What Kirby says of the Suffolk estates was in his time no less applicable to the landed estates of Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire. Even at the present time a considerable proportion of the principal estates and families of the four counties had their origin in the skill, thrift, and industry of the old-world cloth-weavers and cloth-dealers.

As these families pride themselves on their descent from nobles who fought in the Crusades and the knightly folk who slew one another in the Wars of the Roses, and would suffer acutely from a public demonstration of their descent from weavers and shopkeepers, as well as from gentles and dames of high degree, I forbear to name them in this chapter.

Whilst the drapers of the Suffolk Woodland were much more substantial and important persons than they have been since the departure of the woollen manufacture and the extinction of the small landowners, it was usual for the chief draper of a small market-town in the Woodland to act as the banker of the town and neighbourhood. He did not call himself banker. Nor did he issue notes. But farmers, with more money in their hands than they cared to keep in lonely farm-houses, put their money

into his hands for safe keeping. Farmers, with less money in hand than they needed for the outgoings of their business till next harvest or the next big cattle-fair, came to him for pecuniary 'accommodation.' Small landowners in like manner confided their money to him for secure custody, and from time to time came to him for loans. The moneys confided to him by his clients he used in his own affairs, if he had occasion to use it; and he of course charged interest for the moneys which he lent to his customers. Just as regular banking originated in London with the goldsmiths, banking in the smaller towns of the Woodland originated in the shops of the drapers. As the woollen manufactures languished in the Woodland, the richer drapers pushed their business in money-lending, so that on the extinction of the cloth-manufacture and of the wholesale cloth-trade, they could live with comfort as regular bankers.

Though it could scarcely be rated as one of the learned professions, when it could be followed lawfully by persons who had neither studied at a regular medical school, nor offered themselves to the examiners of the Surgeons' Hall or the Apothecaries' Society, nor undergone any sort of examination, the apothecary's calling was a vocation by which the son of a small but gentle landowner could earn his living in the Eastern and Southern Counties, without surrendering his title to be rated with the minor gentry of his neighbourhood. Of course the apothecaries of the Suffolk Woodland differed from one another in intelligence, culture, and breeding. Whilst some of them were persons of rude manners and low tastes,

who lived with the mere farmers, some of them were pleasant companions and courteous gentlemen. Some of them were the sons of gentle though small landowners, whose acres and arms had descended to them from ancestors who died before a Tudor mounted to the throne of England. A few of them were cadets of the leading families of the county. For example (an example that is selected from several other instances, because its publication will annoy no living person), one of the Hawstead Cullums followed the vocation of an apothecary for several years of the eighteenth century in his native county, before he succeeded to the estates and dignity of his forefathers, and figured before the world as Sir Thomas Geery Cullum of Hawstead, baronet. The Pedigrees of Davy's Suffolk MSS. in the British Museum put it beyond question, that in the eighteenth century the apothecaries of the Woodland towns were for the most part as well-born as the lawyers and parochial clergy of the same region. It was no uncommon thing for the principal rector, the leading attorney, and the chief apothecary of the same neighbourhood to be brothers. Whilst he was the apothecary of his particular district of the Suffolk Woodland, Robert Jeaffreson of Wickham Market and Ufford had for his professional neighbour at Woodbridge an apothecary named John Page (misdescribed in the 'Peerages' as John Page, esquire, M.D.), the grandfather of the late Lord Chancellor Hatherley. It was whilst he was serving his apprenticeship in medicine and surgery to Mr. Page of Woodbridge that George Crabbe (an apothecary before he stood before the world as

poet and clergyman) made his first considerable essays in poetry.

When their respective positions and functions have been put in the most agreeable light, it still remains that the draper was a shopkeeper, and that the apothecary was a 'country doctor.' It remains that, in respect to social dignity and importance, there was a wide and striking difference between Christopher the Fortunate of Dullingham House, the Court, and the House of Commons, and his two youngest brothers. It is none the less striking because it did not lessen the cordiality and affectionateness of their correspondence and personal intercourse. To the moment of his premature death in January, 1748-9, Christopher the Fortunate, who died of a consumption brought on by too much drinking, lived on the easiest and pleasantest terms with all his younger brothers. The social disparity between the fortunate Christopher and his two youngest brothers is the more noteworthy, because it is suggestive of incidents and positions which a skilful novelist might use effectively in a story written to illustrate the humours and manners of our forefathers in the last century.

CHAPTER III.

THE KILDERBEES OF THE CAUSEWAY.

Excitement at Framlingham—Arrival of Francis Kilderbee in the Woodland, *temp.* Charles II.—Henry the Third's Concession to Citizens of London—Francis Kilderbee, *temp.* Charles II., indicted at Sessions of Peace—Indictment brought from Sessions of Peace at Woodbridge into the King's Bench—Judgment against the young Citizen of London—Francis Kilderbee in Business at Wickham Market—Successive Kilderbees, Drapers of the Framlingham Causeway—'Dover's Powder'—Dover Kilderbee, M.A., Cantab—*Pompey the Little*—Mr. Kilderbee of Ipswich, Attorney-at-Law—The Rev. Samuel Kilderbee, D.D. and J.P.—Spencer Horsey Kilderbee—His Marriage with Lady Louisa Rous—Newspaper Cuttings touching Lady Louisa Kilderbee—The Kilderbees become De Horseys.

THE summer and autumn of 1667 were a summer and autumn of unusual excitement at Framlingham, in the Suffolk Woodland. In that summer a young Londoner, named Francis Kilderbee, came to Framlingham with his young wife, Bridget Elizabeth, and settled with the same young wife in the town. He did more. After settling into his fair house, he put a stock of woollen cloth in a room of the same tene-

ment that was fitted for commercial use, and let it be known that he meant to exercise the craft, mystery, and manual occupation of a woollen-draper, and hoped to do well for himself and young wife by caring for the interests of his customers. Though he had friends in the Woodland, little was known of young Francis Kilderbee, when he thus planted himself in Framlingham as a woollen-draper.

To his credit let it be said that he answered frankly to all questions that were put him by his neighbours. On being asked what arms he bore, young Kilderbee replied that he was only a yeoman, and therefore had no arms. On being pressed to say whence he came, he answered that he came from London, and was a citizen and freeman of that famous city. To enquiries for the name and parish of the woollen-draper to whom he had been apprenticed, he answered that he had never served an apprenticeship to a woollen-draper. At the same time he averred that, as a citizen and freeman of London, he could lawfully follow the trade of a draper in Framlingham or any other place of England, without having served an apprenticeship to the business, notwithstanding a certain statute of the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth, forbidding persons to follow any trade without having duly served an apprenticeship to it.

Francis Kilderbee's case was, that in his fifteenth regnal year Henry the Third had granted that all citizens of London 'thenceforth in future might traffic with their wares and merchandizes throughout his whole land and power freely and without impediment, as well by sea as by land, as to them should seem ex-

pedient, and might also reside and dwell wheresoever they would within this realm of England, with their wares and merchandizes, to buy and to sell and to work at their businesses'; and that therefore he, Francis Kilderbee, as a citizen and freeman of London, could lawfully buy or sell pieces of cloth, to wit his 'wares and merchandizes,' in Framlingham, or any other places in England, although he had never been apprenticed to a draper.

Here was a pretty business. To the drapers of the Suffolk Woodland it was an *alarming* business; for, if the young man were right in his law, the woollen-drapers of Norfolk and Suffolk might be swamped and reduced almost to destitution by an irruption of citizens and freemen from London.

Before young Francis Kilderbee had put his whole case before them, the people of Framlingham were disposed to think lightly of him for being a Londoner. It was admitted that he was a young man of good looks and a civil tongue. But in the time of Charles the Second, and in much later times, the people of the Eastern Counties regarded Londoners disdainfully, as persons who dropped their *h's* and used their *h's* in ridiculous ways, and also as tenderly cockered individuals, who were bad judges of horseflesh, and likely to shrivel up and perish contemptibly on coming face to face with a blizzard from the north-east. When his speech had taught them to regard him as the fore-runner of an army of intruders, who might despoil the Eastern Counties' drapers of their proper means of livelihood, the superior inhabitants of Framlingham spoke of him with

indignation, and resolved to do their utmost to defeat his knavish purposes. For several weeks, ay! for several months, hard things were spoken of young Francis Kilderbee under the Market Cross by tradesmen, yeomen, and farmers with no savour of gentle quality in their blood and manners, and also by gentle landowners (great or small) with swords at their belts.

On 11th October, 1667, young Francis Kilderbee, of Framlingham, co. Suffolk, yeoman, was indicted at the Sessions of Peace, held at Woodbridge in the said county, for having during the last three months used, exercised, and occupied the craft, mystery, or manual occupation of a woollen-draper, in contravention and malicious disregard of a certain statute of 5 Elizabeth, he never having served as an apprentice to the same calling. This indictment having been brought into the King's Bench, Francis learned to his cost from the judges of the said Court, that he had been badly advised by his attorney, one John Weekly, and was absolutely wrong on the point of law. Like many another young man, Francis Kilderbee made a blunder and suffered for it.

Had he resembled most other young men, Francis Kilderbee would have relinquished his purpose of making money in the woollen-trade of the Suffolk Woodland. But he surpassed most persons of his age and sex in resoluteness. Something more than seven years later in his career, when he had served his full time to a master of the trade, he settled as a woollen-draper in Wickham Market, within six miles of Framlingham. Doing fairly well in business, he

left money to his two children—(1) Francis Kilderbee, of Framlingham, draper, and (2) Bridget, married to John Coggeshall, of Framlingham, gentleman, a small land-owner, whose tomb-stone in Framlingham church is decorated with the arms-quarterly of Coggeshall, Dover, Sheppard and Cotton.—So much of the *first* Kilderbee of the Suffolk Woodland.

The second Kilderbee of the Suffolk Woodland (only son of Francis Kilderbee of Wickham Market) was a draper of Framlingham, where he died on 24th December 1728, in his sixty-second year. Thriving in his trade at Framlingham, this man married an heiress, Elizabeth, only daughter of Samuel Dover of Ipswich, apothecary, who bore arms, 'Ermine, a cinquefoil,' and was a near kinsman (probably a brother) of Thomas Dover, M.B., Cantab., the original compounder of the powder, made of opium and ipecacuanha, that is still used and known as 'Dover's Powder.' Enriched by his trade and the money that came to him from this modest heiress, this second Kilderbee bought lands in Cransford, Monk Soham, and Ashfield, co. Suffolk, that yielded a rental of three hundred pounds a-year, which he devised in tail male, etc., to his elder son, Dover Kilderbee of Caius College, Cambridge, M.D., with remainder in default of issue, etc., to his younger son, Samuel Kilderbee, of Framlingham, draper. In the eighteenth century, it was usual for well-to-do shopkeepers in the Eastern Counties to make small landed estates and entail them on their progeny. Dover Kilderbee of Caius College, Cambridge, who took his M.B. degree in 1734, and proceeded to his M.D. degree in

1739, was a personage of sufficient mark to be mentioned in *Pompey the Little*. On his death, *s. p.*, the entailed estate passed to his aforementioned younger brother Samuel, the Framlingham draper, who married Alethea Sparrow, daughter of Robert Sparrow of Kettleburgh, gentleman, a small gentle landowner.

After a prosperous though obscure career, this Samuel Kilderbee of the Causeway of Framlingham Market Hill, draper, died at Framlingham in 1777, in his seventy-fifth year, leaving two sons, the elder of whom followed the law successfully as an attorney at Ipswich, and improved his social position by marrying Mary Wayth, daughter of Daniel Wayth, landowner, of Great Glemham, whilst his younger brother, John Kilderbee (who died *s. p.* in 1794), carried on the draper's shop upon the Framlingham Causeway.

Dying in the year 1813, *ætat.* 87, Samuel Kilderbee, the Ipswich attorney, was succeeded in his considerable wealth by his only son, the Reverend Samuel Kilderbee, D.D., Rector of Ash, Trimley, and Easton, co. Suffolk, who married a widow with a good jointure, —Caroline, daughter of Samuel Horsey, of Bury, esquire, and widow of George Waddington, esquire, of Ely. Formerly an officer in the army, Samuel Horsey became in his later time Bath King of Arms.

A clever, well-looking, well-bred, fairly beneficed and very amusing clergyman, the Reverend Samuel Kilderbee, D.D., was a rich man, who for many years made the people of the Suffolk Woodland imagine him a far wealthier man than he really was. Instead of avoiding the neighbourhood, in which three of his direct paternal ancestors and his uncle John Kilder-

bee had been shopkeepers, he settled in the district whose people were precisely acquainted with his ancestral story. Building a fine house for himself in a noble park at Great Glemham (about five miles from Framlingham), he became intimate with Lord Rous of Dennington (soon to become Viscount Dunwich and Earl of Stradbroke), and was on terms of even closer intimacy with William Henry Nassau, fifth Earl of Rochford, at Easton White House, within three miles of Framlingham.

Both these noblemen, with estates lying round about Framlingham, were well acquainted with the lineage and social story of the entertaining clergyman, whom they accepted for a familiar friend. In his frequent drives to and fro between Great Glemham Hall, where he figured as squire and country magistrate, and Easton, where he figured as rector of the parish and Lord Rochford's peculiar confidant, Dr. Kilderbee often stayed at Framlingham to attend meetings of the local justices; and he took a natural and manly pleasure in gossipping with the townsfolk of his uncle, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, who had spent their lives in buying and selling cloth in the Suffolk Woodland, and in selling it by yard and ell in an open shop on the Causeway of the Market Hill. Popular with the chiefs of his native county, with the small landowners, whether they bore arms or had no heraldic cognizances, and with the villagers of Great Glemham, Trimley, and Easton, the amiable and amusing clergyman had no serious failing, apart from the vanity that impelled him to build and live so much beyond his means, that

he would have fallen into indigence in his old age, had he not been preserved from so hard a fate by his wife's jointure, which enabled him to pass his closing years in comfortable, albeit straitened, circumstances at West Cowes in the Isle of Wight, where he died in September, 1847, in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

The Reverend Samuel Kilderbee, D.D. and J.P., was still in the enjoyment of his transient glory in the Suffolk Woodland, when to his paternal delight his only son, Spencer Horsey Kilderbee, married on February 23rd, 1824, the Lady Louisa Maria Judith Rous, second daughter of the first Earl of Stradbroke, of Henham Hall, co. Suffolk. The Books of the Peerage represent that Lady Louisa Rous married Spencer Horsey De Horsey, Esq., M.P.; but the books are wrong. The lady married Mr. Spencer Horsey Kilderbee, who subsequently assumed the surname of De Horsey, and became a member of the House of Commons. In the earlier years of her married life, Lady Louisa was styled Lady Louisa Kilderbee. On November 19th of the year following her marriage, it was announced in the *Ipswich Journal* that the Lord-Lieutenant had, on the 1st inst., signed a commission, appointing Spencer Horsey Kilderbee, Esq., to be a captain in the East Suffolk Regiment of Militia. On March 4th, 1826, there appeared amongst the announcements of births in the same newspaper this advertisement: 'On Saturday last, in Dean Street, Grosvenor Square, Lady Louisa Kilderbee, of a son and heir.'—Sixteen months later, the *Ipswich Journal* announced on July 28th, 1827, the birth of Lady

Louisa's second son in these words: 'On Tuesday last at Aldbro' Lady Louisa Kilderbee of a son.' Lady Louisa was in the ninth year of her married life, when there appeared in the *London Gazette* this announcement: 'Whitehall, April 20th, 1832.—The King has been pleased to grant to Spencer Horsey Kilderbee of Glemham, in the county of Suffolk, esquire, his royal licence and authority that he, the said S. H. Kilderbee and his issue may take the surname of De Horsey, in lieu of that of Kilderbee, and bear the arms of Horsey.' Lady Louisa de Horsey (formerly Kilderbee) died on March 24th, 1843; and in November, 1844, one of her sons was gazetted thus: 'War Office, November 22nd, 1844.—W. H. B. De Horsey, gentleman, to be Ensign and Lieutenant in the 1st or Grenadier Foot Guards.'

Having said enough of the Kilderbees of Framlingham, to indicate how families enriched by local trade sometimes married into and merged in the aristocratic houses of the Suffolk Woodland in the eighteenth century, and the earlier decades of the present century, I forbear to say more of the social story of the De Horseys, who were descended in the direct male line from the worthy drapers, who under their proper name of Kilderbee followed their vocation at their shop on the Causeway of the market-place of my native town.

CHAPTER IV.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS AND WOODBRIDGE.

Samuel Jeaffreson of Petistree—Anne Benington—Rectors of Tunstall-cum-Dunningworth—The Marquis of Hertford's domestic Chaplain—Pitt's Body-Guard—A fighting Clergyman—'Men of Merit'—Best Partridge-Shot in East Suffolk—A Pinch of Snuff—Priest and Soldier—The Rector in a Red Coat—Invited to the Bishop's Palace—The Rector's Friends in Mayfair and Islington—Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds—Mr. Charles Blomfield of Bury—His School and his Connection with the Grammar School—Blomfield's Boarders—Mr. James Blomfield of Rougham, Schoolmaster—Robert Bloomfield the Poet—Bishop Blomfield's Second Cousin—Mr. Charles Blomfield's Three Clever Sons—William Jeaffreson at Bury—His Apprenticeship to Dr. Lynn at Woodbridge—The Lynn Family—General Sir Augustus Fraser, K.C.B.—Major Moor of Bealings—Lord Chancellor Hatherley—Medical Students in Sir Astley Cooper's Time—George Lynn's Assistant—Woodbridge in Pre-Railway Time—Bernard Barton, the Quaker Poet—Edward Fitzgerald's Attachment to Woodbridge—His Marriage—His famous Friends—His Friends unknown to Fame.

THE youngest son of Samuel Jeaffreson of the Brandeston Fir Tree Farm (already spoken of as a younger

brother of Christopher the Fortunate), my grandfather, Samuel Jeaffreson of Petistree, co. Suffolk, resembled his forefathers in being a small landowner. Living upon and cultivating his land in Petistree and Wickham Market, he let his land in Kettleburgh to a farmer. Marrying a remarkably pretty girl named Anne Benington, the daughter of a small landowner, who, like so many of his class, bore arms ('Ar. on a chev. betw. three escallops gu. as many leopards faces or,'—whatever that may mean), he had lived to look upon the faces of three children, born to him by his charming little wife, when he was killed in his twenty-ninth year by a kick from a horse, and was laid in Petistree churchyard on January 22nd, 1790. In the following August the young widow gave birth to her fourth child and second son at Petistree or in the house in Wickham Market, to which she withdrew from Petistree soon after her husband's death, and in which she reared her children, (1) Samuel, (2) Mary, (3) Emily, who all three died without issue, and (4) William, the father of the present writer.

It was not without difficulty that my grandmother Anne Jeaffreson, *née* Benington, reared her children in accordance with their parental condition, for she was left in straitened circumstances by her young husband.

No one of the widow's numerous friends aided her more cordially with good advice than her husband's cousin, Christopher William Jeaffreson, the rector of Tunstall-cum-Dunningworth and Iken, co. Suffolk, grandson of John Jeaffreson of Bawdsey Hall. This Christopher William Jeaffreson, it may be remarked,

had been preceded in the three livings by his father, Christopher William, the first Jeaffreson to take holy orders. As my grandfather Jeaffreson died intestate, the rector of Tunstall had no authority under any will over the widow's children or their estate. But his cousinly kindness and care for the widow and her confidence in his goodness made him in an irregular and informal way the guardian of the orphans, who were reared within three or four miles of his parsonage.

In forming his opinion of the Reverend Christopher William Jeaffreson, M.A., Cantab., rector of Tunstall-cum-Dunningworth and of Iken, co. Suffolk, and in later time of Longborough-cum-Seasoncote, co. Gloucester, and domestic chaplain of Francis Seymour, the second Marquis of Hertford, readers should bear in mind that he was born in the year 1764, and died in 1846, and should be duly mindful of the manners and humours of the period, that covered the earlier and larger part of his clerical career.

A tall man, with a handsome face and slightly aquiline profile, he had an elegant figure, that offered no striking indications of the Herculean strength, which was one of his physical endowments. Possessing the amount of classical scholarship to be looked for in a gentleman of academic training, he was a musician of uncommon ability. But he was chiefly admirable for his conversational address, his lively humour, and his perfect mastery of the noble art of self-defence. When he reflected in his mature age on his youthful career at Cambridge, he recalled with complacency how he had distinguished himself as one of the younger 'Pitt's body-guard,' during

the election that made the statesman Member of Parliament for the university. It may be declared boldly that, from the year of his ordination to the death of George the Third, he was the smartest pugilist of the clerical profession. Sparring with a skill and energy that were applauded by every ring he entered, he befriended the professors of an art that even in George the Third's time was decried by many people as inhuman and brutalizing. On falling 'into trouble,' prize-fighters of repute hastened to him for sympathy and material assistance. He was known to have entertained unfortunate pugilists at his Suffolk parsonage; and instead of crying 'Shame!' on their rector for opening his doors to the 'ornaments of the ring' in their moments of distress, the parishioners of Tunstall extolled him for doing what was right by 'men of merit.'

There were occasions when this clergyman of an old school fought without the gloves. He had attained to middle age, and was walking with his eldest son (at that time a Cambridge undergraduate) from their London lodgings to the theatre, when he was rudely accosted by an able-bodied ruffian, who derided him for being 'a parson.' A crowd came about the able-bodied ruffian, and encouraged him with cheers to persist in his disorderly behaviour. As the encouragement incited the able-bodied ruffian to be guilty of still wilder outrages, the Suffolk rector remarked, in his softest tone,

'My good fellow, if you go on in this way I shall be forced to punish you.'

'Oho, oho!' retorted the able-bodied ruffian, put-

ting up his fists and springing about in a style that showed him to have some acquaintance with the noble art, 'so you mean to punish me, do you? Then, if that's your game, just punish me at once. Just please, parson, be good enough to punish me at once.'

The able-bodied ruffian had his prayer. 'The mill' was over in five minutes. The able-bodied ruffian was still lying upon the pavement, when the gentle-mannered parson went onwards to the theatre, without a scratch on his face or any serious disarrangement of his dress.

By the many sportsmen of his acquaintance, the rector of Tunstall and the other parishes was regarded as the best partridge-shot in East Suffolk; and there was something curious in his way of shooting partridges. It was his practice when he went out with his gun and pointer to wear a waistcoat whose right-hand pocket was lined with tinfoil and charged with snuff. As soon as his dog had pointed, and he saw the covey on the point of rising, he laid his gun upon his left hand, forced the fingers of his right-hand into his snuff-pouch, and took a pinch of snuff before he fired with deadly effect at the birds upon the wing. To persons who inquired whether he snuffed in this eccentric manner at a critical moment, in order to clear his vision and steady his nerves, he would answer,

'No. But I am so nervous and excitable, that I am apt to fire before the birds have fairly risen, and to miss them by firing over their heads, unless I check my impetuosity by taking a hasty pinch.'

The rector of Tunstall and the other places was a superlatively patriotic person. In 1803-4, when the volunteers were revived, and every ploughman of the Eastern Counties glowed with martial ardour, the rector raised a strong company of volunteers. Consisting for the most part of the young farmers and labourers of Tunstall and the adjoining parishes, the corps was commanded by the rector himself, who as the duly commissioned captain of the force used to drill his men on Sundays. At the beginning of the present century, it was the fashion for officers of the army to wear their uniform at all places and hours of the day; and in his military fervour, the handsome rector wore his red coat at dinner-parties and dances. It was even alleged that he wore it in church under cover of his canonical habiliments. Whilst he was wearing his red coat as his usual dress, the rector was invited by his bishop to pass two nights at the Palace of Norwich. On his return from the cathedral city, the rector spoke and had reason to speak with complacence of the civilities which the bishop had lavished upon him. But inferences were drawn by the rector's neighbours from the fact that he henceforth forbore to wear his military costume when he was not on duty with his soldiers.

In his later time, when he had sold the advowson of Tunstall-cum-Dunningworth to Mr. Ferrand, and had become rector of Longborough-cum-Seasoncote, co. Gloucester, this handsome clergyman rarely visited Suffolk, unless he was in attendance upon the Marquis of Hertford at Sudbourne in the shooting-season. Taking for his second wife a considerable

heiress, whose surname Baldrey he assumed in accordance with her father's will, though no one of his multitudinous friends ever called him by it, he was rich enough to keep house in London and follow the pleasures of the town, where he was known to 'all the world,' and was on equally good terms with the great people of Mayfair, and the comparatively insignificant people (including such Jews as the Disraelis and the Lindos), who gathered about his brother John Jeaffreson—'the Islington surgeon and apothecary' (as he is styled in the *Gentleman's Magazine*) who was the famous John Abernethy's peculiar friend, and the father of the eminent physician of Bartholomew's Hospital, the late Henry Jeaffreson, M.D., Cantab.

As he showed signs of more than ordinary cleverness, my grandmother Jeaffreson decided that her younger son should be educated at what had long been by far the best boys' school of his native county. From the middle of the seventeenth century, when head-master Dr. Stephens 'more than once whipt' the Honourable Dudley North 'for faulty verses that he had stole out of printed books,' the grammar-school of Bury St. Edmunds had been reverentially designated 'the Eton of East Anglia;' and its reputation was at its height at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century. Boys of the best East Anglian families were sent to Bury for a classical and mathematical education; and gentle parents of narrow means thought twice before they asked the head-master to receive one of their boys as a boarder into his house, for the famous doc-

tor's charge for entertaining young gentlemen under his roof was proportionate to the grandeur of his scholastic reputation. As my grandmother's means were modest, she decided to commit her boy to the domestic charge of Mr. Charles Blomfield, a comparatively humble schoolmaster, who kept a private school for the 'commercial education' of the sons of tradesmen and farmers, whilst he acted, on certain afternoons of the week, as teacher of writing and arithmetic to the young gentlemen of the grammar-school. Associated in this manner with the superior seminary, Mr. Charles Blomfield was allowed to receive into his house as boarders a certain number of boys who went to the grammar-school as 'day-pupils.' It was as one of 'Blomfield's boarders' that my father went to the Bury grammar-school at a comparatively small cost.

Though he was only the writing and arithmetic master in the grammar-school and the keeper of an English school for boys of inferior quality, Mr. Charles Blomfield was a man of influence and credit in Bury St. Edmunds long before the burgesses of that ancient town elected him for their mayor, and thereby qualified him to write 'gentleman' after his name. He had married Hester Pawsey, daughter of Edward Pawsey of Bury, grocer, by his wife Mary Stebbing, daughter of John Stebbing, a small but gentle landowner of Melton and Ufford, co. Suffolk. In their humble way, the Pawseys were people of mark. One of them, a printer and bookseller, was the originator of the yearly 'Pawsey's Pocket-Books,' whose engravings of Suffolk scenes and celebrities,

and budgets of conundrums and riddles, afforded much amusement in Christmas holidays to several generations of East Anglians. Himself a most respectable schoolmaster, Mr. Charles Blomfield of Bury was brother to a no less respectable schoolmaster, Mr. James Blomfield of Rougham, some five miles distant from Bury.

Blomfield, spelt indifferently with one *o* and two *o*'s, is a common name in East Anglia amongst the simple folk, and also amongst the gentlefolk of the four counties. The shoemaker-poet who wrote *The Farmer's Boy*, and was styled 'The Farmer's Boy' from his principal metrical performance, spelt his surname with two *o*'s. Mr. Charles Blomfield's particular people were and still are careful to spell the name with a single *o*. But, the difference of spelling notwithstanding, the author of *The Farmer's Boy* and the teacher of writing and arithmetic were members of the same family. Himself a village shoemaker at the outset of his career, the poetical Robert Bloomfield was son of a poor tailor of Honington in West Suffolk, who was the grandson of one Isaac Bloomfield, tailor, of the village of Ousden in the same division of the county. Apprenticed in his boyhood to a tailor of Framlingham, this Isaac Bloomfield or Blomfield, after serving his apprenticeship in my native town, returned to his people in the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmund's, settled at Ousden, begat seventeen children, and died at Ousden in his eighty-ninth year. That he won the respect of his neighbours may be inferred from the fact that he was a warden of Ousden church for twenty-seven years.

One of Isaac the Needleman's seventeen children was Mr. James Blomfield, a petty schoolmaster of Bury St. Edmund's, who, dying somewhere about 1777, left two sons—Mr. Charles Blomfield, in whose house my father boarded during his school-time at Bury, and Mr. James Blomfield, the already-mentioned schoolmaster of Rougham.

Mr. Charles Blomfield, the writing and arithmetic master of the Bury St. Edmunds grammar-school, was singularly fortunate in his three sons, though one of them (the one who was generally regarded as the brightest and strongest of the three) died in his twenty-ninth year, before he had fulfilled the promise of his academic career. Proceeding from Bury to Cambridge, Charles James Blomfield, the most famous of the three sons, distinguished himself at his university, entered holy orders, won the applause of scholars by his editions of classic authors, became Bishop of Chester in 1824, when he was no more than thirty-eight years of age, and Bishop of London in 1828. Passing from Bury to Cambridge, Edward Valentine Blomfield won a fellowship at Emmanuel College, and had passed some years on the Continent as one of the travelling bachelors of his university, when he died at his college on 9th October, 1816, to the poignant grief of his many personal friends, and to the universal regret of students, especially concerned in the progress of classical scholarship. The Bury writing and arithmetic master was the father of another scholar, whose natural capacity and elegant attainments would have afforded him a larger measure of social distinction, had not his merits been over-

borne and obscured by the stronger personality and dazzling achievements of the famous Bishop of London. Canon G. B. Blomfield, of Chester, who lived to extreme old age on his comparatively modest preferment and the wealth that came to him from fortunate marriages, was a man of fine intellect and noble nature. Notwithstanding the disappointment and enduring sorrow that came to him from Edward Valentine's premature death, Mr. Charles Blomfield of Bury was a singularly fortunate father.

From what I have said of Robert Blomfield's descent and Mr. Charles Blomfield's descent from Isaac the Needleman, who served his apprenticeship to a Framlingham tailor (vide, *Davy's Suffolk MSS.* and *Green's History of Framlingham*), it follows that the poet who gave us *The Farmer's Boy* and the famous Bishop of London were second cousins.

The distinction of his three sons naturally affected the regard in which the Bury schoolmaster was held by his fellow-townsmen. Proud of the young Blomfields, who had heightened the lustre of their native town, the burgesses of Bury St. Edmunds made much of the schoolmaster, who had enjoyed their respect long before his boys became famous. Before he died at Bury St. Edmunds on October 2nd, 1831, in his 70th year, Mr. Charles Blomfield, the whilom teacher of writing and arithmetic, had been five times chosen to be the borough's chief magistrate. Filial gratitude and dutifulness are too common virtues to command admiration. It may, however, be remarked, less as a matter for particular commendation than as a pleasant matter of course, that Bishop Blomfield

seized every opportunity for visiting his parents, and was at great pains to cheer them in their declining age.

Younger than Charles James Blomfield by about four years, my father during his school-days at Bury looked upon the future bishop as a superior person. The little fellow, *ætat.* 10, regarded Charles James, *ætat.* 14, as a big boy. When he numbered thirteen years, my father naturally rated Charles James as almost a man. In his later time, my father remembered his famous school-fellow all the more clearly, because Charles James in his boyhood acted as tutor to his father's grammar-school day-boarders,—or, at least, to those of them who were his inferiors by age. It was only a step from Mr. Charles Blomfield's house to the grammar-school; but the writing-master's 'grammar-school day-boarders' made the step under the *surveillance* of Charles James. My father's recollections of the future bishop were all of a pleasant and cordial kind. But, then, my dear father remembered all that was good and nothing that was ill of his old friends. A more generous and forgiving man never breathed. Speaking gently of the few persons who had done him wrong, he seized every occasion for sounding the praises of the many people who had shown him kindness.

On leaving Bury grammar-school, my father came under the control of a most beneficent master. To learn the art and mystery of a surgeon and apothecary, he was apprenticed to Dr. George Lynn of Woodbridge, the chief doctor of the town, that is agreeably associated with Edward Fitzgerald's story.

Member of a highly intellectual and charming family, this Dr. Lynn, who had been preceded in Woodbridge by a father of good repute in the medical profession, was a fine example of the men who practised medicine and surgery in the Eastern Counties in the Georgian period. A family of several fine endowments, the Lynns were especially fortunate in their personal comeliness and the excellence of their irresistibly winning manners. Gentle by descent, they mated with gentle people. One of Dr. George Lynn's beautiful sisters (Emma) married a young officer who rose to be General Sir Augustus Fraser, K.C.B.; another of them (Charlotte) became the wife of Major Moor (styled Edward Moor, esq., in the 'Peerages') and the mother of Charlotte Moor, who rose to the dignity of a peeress through her marriage with a young barrister, William Page Wood, in his later time Lord Chancellor Hatherley. Clever and highly educated himself, Dr. George Lynn had a clever and highly educated brother in Captain James Lynn, a sailor in the East India Company's service, and a mathematician and writer on the science of seamanship, who had married my father's first cousin, Susan Simpson, an exceedingly beautiful woman, daughter of Thomas Simpson of Ufford, a small landowner. The cordiality with which Dr. Lynn of Woodbridge received his young apprentice, and the fatherly interest he took in the lad, were doubtless in some degree referable to this matrimonial connection of the Lynns and Jeaffresons. Treated in every respect as a 'son of the house' during his long stay under George Lynn's roof and government, my father in his boyhood con-

ceived for the Lynns a romantic affection, which he preserved to his latest hour. In his middle age and declining years, he used to recall Mrs. Lynn's favourite songs, and speak with pleasant enthusiasm of her beauty, her goodness, and her musical ability. One of the fortunate results of my father's close association with these delightful Lynns from his fifteenth year to his early manhood was that he caught their irresistibly charming manner.

The three closing years of his apprenticeship to so good a master were chiefly spent by my father in London, at the combined school of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, the school which Sir Astley Cooper's genius and personality had raised to pre-eminence over all the other schools of medicine and surgery in the capital of Great Britain. Whilst they admired him for the best reasons, the medical students from the Eastern Counties liked the famous surgeon none the less because he was an East Anglian by birth and lineage.

Whilst he was walking the borough-hospitals, my father enjoyed better opportunities than most medical students for entering the homes of gentle people,—a fact that may account for the fervour with which he used to declare that the students of his school and time comprised no young men bearing any resemblance to Ben Allen and Bob Sawyer of Pickwickian celebrity. On this point I think my father must have been mistaken. I am sure that, had it come under his observation, my father would not have denied the existence of 'rowdyism' amongst the medical students of his period, for he had a clear and strong

memory, and was incapable of untruth. From words spoken to me in confidence long after I had come to man's estate, I know that on the conclusion of his student-career he returned to his native county, curiously ignorant of the seamy side, the Tom and Jerry side, of London life, and as inexperienced in dissipation as the students of the severest religious seminaries are supposed to be. Not that he was an austere and sedate young man, with a natural repugnance to enjoyment. The explanation of his rather peculiar case is that he was a strenuous student, who found ample occupation for his leisure in going to the best theatres, and visiting the many families, who welcomed him in the first instance for the sake of his introducers, and afterwards liked to see much of him, because he was a singularly handsome young man, who danced well, talked brightly, and knew how to please people of every age and temper.

After winning in 1812 the diploma, which certified that he was a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and was therefore duly qualified to cure or kill any number of patients, the young man returned in an early month of his twenty-third year to Woodbridge, and there acted for two years as assistant to his former teacher, Dr. Lynn, who agreed to pay him two hundred pounds a-year for his services, on condition that he bought a sufficient horse for his own use,—an animal that should stand and have free forage, etc., in the doctor's stable, but in case of misadventure should be replaced with a sound and capable animal at the assistant's charge. As times went, the salary was liberal, though the young assistant-surgeon

might have come to financial difficulty, had he been unlucky in his choice of a horse.

The Woodbridge with its population of some four thousand eight hundred souls (soldiers in barracks being left out of the account) in which my father began his career as a duly qualified doctor, differed in many respects from the Woodbridge, without a garrison, of the present year of grace. A more restful, sleepy, uneventful town of its size than the Woodbridge of to-day it would be difficult to find in all England. But the Woodbridge of my father's early manhood was a brisk, delightful little town. A small force of red coats suffices to give so small a town the martial air and colour. Moreover, so long as it could speak of itself as a garrison town, the place was in vogue with retired army officers, who were gladdened in their retirement by the music of fifes and drums. The other 'fighting service' afforded the town and its immediate vicinity a contingent of retired officers, who lived cheaply on shore and delighted in sailing down the Deben for a sniff of sea-air. In the autumnal and winterly months the neighbourhood afforded much pastime for sportsmen. Abounding in partridges, pheasants, and wildfowl, it had squires who kept hounds. The Woodland of course was ill-adapted for hunting; but, though it lay just within the region of small enclosures and high fences, Woodbridge was near the more open country of the Sandland. In the summerly months, there were cricket-fields for the cricketers, a picturesque river for those who cared for water-parties, many a well-stocked streamlet for the followers of

the gentle craft, and for the votaries of landscape-art an exuberance of the sylvan scenery in which Gainsborough and Constable delighted.

Now-a-days, travellers to and fro between London and Yarmouth slide past Edward Fitzgerald's town without seeing it, or coming under the observation of its inhabitants. It was not so in the earlier decades of the present century. From dawn till evening the town was alive with the stage-coaches driven by skilful whips, the private carriages of the 'great quality,' and the post-chaises of rich travellers of any quality, that passed through narrow *Cumberland Street* and the still narrower *Thoroughfare* of the quaint old town. Drawn by foaming four-in-hand teams, the stage-coaches were attended by the rude but stirring music of the guard's horn. Drawn by the best posters of the road and guided by smartly equipt postillions, the chariots of the 'great quality' were sometimes preceded by outriders, wearing brave liveries. And, when they had received timely notice of the approach of especially interesting travellers, the town's-folk of both sexes and every degree were at pains to get a view, and show their approval, of the celebrities. When the great Nelson passed through Woodbridge in the first year of the present century, on his way from Great Yarmouth to London, every upper window of the *Thoroughfare* and *Cumberland Street* was in the possession of women and children, and every square foot of standing-room in the two long streets was occupied by an individual of the grand assemblage of people, who had gathered together to gaze at and cheer the admiral of East

Anglian birth. From the crown of Melton Hill to the Cherry-Tree Tavern on the other side of Woodbridge, the Hero of the Nile (to say nothing of Sir William and Lady Hamilton and Miss Cornelia Knight, who were his travelling-companions) drove through two densely packed lines of 'prejudiced East Anglians,' who cheered him all the more loudly because 'he belonged to the Four Counties.'

Eighty years since, and from that date till the steam-locomotive and the extinction of the small landowners blighted the life of our small provincial towns and robbed them in the same generation of their old-world sociability, Woodbridge was well provided with the means of enjoyment. There were monthly subscription-balls all the year through for people who enjoyed dancing, concerts for the musical, and exhibitions for encouraging taste in the fine arts. The town was well provided with the best of the new literature by a club-library. It had a card-club where gentlemen played long whist for sixpenny points, and a bowling-green where the gentlemen of the town played the oldest of lawn-games with nice science and skill. Moreover, it had a theatre, where David Fisher's *troupe* of actors performed works of legitimate drama as well as the lighter productions of popular playwrights, during at least one month of every year. Instead of being avoided as persons of inferior morality, who should not be admitted to drawing-rooms, Mr. Fisher and the principal members of his *troupe* were seen in the best houses of the pleasant town. And, whilst the life of the small town was quickened and fortified by its theatre and clubs,

the most affluent and polite householders of the community were continually giving entertainments, that were all the more agreeable for being alike free from prodigality and the particular kind of exclusiveness for which I venture to coin the word 'cliquishness.'

As Woodbridge held a goodly number of non-conformists, and was extraordinarily strong in Quakers (*e.g.*, the Alexanders, bankers, and their clerk, Bernard Barton, the poet), it is conceivable that this amiable spirit of neighbourliness was spoken of as 'worldliness' and 'levity' by some of the town's-people. But, though they were strong in numbers and respectability, the non-conformists forbore to protest openly against the worldliness which they necessarily deplored in their hearts and probably denounced within their own walls.

Let it also be observed that, instead of holding aloof from Woodbridge as though it would ill-beseem their dignity to share in the amusements of so insignificant a place, the gentlewomen of the leading families of the neighbourhood were well pleased to partake of the gaieties of the small town. It was seldom that one of these ladies of 'the county' drove into Woodbridge to do her shopping, and returned to her home, without having called on a friend living in the town. Coming to the town in their brighter time for its dances and musical parties, some of these ladies chose the town for a place of residence when they became dowagers, so as to be within a few steps of congenial acquaintances, and also within an easy drive of their former homes. In my boyhood,

before East Suffolk had railways, a well-descended dowager of one of the chief houses of the neighbourhood passed her closing years at Woodbridge. Economical considerations had nothing to do with her choice of a home, for she was rich. At this time, when a journey from Brighton, or Bournemouth, or Bath to East Suffolk can be made by infirm ladies without fatigue, such a dowager would not think of settling in such a place within twelve miles of her old home, for the mere sake of being near her son and his children.

Unless he troubles himself to realize how greatly the Woodbridge of to-day differs from the Woodbridge of Edward Fitzgerald's time, the reader will be at a loss to account for the tenacity with which the amiable literary recluse clung to the old town and its lovely neighbourhood. Passing in his youth and earlier manhood more time at Woodbridge than at his father's house in Boulge, Edward Fitzgerald conceived a strong affection for the town, every other house of whose principal streets reminded him in his autumnal years of the happiest incidents of his life's spring and summer,—the town in which he wooed and won Lucy Barton (Bernard Barton's daughter), from whom he withdrew so whimsically within a few months of the marriage that closed their too long engagement.

'My dear friend, it is not in your power to reunite the man and wife who have separated deliberately without having survived their esteem of one another,' he remarked to an old friend, who expressed a desire to restore the severed spouses to the state of

life from which they had recently retired. 'Mrs. Fitzgerald is not likely to speak or think unkindly of me, and heaven knows I have no right to harbour an ill thought of her. Upon my honour, the only fault I ever discovered in her was that she loved me too dearly and tenderly.'

What a droll reason for separating from a fond and gentle wife! And it was no less true than droll. It worried the sensitive old bachelor to be under the constant regard of a pair of loving eyes. On looking up from the desk to which he had gone to write letters, Edward Fitzgerald found that his wife had stolen noiselessly into the room and was regarding him affectionately from a distant seat. On finding that wedlock would deprive him of solitude even in his study, the poet determined to escape from the vexatious bondage. As his fine sense of humour rendered him painfully alive to the absurdity of his only ground of complaint against his wife, it is to his credit that he never even hinted he had a graver reason for wishing to escape from her society. Had he made any such suggestion, he would have been strangely false to himself; for, though he was not without foibles, the generous man was incapable of meanness.

Strongly attached though Edward Fitzgerald was to his old college friends, Alfred Tennyson, James Spedding, and William Makepeace Thackeray, and to Thomas Carlyle, whose acquaintance he made through Thackeray, and proud though he was of the esteem in which they held him, those celebrated persons were less precious to Edward Fitzgerald

than some score of his old Suffolk friends, on whom he had fixed his warm affections in his youth and early manhood. To the last the inmost chambers of Edward Fitzgerald's warm and capacious heart were tenanted by men and women who were beautiful in their lives, but wholly unknown to fame. Most of them he survived by many years; but death only made them more precious to him. He spent so much of his later time in or near Woodbridge, because the place reminded him of the Lynns and Carthews, the Moors and the Meadowses, the Nurseys of Bealings and the Woods of Melton. To the old man's fancy, as he lounged about its streets, the town was peopled with members of these and half-a-dozen other families. He heard the voices of the dear friends, who had passed from him for ever, as he sauntered along the lanes of the surrounding country, or glided over the tranquil surface of Martlesham Creek. They went with him over the merry waters, when his boat ran before the wind from Bawdsey Haven to Orford Ness, and onwards to Aldborough, Sizewell Gap Dunwich, Southwold, Covehithe Ness, and Lowestoft.

In my early time I knew most of Edward Fitzgerald's dearest Woodbridge friends—*i.e.*, the friends he made at Woodbridge when he was a young man. Though most of them have long since gone to the land of shades, a few of them still remain in sweet and lovely old age. And from my recollection of the dead and my knowledge of the living, I can certify that he valued them none too highly. A sufficient record of Edward Fitzgerald's gentle life and nature has not been published. Should it ever be produced,

it will contain letters far brighter and more animating —far more eloquent of the writer's finest qualities —than any of his letters that have hitherto been given to the world.

CHAPTER V.

FORTUNATE TRADESMEN.

William Jeaffreson settles at Framlingham—His professional Success—Caroline Edwards—Bernard Barton's Letter to 'Sister Cary'—George Edwards the Elder—His Shop on the Market Hill—His good Fortune in Business—His Sons and Daughters—Family of Cordy *alias* Corday—John Cordy of Hethersett, Weaver—James Cordy of Framlingham, Weaver—He turns Shop-Keeper—His Shop at Worlingworth—Suffolk Tradesmen and their Landed Estates—James Cordy, Lord of the Manor of Southolt—Shop-Keeper and Seignior—Enclosure of Southolt Common—Facts for Mr. George, U.S.—Strict Settlement of the Southolt Estate—John Cordy of Worlingworth and Woodbridge—His Gifts to his Sister's Children—His Munificence to the Poor—His Beneficence to Chambers, 'the Beggar Poet'—The 'Cordy School-House' at Worlingworth—Death of John Cordy's only Child—Southolt Manor devolves on George Edwards the Elder—George Edwards's Death and Wealth—The Cordy-Edwards Estate—Former Prosperity and present Impoverishment of the Suffolk Woodland.

THOUGH he worked hard for the two hundred pounds a-year paid to him by his kindly employer, my father was so happy at Woodbridge that he would have stayed there for more than two years, had not duty required him to establish himself in

practice on his own account, in order that he might be of financial service to his mother, whose income had been seriously diminished by the charges for the education of her children. For her sake and that purpose, he looked about for a practice; and deemed himself fortunate in finding what he wanted at Framlingham, only eleven miles distant from delightful Woodbridge. Living at Framlingham, he would be able to canter over to his dear Lynns and their delightful friends, when 'business was slack.' Moreover, the Woodbridge people often made picnics in the hills round about Framlingham Castle. By a certain short cut my father could ride within an hour from Framlingham to his particular friends, the Nurseys of Bealings. So he bought the practice at Framlingham, and went to it cheerily.

Twelve months later, he had sounder and more solid reasons for thinking well of Framlingham. Events justified the representations, which had decided him to settle in the small market-town. At the end of his first year in the town he could smile over the fact, that his earnings during the twelve months exceeded twice the sum at which the outgoing apothecary had computed the average yearly income of his business. That the revenue of the practice had doubled in so short a time was not surprising. Of the two doctors, who suffered from the success of their young competitor, one was infirm with age, while the other was disliked for his violent temper and revolutionary politics. On the other hand my father, *ætat.* 24 at the time of his arrival in the town, was well-looking, well-taught, and well-

bred. Acceptable to the rich rectors of the neighbourhood as a Bury boy and cousin of the popular rector of Tunstall, he was none the less favourably regarded by the few squires of the district for being the kinsman of Lieutenant-General Jeaffreson of Dullingham House, who had married the heiress of General Robinson of Denston Hall, co. Suffolk. Moreover, at Framlingham my father was in the very district of Suffolk from which Thomas Warner and John Jeaffreson drew a large proportion of the adventurous yeomen and artisans who accompanied or followed them to the West Indies in the seventeenth century.

Successful in his profession, my father, *ætat.* 25, was quick to fall in love with Caroline Edwards, *ætat.* 20, whose name brightens the first page of this work. Charming in her middle age and lovely in her life's decline, Caroline Edwards in her prime was rated as one of the brightest beauties of East Suffolk. At the same time she was commended for the singular sweetness of her nature and for her mental graces. Educated at one of the best schools for girls to be found in the Suffolk Woodland, Caroline Edwards at the close of her seventeenth year was mistress of all the graceful accomplishments and something more than all the higher culture which English school-girls ordinarily acquired from their professional teachers in the opening decades of the present century. On leaving school she became a studious young woman, whose deeper thoughtfulness was attended by the mercurial gaiety that beseemed her years. A critical reader of the best English litera-

ture, she displayed a faculty for writing verse after the manner of her favourite poets, that caused George Crabbe, Bernard Barton, and the other songsters of the Woodland, to regard her with mingled admiration and curiosity.

That Bernard Barton's admiration of her wit was qualified in some degree with fear of her critical candour appears from the diffidence and embarrassment of the following note, in which he asked her to accept a copy of his first volume of poems,—the collection of 'metrical effusions' which Mr. John Murray of Albemarle Street undertook in 1812 to republish at Byron's recommendation,—

Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, to Caroline Edwards.

[Woodbridge: 1813.]

'SISTER CARY,

'Although I believe you to be an admirer of Poetry, yet as you say that you have long since found out that Rhyme and Poetry are two distinct things, I should hesitate to request your acceptance of the Productions of a very humble Rhymer, did I not consider that your Good-nature would disarm your criticism, and secure me from its effects.

'If you think the Metrical Effusions worth the carriage to Framlingham, I shall feel myself obliged by your allowing them to bear you company. I shall only attach one condition to the acceptance, which is, that when you assume the more important character of a married Lady, you will allow me, should I be situated near you, or should I chance to wander that way, to claim the privilege of an acquaintance in calling to pay my congratulations. Whether you may choose to allow me this liberty or not, I shall make no apology for the freedom I now take in offering you my best wishes for your health, improvement, and happiness. Good-bye.

'Your sincere friend, 'B. B.'

Caroline Edwards was staying at Woodbridge with her sister Eliza (Mrs. Manby—mother of Edward Fitzgerald's friend, George Manby), when the Quaker poet wrote to her in this curiously stiff and graceless style.

When my father was planting himself so easily at Framlingham in 1814, the richest man of the town was George Edwards the Elder, *ætat.* 61, who had recently assigned to his two eldest sons (George Edwards the Younger and Charles) the shop and business, in which he had acquired the larger part of his considerable wealth. The second son of John Edwards, a large dairy-farmer of Dennington, where he grazed a hundred milch cows, George Edwards the Elder came to my native town with only a few hundred pounds of capital, and started as a tradesman on the picturesque market-place, shortly before the aspiring Kilderbees withdrew from the Causeway. As writers of social history will sooner or later be thankful for my communicativeness, I mean to be slightly garrulous about my maternal grandfather's shop and commercial doings. The shop was 'a general shop,' to wit, a shop in which people could buy things of grocery and articles of drapery, and divers commodities lying outside those two trades, *e.g.*, cheese, butter, eggs, candles, tobacco, snuff, beaver hats, felt caps, umbrellas, gloves of all sorts, hair-powder, hosiery. In brief, Caroline Edwards's father, *my* maternal grandsire, was 'a general provider': and there lay behind his shop an office of accounts, in which he discharged the most important functions of a banker, before the Messrs. Gurneys,

etc., of Norwich, bankers, had a branch bank at Framlingham.

In a previous chapter of this volume, I have remarked that it was usual for the chief draper of a small market-town in the Suffolk Woodland to discharge the chief functions of a banker. Whilst they bought and sold cloth on the Framlingham Causeway, the Kilderbees were bankers, albeit they neither issued notes nor styled themselves bankers. In like manner, George Edwards the Elder took charge of moneys deposited with him for safe custody, and employed the same moneys in his business of grocer, draper, money-lender, and bill-discounter. Like the Kilderbees, before they flowered into De Horseys, George Edwards neither issued notes nor styled himself banker, whilst he was for a series of years the actual and unavowed banker of his town and its neighbourhood. When the Gurneys of Norwich were developing their business by establishing agencies in the smaller market-towns of Suffolk, one of them (the Mr. Gurney whom George Edwards the Younger used to speak of as 'old Mr. Gurney') entered into negotiations with my grandfather, in order to bring his banking customers within the lines of the Norwick Bank. Wishing him to manage the branch bank, the Gurneys left it to my grandfather to decide whether he would be their 'local partner' or their salaried agent. Caution determined my grandfather to take the more modest position; and henceforth he acted as the salaried manager of the Framlingham branch of Gurney's Bank, the business of the new branch being done in the same dark little

counting-house, in which George Edwards the Elder had for years kept and still continued to keep his accounts of all kinds.

Putting his two eldest sons into the business on the Market Hill, George Edwards the Elder placed his three other sons out in life, in accordance with their desires. Henry became a wine-corn-and-coal merchant and shipowner at Woodbridge. Frederick flourished as a sheep-farmer in the Suffolk Fielding. Holding a large light-land farm at Barnham under the Duke of Grafton, he bought a fen-farm some ten miles away from his home, and held it in his own hand. William was for many years the principal attorney-at-law of Framlingham and its neighbourhood. In 1814, George Edwards the Elder had given two of his daughters away in marriage to prosperous men. For some time before her marriage to my father in December, 1816, Caroline was the only child of her parents to be living habitually with them in a house just outside the town—a pleasant house, flanked towards two points of the compass, with gardens, orchards, and paddocks.

A man of low stature, cheery countenance, strong grey eyes, simple tastes, kindly temper, and constant benevolence, George Edwards the Elder was curiously frugal in his daily habits and expenses, but he gave like a lord on rare and fit occasions. In this respect he was resembled by George Edwards the Younger, who could enjoy sending a cheque for a hundred, ay, or a thousand pounds to a needy friend, and at the same time grudged the penny for the postage of the letter. George Edwards the Elder

married in his early manhood Anne, the only daughter of James Cordy of Worlingworth, general shopkeeper. The only daughter had an only brother, John Cordy, who succeeded his father in the shop at Worlingworth, a village some six miles distant from Framlingham. The Edwardses, a family of several branches and countless cousins, were agricultural people,—peasant-proprietors, small land-owners, farmers, *i.e.*, tenant-farmers. Till my grandfather Edwards opened his shop on Framlingham Market Hill, and his brother William started as a tanner in the same town, the Edwardses had from time immemorial one and all 'lived out of the land.'

Anne Cordy's people had a different domestic story. At one time they had spelt their name Corday, and it was a tradition of the family that they were of French extraction, and had descended from a French protestant who had fled to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This tradition is not supported by any documentary evidence known to the present writer. The name Corday does not appear in any hitherto published list of French refugees. On the other hand, the tradition had lived in the family from a time long before the deed which made Charlotte Corday famous. In my childhood and youth I used to hear Charlotte Corday spoken of as one of my far-away cousins.

The earliest of my Cordy ancestors of whom I have clear and certain knowledge is my great-great-grandfather, John Cordy *alias* Corday, who passed the greater part of his life, and died, *ætat.* 80, in 1775, at Hether-

sett, co. Norfolk, a village not far from Norwich. A weaver in his earlier time, and perhaps as long as he could work at the loom, he was also (I believe) in his later time concerned in the cloth-trade. Though he passed his existence in a humble way of life, he appears to have enjoyed a degree of prosperity, for he reared a numerous brood of children, whom he placed out respectably in life, and at his death left one hundred pounds of three per cent. *consols* to the poor of Hethersett. All the persons named Cordy, still living and known to me, are descendants of this Hethersett weaver. My father's pupil and apprentice, the late Sir Cordy Burrows, F.R.C.S., of Brighton, whose statue stands in the garden of the Brighton Pavilion, resembled me in being a great-great-grandson of the Hethersett weaver.

James Cordy (the third in age of this Hethersett weaver's eight surviving children) was bred in his youth to the weaver's mystery and craft. Migrating from Norfolk to Suffolk *temp.* George the Second, he settled within the parish of Framlingham in a substantial little house, standing about a mile away from the town. Twice the size of an ordinary farm-labourer's cottage, and much more substantially built than the dwellings tenanted by farm-labourers in the middle of the last century, this humble tenement still stands in its little garden, near Durrant's Bridge on the highway from Framlingham to Dennington. How long my great-grandfather Cordy worked at his loom in this stout little cottage, I have vainly tried to discover. In an early year of George the Third's reign he was the keeper of the one 'general shop' of

...gworth,—a purely agricultural parish, that in ...ood had a population of some seven hundred ...ty-six souls, whilst the population of the ad... parish of Southolt numbered no more than ... hundred and eleven souls. The revenue coming ... these two parishes in 1851 to the Reverend ...ward Barlee (an excellent man) as the rector of ...rlingworth-cum-Southolt was computed at nine ...dred and thirty-three pounds. The parishes ...nd-about these two contiguous and ecclesiastically ...ociated parishes were and are peopled with land... ...ners, farmers, and farm-labourers.

Unless he were ripe for a lunatic-asylum, no young ...desman would in these days establish himself in ...h a district, wholly devoid of small land-owners, ...d hope to maintain a family and grow rich in it. In the earlier time of George the Third, when Wor...ingworth and its neighbourhood abounded with small land-owners, who were on the average three times as rich as the tenant-farmers by whom they have been succeeded, my great-grandfather Cordy attained to a degree of prosperity that may seem incredible to the present inhabitants of the district. Marrying Anne Adams, daughter of the principal yeoman of the parish, he took her to a comfortable home; and when his two children were old enough to go to school, he sent them to good schools,—or at least to teachers who were rated as capable teachers. The charges of those capable instructors notwithstanding, the village shopkeeper continued to lay by at least one-half of the yearly income from his shop. Temperate in his diet and thrifty in every particular

of his expenditure, apart from the cost of his children's schooling, he became a warm man—a *very* warm man for a person of his humble position.

It has been remarked, in a former chapter, that it was common in the Suffolk Woodland for a successful shopkeeper to invest a considerable proportion of his winnings in land, and to devise his real estate to his eldest son for life with remainder, etc., *i.e.*, to make what is called in common parlance 'an entailed estate.' After buying land to the value of about three hundred pounds a-year, it was usual for the successful shopkeeper (if he came of a gentle family, as he did in many cases) to bring out from one of his secret drawers a long cherished seal, engraved with the heraldic cognizance of his 'house,' and henceforth to seal his familiar and uncommercial letters with it. There are squires of high degree in East Anglia, who would regard their quarterings with less self-complacence, if they were informed how many of the quartered cognizances point to the heiresses of estates that were made by village shopkeepers.

James Cordy of Worlingworth, shopkeeper, whilom of Framlingham, weaver, conceived the common and not ignoble desire to make an estate and found a family; and in 1789, when he had entered his sixtieth year, and was thinking of resigning his shop to his only son, he saw a good opportunity for compassing his ambition. In that year of grace the Manor of Southolt and certain very small farms about the manor-house were offered for sale. James Cordy bought the manor and the small farms. It was a proud day for the whilom weaver, when he became

lord of the manor of Southolt; and to his great-grandson, who is something of a humourist, there is a pleasant touch of comedy in the immediate consequences of his investment in real estate. The new lord of the manor was a village shopkeeper, and continued to attend to the affairs of his shop for some time subsequent to his elevation to seignorial dignity. Had Southolt been in Scotland, he would have been styled 'laird,' and at social gatherings his acquaintances would have accosted him by the name of his manor. A century since the lord of a manor was rated in the Suffolk Woodland as superior to a small land-owner having no seignorial quality. By his latest investment the whilom weaver had mounted to dignity, but persisted for a year or so in discharging the functions of a grocer and draper. At his Worlingworth shop he still sold tea and Suffolk 'bang' by weight, poplins and bombazines by long measure. At Southolt manor-house he was a territorial personage.

Year by year his modest estate enlarged its bounds. Contiguous fields and paddocks were brought within its limits. There was in those days at Southolt a considerable breadth of unenclosed grassland, known by a name which has caused uninformed people to imagine that the soil belonged in some way to all the common people of the little parish, whereas none but the land-owners had any proprietarial right in the ground. It was decided by the commoners of Southolt, *i.e.*, the individuals having rights of commonage in the unenclosed land, to divide Southolt Common amongst themselves and

to enclose it, so that each commoner should take to his particular use and possession a portion of the land, in lieu of his long-established right of commonage in the whole 'green.' And as all the parties, entitled to a voice in the matter, consented to the scheme of partition, the Common was divided and enclosed without the authority of an Act of Parliament. In the division of the ground, the lion's share of course came to the lord of the manor and largest land-owner of the parish. The mere farm-labourers, who had never been allowed to put donkey or goose on the Common, were far from thinking themselves aggrieved by the partition, which they regarded as an improvement of the parish. Certain vagrants, commonly called Egyptians, who had long used the Green as a camping-ground in their journeyings about the country, murmured at the improvement, which deprived them of so convenient a spot for their yellow caravans and dirty tents; but the feeling of the decent cottagers was with the land-owners, and against the vagabonds. I am, of course, aware that the arrangement, which adorned Southolt Green with trim fences, is styled 'land-grabbing' by a certain sort of ignorant and violent politicians. If Mr. George of the United States of America and his disciples are moved to denounce the worthy land-owners of Southolt, *temp.* George the Third, for having been 'greedy land-grabbers,' they may do so till they are purple in the face. The fact will remain, that the friendly arrangement for enclosing Southolt Common was carried out at the smallest possible cost, to the unqualified satisfaction of all the parishioners

and to the considerable improvement of my great-grandfather's estate.

When it had been fixed and settled to the last post and fence, the estate was no great affair. On coming to be sold, *temp.* William the Fourth, in eight several lots by the executors of George Edwards the Elder, the whole estate realized eight thousand seven hundred pounds; and, land being usually bought in that time so that it would yield the purchaser five per cent. interest, the gross rental of the property may be roughly computed at something over four hundred pounds a-year.

By his last will and testament, James Cordy, the whilom weaver, devised this estate to his only son John Cordy for life, with remainder in tail to his issue, etc., and in default of issue to the testator's son-in-law, George Edwards the Elder, *absolutely.* Succeeding to his father's landed estate on 2nd July, 1808 (the date of the old man's death), John Cordy, who had for many years been master of the Worlingworth shop, succeeded also to a moiety of his father's personal estate.

A tall, handsome, clever, and well-educated man, this John Cordy is even to this day remembered by veterans in the Suffolk Woodland for his benevolence and goodness. My father often spoke of him to me as an original thinker and a singularly agreeable companion. The portrait of this John Cordy, which hangs on one of the walls of my dining-room, has caused many an artist to remark on the noble air of the powerful face. Yet he was a weaver's son, and was for the greater part of his life a village shop-keeper.

At the time of his father's death, he was childless, though he had been married for many years. Childless in his forty-seventh year, he had come to think of himself as destined to be childless to the last,—a hard fate for the man who had yearned for offspring. He had never sympathized with his father's ambition to 'make a family,' and was not pleased to think how that ambition had caused the old man to divide his winnings unequally between his two children. It pained him to know that he had taken Southolt Manor in addition to his good business and moiety of his father's personalty, when his only sister with eight children had taken so much less from her sire. When he brooded sorrowfully over his childlessness, he found comfort in thinking that eventually his sister's children would be none the worse for the settlement of Southolt. At the same time his only sister, somewhat too anxious for the future of her numerous children, found comfort in reflecting that Southolt and her brother's money would pass to her boys and girls, should he leave no issue. Affairs took an unlooked-for turn. Less than two years after his father's death, John Cordy lost his childless wife. Three years later the widower made a second marriage, that resulted in the birth of a girl.

What followed should be taken to heart by persons who imagine that tradesmen are necessarily sordid, grasping, avaricious, selfish creatures. On the morning after his child's birth, John Cordy, *ætat.* 53, rode over to Framlingham to tell his sister of the infant's arrival. Telling her of the great domestic event, he also told her that he had for some months made up

his mind to give each of her eight children a thousand pounds, so that they should not suffer (at least, in respect to the entailed estate) from the appearance of a cousin, who would in the course of nature succeed to Southolt Manor, should she have no brother. The warm-hearted man would have offered to give eight thousand pounds (the sum at which the Southolt estate was valued) to his sister and her husband, had he not felt it would have hurt their pride to accept so large sum from him. Restrained by fine sensibility from proposing to put them under too weighty an obligation, he was resolved to give the money in equal portions to their children. And he lost no time in executing his benevolent design. To each of his nephews, who was of an age and in a position to use the money profitably, and to each of his two married nieces he gave a thousand pounds at once. The thousands for his sister's younger children were at the time committed to George Edwards the Elder *in trust* for them. The one thousand pounds which she took in this way from her uncle, John Cordy, was one-half of my mother's marriage-portion. To the village-shop, albeit he was lord for life of a small entailed estate, the eight thousand pounds was as much as one hundred thousand pounds or two hundred thousand pounds to a very rich peer.

Thus munificent to his nearest kindred, John Cordy was commendably free-handed to the poor about his home, whether he was living at Worlingworth, or at Woodbridge, to which town he migrated on retiring from his shop. So long as he lived at Worlingworth-cum-Southolt the poor came to him

in their times of urgent trouble, as though he had been especially endowed and commissioned to minister to the necessitous of the two parishes. Supplying the sick with wine and other medicinal luxuries, he apprenticed poor boys to honest tradesmen, and started poor girls in domestic service with adequate clothing. Though he held sound and severe views touching the wickedness of improvidence and the mischievous effects of almsgiving, he was perpetually giving money to mendicants. No tramp came to his door without getting bite and sup, with a few pence to help him onwards. How the benevolent John Cordy took to his house Chambers, the beggar-poet, and after cleaning and clothing him did his best to reclaim the poor wretch from his squalid wildness, and make a decent man of him, Thomas Woolner, R.A. (a Suffolk man, of whom all East Anglians are proud) told the world some six years since in the *Nineteenth Century Review* for June, 1887. James Chambers was only one of a score ne'er-do-weels whom the Worlingworth shopkeeper strove to raise from filthy degradation.

Whilst he was passing his last years at Woodbridge Lodge, the amiable man persevered in his goodness to the poor of the two parishes, in which he spent the greater part of his life. Sending them coals and warm clothing at Christmas, he showed them kindness the whole year round. In one of his notes on the Worlingworth Charities, Mr. Davy (*vide Davy's Suffolk MSS.* in the British Museum) says, 'A house for the schoolmaster at Worlingworth was built in 1825 upon land belonging to the parish, at the ex-

pense of Mr. John Cordy of Woodbridge, for which the privilege was reserved to him and his executors, administrators, and assigns of sending two children to the school from the parish of Southolt.'—Just two years after the building of the 'Cordy School-House' at Worlingworth, the good man died at Woodbridge Lodge on 18th January, 1828, in his sixty-seventh year.

Even at this distance of time, it is painful to reflect that this village worthy passed the last three years of his beneficent existence in mourning for his only child, whom he had introduced to her cousins in so characteristic a manner. Dying of scarlatina on 6th December, 1824, the beautiful child was buried at Worlingworth. Consequently, the Southolt estate on John Cordy's death passed to the absolute possession of his brother-in-law, George Edwards the Elder, who by his last will devised it to his widow for life with remainder to two of his sons (his executors), in trust to sell it and distribute the proceeds equally amongst his eight children.

The death of George Edwards the Elder, which took place on 24th of December, 1836, was followed by extravagant rumours about his wealth. In one of his notes touching the Framlingham Edwardses (*vide, Davy's Suffolk MSS.* in the British Museum), Mr. Davy accepts one of the extravagant reports for the truth, adding, 'This, however, must include the sums which during his life-time he had advanced to his children for setting them out in the world. It also of course includes the value of the estate at Southolt, which by his marriage with the daughter and heir of James

Cordy of Worlingworth, he came into possession of and which his widow now enjoys. Priv. Inf^r.'—*Priv. Inf^r.* signifies Private Informer. An accurate transcriber of old documents and an exact chronicler of facts taken from muniments and tombstones, Mr. Davy is often at fault about matters made known to him by a private informer.

The whole estate, in realty and personalty, that George Edwards the Elder left to his widow, sons, and sons-in-law, realized little more than sixty thousand pounds. This sum should be considered together with the forty thousand pounds which John Cordy left to his nephews and nieces in equal shares (the nieces' shares being left *in trust*). Passing, after the extinction of trusts for the two widows, to the same family of eight brothers and sisters, the two estates, which together yielded a trifle over one hundred thousand pounds, may be regarded as one estate, resulting from the thrift and industry of three shopkeepers—James Cordy, and his son John Cordy of Worlingworth (a mere village), and George Edwards the Elder of Framlingham (a small market-town). The last-named tradesman's ultimate estate included certain sums which he had lent to two of his sons-in-law for their *furtherance* in business, but no sum spent by him for their *original* establishment in life. One eighth part of the old man's estate came to my father absolutely, without any deduction, for my mother's marriage-portion. As John Cordy's estate was divided equally between his eight nephews and nieces, and the estate of George Edwards the Elder was divided evenly between his five sons and three

sons-in-law, no one was greatly enriched by the distribution of the joint-winnings of George Edwards the Elder and John Cordy.

The financial success of each of these three shopkeepers is the more remarkable as an indication of the general prosperity of the Suffolk Woodland in times prior to the extinction of the small land-owners, because each of them retired from his shop in his sixty-first year, and because both of them were liberal givers to their unfortunate neighbours. The wealth of George Edwards the Elder is especially striking because he had so large a brood of children.

It may not be imagined that the two brothers-in-law were the only fortunate shop-keepers of their time and county. At the most, they were nothing more than good examples of a class of business-men, that was numerous and greatly prosperous in our rural districts in pre-railway time. In my boyhood it was a common thing in every part of East Anglia for a tradesman to leave from twenty thousand pounds to forty thousand pounds to his children, after having put his boys into the learned professions, and given goodly marriage-portions to his daughters. In the later decades of this dying century the tradesmen of the Suffolk Woodland have worked under much less favourable conditions. For whilst the extinction of the small land-owners has greatly reduced the number of fairly prosperous families in every group of parishes, free-trade has greatly reduced the revenues from land, and the locomotive has brought about a state of things in which the moderately affluent housekeepers of an average rural neighbourhood find

it more profitable to do their shopping at the chief county-town, or even in London, than to do it at the nearest village-shop, or in the nearest market-town.

CHAPTER VI.

FINE ARTS, MUSIC, AND LITERATURE.

East Anglian Artists—Thomas Gainsborough—John Constable—Miss Kersey of Framlingham—Amateurs of the Fine Arts—Churchyard of Woodbridge—Nursey of Bealings—Woodland Songsters—George Crabbe—Bernard Barton—Bird of Yoxford—Prose-Writers of East Anglia—Mrs. Trimmer—Joshua Kirby—Amelia Opie—Elizabeth Inchbald—Alethea Brereton *alias* Eugenia de Acton—Her Novels—Love at First Sight—Eugenia's Marriage to Mr. Lewis—Wrath of Eugenia's Kindred—Indignant Kilderbees—Eugenia's Withdrawal from the Woodland—The Lewises of 'the Shires.'

AFTER saying so much of the sylvan picturesqueness and commercial prosperity of the Suffolk Woodland, I may not omit to speak of the tastes and culture of the people who inhabited the pleasant country, in my earlier time and during the seventy years immediately preceding my birth.

All the world knows that English landscape-art had its birth in East Anglia, and more especially in Suffolk, the native county of Gainsborough and Constable. Thomas Gainsborough was born at Sudbury in 1737, and John Constable drew his first

breath at East Bergholt in 1776; and whilst the art of these famous masters is largely referable to peculiarities of the scenery in which they passed their opening years, their genius was fostered and cherished by the taste of the people amongst whom they came to life.

Before Constable raised his first cry and Gainsborough made his earliest attempts to sketch the natural charms in which he delighted, the East Anglians were remarkable for their æsthetic sensibility and artistic enterprise. The influence and celebrity of those great painters of course stimulated the taste for the fine arts in the county from which they sprang, and multiplied the number of amateurs who in the earlier decades of the present century spent their leisure in producing pictures of little or no merit, for the pure pleasure of producing them. As I would avoid exaggeration, I will not say that in my youth every village of the Suffolk Woodland had an art-amateur, and every small market-town a landscape-painter whose daubs found purchasers. But it is no exaggeration to say that the unprofessional votaries of the pencil and the brush were numerous in every district of the county, and that some of them—*e.g.*, such amateurs as Churchyard of Woodbridge and Nursey of Bealings—produced landscapes and sea-pieces that have been mistaken and bought by London connoisseurs for sketches by celebrated artists. From an early year of the present century and in my youthful time, Framlingham and its neighbourhood afforded abundant employment to Miss Kersey, portrait-painter and copyist of Italian masters, who ex-

hibited original work once and again on the walls of the Royal Academy.

Whilst the fine arts had so many followers in my native county, the East Anglians were remarkable for the interest they took in literature, and for their generous disposition to think highly of its producers. The reverence with which they spoke of poets of a high order was so extravagant that one cannot recall it without a smile. For the pleasure of having a good view for ten minutes of Scott, Campbell, Southey, Byron, Coleridge, or any other leader of 'the tuneful choir' (that was the term), good John Cordy would gladly have left his Worlingworth shop to take care of itself, and have sat for twelve hours on the top of a stage-coach, in the teeth of a blizzard from the nor'-east. Worshipping the great poets thus passionately, the East Anglians rendered homage to the smaller poets, as persons whose minds had been touched by the 'sacred fire.' Though they needed no critic to inform them that their local bards were not poets of the highest rank, these simple idolaters of genius regarded the minstrels of the Woodland with lively and respectful interest. After spending an hour with George Crabbe at Parham Lodge, or chatting with him for ten minutes in one of the Glemham highways, my father rode the remainder of his 'day's round' a proud and happy man. Though he was only a bank-clerk by vocation, and was a 'pogram' in his religious views, Bernard Barton was honoured as a poet by the proudest gentry and stoutest churchmen of his neighbourhood. When the good Bernard came over to Framlingham for a day on the Castle Hills,

the chief folk of the town hastened to the hills to pay him their respects. Bird of Yoxford, author of *Framlingham Castle* and other poems, was another minor minstrel whose song was sweet to the people of his native Woodland.

Delighting in the fine arts and poetry, the East Anglians delighted also in music. A piano by a good maker was usually to be seen in the tea-room of a small landowner's house, and the demand for musical instruction was so great throughout the four counties, that teachers of music were numerous and well-paid. In my childhood and from the beginning of the century, Framlingham was fortunate in having for its musical teacher a gentleman named Tydemann, who was no less acceptable to his neighbours in the town than to the gentry of surrounding parishes; and upon the authority of his old pupils I can record that Professor Tydemann was a pianist and a violinist of great ability, although he did not disdain to teach dancing as well as music.

Though they held poets in far higher esteem, the East Anglians were not wanting in respect for prose writers. On the contrary, they plumed themselves on the number of their men and women of letters, who were more widely known for their prose writings than for their occasional essays in verse. In the earlier decades of the present century, no stranger stayed a fortnight in Framlingham without hearing that the excellent Mrs. Trimmer (a native of Ipswich) and her father Joshua Kirby, a native of Parham and the author of the famous *Treatise on Perspective*, belonged to families of the Framlingham neighbour-

hood. Though it was still the fashion of the pietistic coteries to decry novels as a frivolous, debilitating, and vicious sort of literature, East Anglia was proud of her novelists. Whilst Norwich made much of Amelia Opie (daughter of Dr. Alderson, the chief physician of that city), and Bury St. Edmunds was almost as proud of having produced Elizabeth Inchbald as of having produced Charles Blomfield's clever sons, little Framlingham in the heart of the Suffolk Woodland insisted on Alethea Brereton's title to be rated with women of literary distinction.

Possibly the reader of this page is asking who 'the dickens was Alethea Brereton?' and, so transient a thing is fame, it is conceivable that the student will not escape from his perplexity, on being told that Alethea Brereton wrote under the *nom de plume* of Eugenia de Acton.

The only daughter of a Mr. Brereton (one of the Cheshire Breretons) who migrated from Cheshire to Suffolk, and settled near Helmingham Hall, in obedience to the beneficent will of his patron, the third Earl of Dysart, Alethea Brereton was on her mother's side a cousin of the Kilderbees mentioned in a previous chapter of this work, and on the death of her parents in her childhood was cared for by her uncle, Mr. John Kilderbee of Framlingham, younger brother of the Ipswich attorney. In 1795, when she was still wearing mourning for her uncle John Kilderbee, Alethea Brereton was a bright, clever, personable woman, with an insatiable appetite for romantic literature and an ambition to win a place amongst 'the immortals' as a writer of novels. Instead of going

to live with her uncle Samuel Kilderbee or her first cousin Dr. Kilderbee, the rector of Ash and Trimley, when her uncle John had gone from this life, Alethea remained at Framlingham, and attached herself to my grandmother Edwards, who proved her staunch friend at a time when the Kilderbees determined to 'drop her.'

As she was possessed of a small fortune, the interest of which was sufficient for her needs in the little town where her wealthiest neighbours lived quietly, Alethea Brereton was in a position to spend her time and energy in perusing light literature and striving for literary distinction. It cannot be said that the productions of her pen were remarkable for power. But Mr. Davy (the laborious maker of the *Suffolk MSS.*) underrated her professional industry and position when he wrote of her lightly as 'the author of a novel.' Under the *nom de plume* of Eugenia de Acton, she wrote and published several novels—*e.g.*, 'The Vicissitudes of Genteel Life,' 'The Microcosm,' and 'A Tale without a Title,' that found many readers in their day, to say nothing of the less successful romances and short tales that came from her pen. As she made a little money by her writings, the romantic Eugenia could indulge herself with a yearly trip to London, where she made the acquaintance of authors of various degrees of humility, and a few of the brighter literary celebrities. On returning from the capital, the imaginative Alethea overflowed with gossip about the poets and philosophers whom she had met at *soirées* and the dramatic writers who had taken her to the different playhouses during her

sojourn in town; and who shall blame her if, in speaking to her Suffolk neighbours, she made the most of the attentions that had been rendered to her by notabilities of the metropolis?

As 'matches' were more readily made in every part of England a century since than they are in these days when the London journalists call them 'arrangements for marriage,' the people in and about Framlingham may well have wondered why no young man knelt and sighed to this writer of charming tales. The fact was the more perplexing, because after she had ceased to mourn for a certain youth whom death took from her abruptly at the threshold of her womanly age, Alethea Brereton showed no repugnance to the sterner sex, and was believed by her female acquaintances to be dissatisfied with her singleness. She was well-looking, vivacious, amiable, and displayed excellent taste in dress. Yet no one offered to marry her. She was still a spinster long after she had ceased to talk about her birthdays. But fate had not appointed her to 'lead apes in hell.' She was journeying up to town by a public coach in some year of her middle age, when she made the acquaintance of a most delightful man—a gentleman of delicate features and a slight figure, although he was her senior by a few years. It was a case of love at first sight with the travellers, each of whom had discovered that life would be unendurable without the other, long before the coach drew up at the 'Bull and Mouth.'

Their brief engagement closed with marriage, notwithstanding the efforts made by Alethea's best friends to save her from the indiscretion of marrying

a gentleman of whose history she could tell them nothing more satisfactory, than that he had lost a considerable fortune in sheep-farming. Whilst the Kilderbees and Breretons were indignant at the folly of their relation, the Edwardses were alarmed for their friend. To objections of a financial kind, the romantic Eugenia replied that, whilst she should enable Mr. Lewis (that was the gentleman's name) to take a farm by putting her little capital into his hands, she should be more industrious than heretofore with her pen. Hoping the bold step would render her relations more manageable, and her friends (to wit, my grandfather and grandmother Edwards) less unreasonable, Alethea married her excellent Mr. Lewis without their consent, and before he had taken a farm. Whilst it only made her kindred more furious and unmanageable, this bold action had the desired effect on the gentlewoman's friends. Wedlock having put it beyond their power to save her from a disastrous marriage, my grandfather and grandmother were quick in coming to the conclusion that it was their duty to make the best of a bad business, and do their utmost to render their friend's imprudent marriage a happy marriage.

In the meantime, Alethea's relations were making inquiries respecting Mr. Lewis—inquiries resulting in evidence that the gentleman had recently returned to England from a penal settlement to which he had been transported for the crime of highway robbery. This discovery was of course far from agreeable to the Kilderbees, who were set on ranging themselves with the 'county families.' It is not surprising that

Dr. Kilderbee, the rector, regarded his cousin Alethea as a discreditable relation, and determined to 'drop her.' To Mr. Lewis the disclosure, which horrified his wife's family, was less injurious than it would have been, had he not anticipated exposure by confiding his shameful story to Eugenia before it came to the knowledge of her kindred. Possibly he had coloured his narrative so as to make it easier for her to regard him with compassion; but the story he told her was substantially truthful; and, before any one of her kindred could upbraid her with having 'brought a felon into the family,' she had promised Mr. Lewis to persist in loving him, notwithstanding the painful revelation. Of course Alethea took a romantic view of her husband's case. A gentleman by birth, he had barely attained to his majority when a sudden reverse of fortune plunged him in poverty. A moment later he was distracted by the cruelty of a woman who, having accepted his addresses in the season of his prosperity, turned from him disdainfully on hearing of his impoverishment. For some few weeks he was so shaken and disordered by his troubles that charity would have declined to hold him responsible for his conduct; and it was whilst he was suffering thus acutely from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune that he—still only a boy—rode out of London one dark night, and, in obedience to an impulse of despair, committed the rash act for which he had paid a heavy penalty. This was Alethea's view of the affair which thirty years later (*vide*, *Suffolk MSS.* in the British Museum) caused Mr. Davy to write of her husband as 'a returned felon.'

Giving poor Eugenia a large measure of generous sympathy, my grandfather and grandmother gave her much sound advice. Telling her she should withdraw from the neighbourhood of her Suffolk kindred, some of whom were cognizant of her husband's story, my grandmother urged Alethea to settle far away from the Suffolk Woodland. At the same time, my grandfather, who always did what my grandmother told him to do, undertook to lend Mr. Lewis a sum of money that, with Eugenia's small fortune, would suffice to establish her and her husband in an adequate farm.

There is no need to name the particular parish or county of the wide region, vaguely spoken of by Suffolk peasants as 'the shires,' in which the Lewises settled. It is enough to say that they took a farm in 'the shires,' and, without becoming rich people, did fairly well upon it.

Perhaps the strongest, certainly the most agreeable part of the curious story of Eugenia De Acton's married life remains to be told. On hearing that a romantic lady of his acquaintance had recently married a casual acquaintance, soon after falling in love with him at first sight, and that in her honeymoon she had discovered her husband to be a lately liberated felon, no reader of this page would hesitate to predict that she would soon bitterly repent her choice of a conjugal partner. The few, the *very* few, persons who were cognizant of Mr. Lewis's story in the first year of his married life had no doubt that Eugenia (as she liked to be called by her intimate friends) would soon be weeping and wringing her hands over her imprudent marriage. Even my grandparents, who hoped

and believed that Mr. Lewis would treat her well, were far from hopeful she would be a happy wife. Strange to say, the marriage was fruitful of felicity to both spouses, although it was fruitless of offspring. Idolizing her (as he had good reason to do) Mr. Lewis made his wife's happiness the first object of his life, and, far from repenting of her madness in committing herself to the care of a man of whom she knew so little, Mrs. Lewis to her latest hour congratulated herself on having found so exemplary and devoted a husband. Events proved that Mr. Lewis, the error of his early manhood and its consequences notwithstanding, was a good fellow. Proving an efficient farmer, the 'returned felon' won the respect of his neighbours in 'the shires.' Perhaps Eugenia would have been a more prolific writer, had she avoided matrimony. It is also conceivable that she did better service to society in looking after her dairy and her hen-farm than in producing a larger number of third-rate novels.

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